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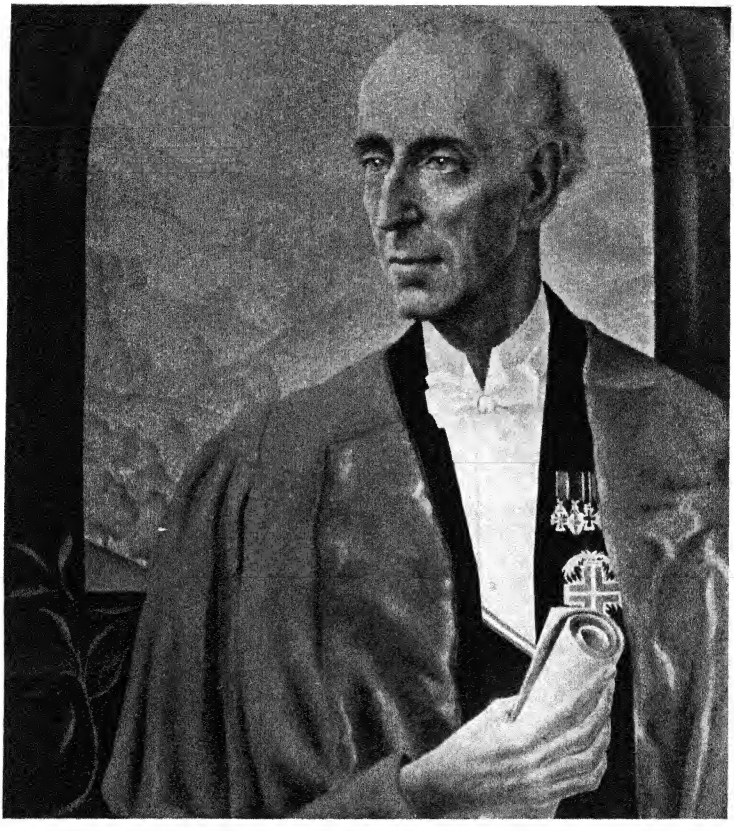
FACTS AND FEATURES



SIR GEORGE FRANCKENSTEIN

From the painting by Herbert Gurschner

FACTS AND FEATURES
OF MY LIFE

by

SIR GEORGE FRANCKENSTEIN,
G.C.V.O., D.C.L. (Hon.) Oxon

Austrian Minister to the Court of St. James,
1920–1938

With 28 half-tone illustrations.

CASSELL
AND COMPANY LTD
London, Toronto, Melbourne
and Sydney

Made and Printed in Great Britain by Wyman & Sons Ltd.
London Reading and Fakenham
F.1039

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

TO THE

RESURRECTION OF AUSTRIA.

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PROLOGUE

LATE in the afternoon of March 11, 1938, I received my last telephone message from the Austrian Government. It said: "German troops have just crossed the Austrian frontier."

By order of the new government—I had in the meantime tendered my resignation—the swastika flag was hoisted at No. 18, Belgrave Square, where for so many decades had flown the Imperial Standard and. since 1920, the new Austrian colours.

During the days that followed—sad days for me—my eye fell more than once upon my smiling Chinese idol. The size of a human dwarf, he had sat facing me at my desk since August, 1920. Like the fools in Shakespeare's plays, who seek to comfort their masters in their tragic hours, he seemed to whisper: "Keep smiling."

Preparatory to packing, my beloved art treasures were all collected in the dining-room, to which a certain solemnity was lent by the life-size portrait of the Emperor Francis Joseph in the uniform of a general—the emperor who suffered and stoically endured so much unhappiness.

As I looked at them, there came upon me suddenly a great peace. It was as though a voice within me said: "My friends, we will take heart and begin our lives anew."

Friends wrote me many kind letters containing

offers of help and hospitality. I accepted kind invitations from Lady Ravensdale, Mrs. Cochrane Baillie and Lord and Lady Londonderry to stay with them in their charming homes. Letters reached me from all over the world. Their friendly messages recalled memories of the past, gay and grave, years both of sunshine and of shadow. My youth had been like a bright unclouded spring morning. There followed happy crowded years of diplomatic work in Washington, St. Petersburg and Rome. Next, a period of political crisis in Vienna, succeeded by missions to Japan, India and London, had laid upon me tasks of a weightier and more responsible nature. The war years, which I spent partly in Belgium and later in the Caucasus, and the tragic collapse of the Central Powers shook me to the depths of my being. The dissolution of the venerable Austro-Hungarian monarchy raised for me, as an imperial chamberlain and supporter of the old regime, the question of my right and duty to serve the new republican Austria. Sad and anxious were the months I spent at St. Germain as a member of the Peace Delegation that fought in vain to secure fairer and more reasonable conditions for our country.

All this work was essentially a preparation for the task that was now entrusted to me of representing my country in Great Britain, and of securing that material and financial aid for the starving and unhappy people of Austria which was indispensable if they were to fulfil their spiritual mission. Bound as I was by loyalty and duty to my country, my work in later years was devoted to defending the independence and individuality of Austria, until the time should

be ripe for a closer political and economic co-operation with Germany, built upon a foundation of equal rights and full self-determination in the political, cultural and religious fields. How happy it had made me to devote especially loving care to my country's contributions to European culture, thus enabling the British people to share in the enjoyment of our artistic heritage. The war had interrupted many of my friendships but had destroyed none of them, though some were clouded by long years of separation. Now suddenly these friends reappeared to assure me of their sympathy and affection. If I may judge from many of the letters I have received since I left the house which was the scene of my activities for nearly eighteen years and where my parties gave expression to Austria's traditional qualities—her gay sociability, natural *joie de vivre* and her musical soul —there would appear still to hover over 18, Belgrave Square, like the afterglow of a sunset, some faint reflection of its vanished splendour.

On July 25, 1938, two days after returning from his State visit to Paris, King George received me in private audience at Buckingham Palace. It was the same room and the same simple ceremonial as on the occasion of my audience of the previous December, when His Majesty had conferred on me the insignia of the G.C.V.O. But what a change meantime in my life! A Lord-in-Waiting conducted me to the King's study, announced my name and, with a low bow, withdrew. His Majesty, who was alone, advanced towards me. This time the room was warmed, not by a fire, but by the summer sun, which streamed in through the windows. The King seemed to me to

have gained in maturity and self-confidence from his new responsibilities and his immense popularity. He looked happy. His kindness, simplicity and sincerity touched and warmed me. We talked of politics and of his recent visit to the French capital. Then he performed the ceremony, simple, yet so impressive, for which I had been summoned. Taking up a sword that lay ready upon the table, King George conferred upon me the accolade.

As I came away from Buckingham Palace, I paused a moment . . . I realized that I stood on the threshold of a new life.

FACTS AND FEATURES

CHAPTER I

I

I WAS brought into the world on March 18, 1878, at Dresden, where my father had been appointed Austro-Hungarian Minister at the court of the King of Saxony in 1872.

My father was tall, slim and extremely elegant, preserving a youthful elasticity of carriage until his last fatal illness. His handsome face radiated happiness, good-nature and intelligence. The head and pointed beard suggested a Van Dyck portrait. He had a wide range of interests and a fund of humour. An excellent linguist and brilliant conversationalist, he was never at a loss for a repartee and keenly relished his own not infrequent *bons mots*.

My father's diplomatic career had taken him to Berlin, Berne, London, Copenhagen, Washington and St. Petersburg. As we sat with him in his study after dinner, he would tell us children stories of his life. Politics being his first concern, he talked much of political events in which he had figured and of the many statesmen of various countries he had known. In this way our interest in world affairs was aroused

at an early age, and we became familiar with the history of the nineteenth century while quite small children. It was my father's study which first introduced me as a little boy to the world of diplomats. My parents kept open house, and it was a thrilling game to watch the guests through the keyhole or to listen to the hum of voices from the landing at the top of the stairs. The small boy found romance and glamour in a social routine that the man of later years often found wearisome and empty.

My mother died when I was six. Looking at her miniature to-day, I see lovely sensitive features that reflect the poetry within. I remember her, of course, but only during her years of pain, which began with an operation in 1882 and ended with her death in 1884. The courage with which she faced one serious operation after another was wonderful. I remember how one day she took me into a room where preparations had been made for an operation she was to undergo, and how she showed me the surgical instruments laid out on the table. If her intention was to implant courage in me she succeeded, for I have never gone in fear of the operations performed upon me.

My mother had a great love of music and played the piano well. I often listened to her playing. My brother, who was three years my senior, showed early signs of exceptional musical talent and as a result, I was banished from the piano. This was a secret grief to me, for I would have loved to become a good pianist.

I do not recall my sister as a small girl, for she was four years older than I. On the other hand, I have

most vivid recollections of her in later years, throughout which the three of us lived on the most affectionate terms.

Although as an adult over-sensitiveness has sometimes made me unapproachable, giving an impression of conceit or haughtiness, as a child I was completely without self-consciousness and radiantly high-spirited. My father often called me "Sunshine," so I must have been a happy child. "Don't shout so!" "Don't talk so loud!" were admonitions occasionally called forth by my outbursts of gaiety. Is this, perhaps, why as a grown-up I speak quietly and indistinctly? As children we used to smoke cigarettes on the sly, also bamboo-cane, which tasted horrible. From the day that smoking was allowed I never smoked again. As children, too, we shot birds and even wild cats, unashamed, indeed unconscious of our cruelty. Once I remember we drowned a rat. The scene has often since haunted my dreams. . . .

II

In 1880, my father was transferred to Copenhagen. Concerning this post the Russian Foreign Minister, Alexander Iswolsky, wrote in his *Memoirs*[1]: "The post was one much coveted by diplomats owing to the ties of kinship attaching the Danish Royal Family to several European courts and the long and frequent visits paid to Copenhagen by the Czar of Russia and the King of England. The German Emperor, too, was fond of making sudden appearances here. On the

[1] Quoted by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., Ltd.

occasion of these visits the Danish capital became a centre of busy diplomatic activity, which threw the limelight especially upon the accredited ministers."

Our home in Copenhagen was in the Bredegade, one of the main streets of the city and containing also the British, French and Italian Legations. As a natural consequence, there was much friendly intercourse between the families of the different diplomats. Later, when we had learnt to talk Danish, we made friends with many Danish families. Life in Copenhagen was very delightful to us children. The port, with its many craft, the beautiful quay, known as the "Long Line," the beach at Öresund, the great fortress in the background, were the scenes of our childhood games and fancies. Part of each summer was spent at Klampenborg, Skodsburg or Helsingör. Here we learnt to swim and row and were often taken out in his yacht by Mr. Gosling, Secretary of the British Legation. Riding, too, we were taught at an early age, our first teacher being the coachman of the British Minister, Lord Vivian.

Old Queen Louise of Denmark, known as "the mother-in-law of Europe," and her husband, King Christian, gave many children's parties at the royal castle of Amalienborg, to which we were often invited. Games and impromptu entertainments of all kinds were organized and led by the royal grandchildren, the present Kings of Denmark and Norway.

The summer season was very gay, for then the Czar and Czarina of Russia, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the King of Greece and all the children and grandchildren of the Danish royal pair came on visits to Fredensborg Castle. We used to go down to the

port and watch the illustrious guests arrive. Great was our joy and excitement one day when the Russian Minister, Count Toll, took us out in the Imperial yacht *Derjawa*. His daughter, whom we often met on the huge skating-rink at Copenhagen, became later the wife of Iswolsky, Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The career of the Prussian Minister in Copenhagen at that time, Herr von Magnus, was brought to an abrupt close through the appearance in Copenhagen of Madame Sarah Bernhardt. The Minister, at a press banquet given in honour of the great actress, was so ill-advised as to propose a toast with which he coupled the names of Sarah Bernhardt and France. Sarah replied in a flash: "Oui, Monsieur le Baron, mais à la France entière," referring to the loss of Alsace-Lorraine that rankled so in French hearts. The newspapers magnified the incident and Bismarck recalled a diplomat more versed in art than in diplomacy.

Another memory is of a visit paid by the Emperor William II upon his accession. As he drove from the landing-stage to Amalienborg with King Christian IX, he was received at various points by hostile shouts from Danes who could not forget their country's surrender to Prussia of Schleswig-Holstein.

III

My father and Count Kalnoky, the famous Austrian Foreign Minister, differed so fundamentally in character and temperament that from their early days

as young attachés they had never got on together. In spite of Kalnoky's political genius there is nothing surprising in this, when we recall his picture as drawn for us by Count von Monts, former German Ambassador, in his memoirs :

" Of medium stature, rather fat, and with a puggy face, his outward appearance was not taking, nor could his manners be called engaging . . . The Minister's rudeness to diplomats was notorious. . . To the delight of the Viennese aristocracy, the Count treated the French Ambassador, M. Decrais, at one time a private tutor, like a shoe-black. . . . The Danish Minister, Count Kruth, was on all occasions treated by Kalnoky so abominably that he ceased to communicate with him except in writing. . . ."

And again : " He disliked being contradicted and, as regards subordinates, attached more importance to their obedience than to their brains. . . ."

When Kalnoky was made Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, in 1881, my father's situation became difficult.

I myself, in later years, experienced similar trouble when I served in the same position as my father under Count Ottokar Czernin. Count Czernin had no love for me and, after the war, when he was a member of the Austrian parliament and I was doing my utmost in London to secure the credits essential to my country's existence, his dislike caused him to attack me in a speech which culminated in the rhetorical question : " Where *is* the Austrian Minister in London ? " I found a stout defender in the Federal Chancellor, Dr. Schober.

A very sharp difference of opinion with Count

Kalnoky led to my father's resignation in 1889. However, after we had settled down in Vienna, the two men became reconciled and exchanged not infrequent visits. It is curious that Kalnoky, who thus brought my father's promising career to an early close, should have given marked encouragement to my later chief, Aehrenthal, who devoted such fatherly care to my own advancement. Aehrenthal used to say that Kalnoky was the one Austro-Hungarian diplomat to whom he looked up, and, even when Foreign Minister, he called himself Kalnoky's pupil.

My father's retirement was not, I think, a great blow to him. He took a deep interest in home politics and, appointed by the Emperor a life member of the Austrian Upper House, lived in close contact with politicians. Every summer he was made a member of the "Austrian Delegation," as it was called, a committee appointed from the two Houses, which, in co-operation with a similarly constituted Hungarian committee, used to deliberate on matters of foreign policy, military affairs and the administration of Bosnia and Herzegovina. My father was also a great theatre-lover and a regular attendant at the opera and the Burgtheater.

IV

We children benefited greatly from the move to Vienna. The capital provided educational facilities, particularly in the sphere of art, which no foreign post could have furnished. Without any doubt the years of growth are best spent at home.

We lived in an old house on the Am Hof, a square

which still preserved all the charm of eighteenth-century Vienna. Our house was close to the beautiful early baroque Church of the Nine Choirs of Angels. On the other side was the Judenplatz, a name recalling the ghetto which had stood here until the expulsion of the Jews, in 1421. In winter the square below our windows presented a delightful picture of stalls and booths piled high with spices, fancy-goods and ornaments for the decoration of Christmas trees. The trees themselves stood exposed for sale, while a happy throng of buyers, accompanied by eager children, passed to and fro.

The fancy-dress charity ball which I planned to hold at the Austrian Legation in London in December, 1938, was to have reproduced this Christmas market—the "Market of the Infant Jesus," as the Viennese prettily call it.

The Am Hof leads by a wide street called Die Freiung to the church and buildings of the Scottish Foundation, where I went to school. This foundation has a most interesting past. In 1115, Duke Heinrich Jasomirgott, impressed by tales of the piety of the Scottish Benedictines, decided to invite them to settle in Austria. In the eighteenth century these monks maintained a "school for the nobility," which, in 1807, was converted into a college for boys of all ranks. Here were educated many members of the Imperial family, including the Emperor Charles, as well as Social Democrat leaders like Victor Adler and Pernsdorfer.

I sat for my entrance examination to this school in my tenth year and nearly failed. I was terribly nervous, and for years used to suffer agonies when

called upon to answer questions in class. As time went on, however, I overcame my fears and by the time I took my finals, passed comfortably in all subjects except mathematics, for which I never had the least gift. Indeed, I faced my examiners with a nonchalance equal to any I would show to-day in like circumstances. In the hope of being spared an oral, in addition to a written, test in German literature, I had omitted, before the examination, to revise the endless names and dates included under the subject of History of Literature. Naturally, I waited in the ante-room in some trepidation to learn whether the examining board would or would not submit me to an oral test in this subject, for the professors would, of course, have ploughed me at once if I had not known the date of birth and other important events in the life or work of our great poets. Happily, my written papers had been marked " good " and the examiners waived my oral.

Among our teachers were a number of eminent and interesting figures, celebrated as men of learning. At the same time that they gave us of their very best, they also exacted much. A boy attending this school and passing out from it successfully—not all did—received sound and valuable intellectual groundwork for any career that he might afterwards embrace.

Many anecdotes attach to our school. Father Fellner once rebuked my brother Clemens, saying, " You deserve to lose the ' von ' in front of your name ! " To which Clemens aptly answered : " I should still have the ' zu.' " (As Imperial barons we bore the title of " von und zu Franckenstein ").

When I think of the life-history of my schoolfellows,

I am struck by the comparatively few of our prize pupils who rose to later eminence. How easily teachers may err in their judgment is shown by the abuse addressed by a master at the Schottengymnasium to Prince Conrad Hohenlohe: "Be glad you are a prince. With your Greek you'd never be more than a cobbler!" Yet Conrad Hohenlohe, later known as "the Red Prince" on account of his active sympathy with the workers, became a provincial governor, afterwards prime minister, and one of Austria's most brilliant sons. Our university professors, too, were fond of these bons mots. The celebrated Professor Menger was even prophetic when he said to Count Ottokar Czernin: "I cannot prevent you from becoming a minister, but I can at least delay it for a year"—and he ploughed the future Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The University Board also showed its independence in withholding from the brother of the Emperor Charles, the Archduke Max, the "distinction" normally granted with some alacrity to examinees belonging to the Imperial family.

A few months after the Nazis assumed control in Austria, all Christian communities, including therefore the Scottish Order, were deprived of the right to maintain schools. It may be mentioned that the first Nazi Governor of Austria, Seyss-Inquart, was educated at the Schottengymnasium.

V

During my first years in Vienna I passed through a deeply religious phase. The wonderful ceremonies of

the Catholic ritual enraptured me. How delicious it was to be lifted, as it were, upon a mighty wave by the glorious strains of the Te Deum and the Magnificat! How close I felt to God as I sat in church between the services, sometimes kneeling alone in a mystic twilight before the altar, my gaze fixed upon the perpetual lamp burning quietly and faithfully. I hoped to become a priest and wore under my shirt, tied round my neck, a little wooden cross with four sharp nails to mortify the flesh and remind me of the Saviour's agony.

When quite a small boy, I had a kind of sentimental hero-worship for the head of my class who, unlike so many ambitious head-boys, was a very charming and exceptional youth. I used to carve his name on my desk. Later, when my sister was at the Sacré Cœur and we visited her on Sundays, I fell in love, secretly and from afar, with one of her friends, who used to sit in the drawing-room with us and whose pale-blue ribbon, given her as a good-conduct badge, and worn like an order, shone for me like a light from heaven.

After my fourteenth year, alas! the lure of life and the temptations of the world around me thrust religion into the background.

My father attached great importance to the learning of foreign languages. Our French master, Monsieur Dubray, a very distinguished-looking, intellectual and eloquent man, contrasted piquantly with our English tutor, Mr. Nash. Mr. Nash was short, slim and taciturn, with the temper of a fighting-cock and a love of contradiction. At that time he was one of Austria's best tennis players and he and I played

together in many a tournament. My brother's lessons with him were of a curious kind. Both sat drinking whisky and soda and exchanged hardly a word.

Monsieur Dubray had for several years taught French to Marie Vetsera, who died so tragically with the Crown Prince Rudolf, and he used often to talk of her. He told me what a gentle, poetic, altogether charming creature she had been. I was only eleven at the time of the Mayerling tragedy and I remember my father coming to my room—I was ill in bed—and telling me that Crown Prince Rudolf had fallen from his horse and died of his injuries. He hoped thus to conceal from me the terrible circumstances in which the Crown Prince and Marie Vetsera had met their end.

My brother and I slept in the same room and at times, of course, were guilty of the wildest pranks. Lured by the charms of five English dancing girls, who seemed to us the acme of English beauty, I remember how we slipped out nightly to a music-hall where they were fulfilling a fortnight's engagement. We used to arrange and stuff out our beds in such a way that, in case our tutor came round to inspect, we should appear to be lying quietly asleep. The faithful Xavier, our servant, never once gave us away.

My sister, when she grew up, was reckoned among the smartest Contessen and best dancers in Vienna. As a youth of seventeen I used to accompany her to balls, and be present at parties given in our home. Very soon I became a passionately keen dancer. One night, when I went to her room to fetch her for a ball, I found her seated at her dressing-table in tears. Without a word, she handed me a letter just received from a Guards officer, to whom she was secretly

engaged. Possibly presaging the insanity that shortly afterwards attacked him, he had written breaking off the engagement. With marvellous self-control my sister pulled herself together and went to the party, to avoid causing comment. This was but one of those episodes which, by the sharing of our joys and sorrows, bound us brothers and our sister so closely together.

VI

As a schoolboy, I formed friendships that have enriched my whole life. The element of mystery and strangeness in our lives, the tragedy of evanescence, has been expressed by the poet Hofmannsthal:

"Noch spür' ich ihren Atem auf den Wangen;
Wie kann das sein, dass diese nahen Tage
Fort sind, für immer fort, und ganz vergangen?
Dies ist ein Ding, das keiner voll aussinnt,
Und viel zu grauenvoll, als dass man klage:
Dass alles gleitet und vorüberrinnt.

* * *

Und dass mein eigenes Ich, durch nichts gehemmt,
Herüberglitt aus einem kleinen Kind."

("I feel their breath still on my face;
How can it be that days which seem so near
Are gone, for ever gone, and come no more?
This is a thing that none can fully probe.
And far too strange to justify lament
That all things pass.

* * *

And that myself, my own unfettered self,
Silently grew out of a little child.")

It is a moving task to ponder over the memory of our friends and to determine what it was that helped

or hindered their careers and the full ripening of their gifts and talents, what stars presided over their destiny. I think that we allow the loved ones who are dead to slip all too easily into oblivion. Were we to speak of them more often, they whose spirits are perhaps about us would share, as it were, in our lives until we are reunited. One of my circle of friends, Edgar Karg, a merry-hearted young naval officer with much fineness of perception, expressed touchingly in a letter written shortly before his death from consumption the very close tie by which the dying feel themselves attached to the friends they leave behind: "In these last few weeks of my illness, I have more than once thought that I have not long to live . . . it is a comfort to think that I shall sometimes figure in your talk. The pleasure this gives me is, I suppose, a common feeling. I cannot imagine that anyone should wish to be at once forgotten, and perhaps those yearn most for continued existence among their friends who have in life achieved least distinction."

As I write, I see before me my schooltime friends, highly-gifted lads of outstanding promise. And though I must not swell this book by mention of too many of them, I should like to crystallize the memory of at least some of those I loved. The mysterious working of unseen forces, what we call tragedy in human life or, as the believing Christian calls it, God's inscrutable providence, has been brought home to me not only by the fate of my country, but by the early death of many of my friends. Robert Dehne, the great child specialist, who radiated such wonderful vitality and confidence, was cruelly carried off at the height of his fame by an infection caught while

operating upon a child ; his predecessor, the charming and celebrated Professor Clemens Pirquet, having saved thousands of lives, rid himself of his own overburdened existence. Felix Oppenheimer who, as President of the Society of Friends of the Museums and by organizing wonderful exhibitions did so much for the preservation of Austrian art, killed himself soon after the annexation of Austria. Hofmannsthal's kind-hearted, happy-go-lucky brother-in-law, with whom Hugo and I spent happy days in Paris, suddenly turned Franciscan friar and cheerfully endured the hard discipline and privations of the monastic life, only to succumb to a terrible disease.

One of my dearest friends was Edgar Spiegl, artistic, intellectual, witty, whose vocation it was to be the devoted friend of his friends. He was the son of a remarkable and gifted journalist with a very difficult character, an intimate friend of Princess Pauline Metternich, who played so prominent a part in the Viennese society of our youth. I can still see her with her sparkling eyes and a happy smile upon her full lips as she drove in an open carriage through the streets, followed by the cheers of an adoring public. Her rival was a certain old Princess Croy, and the two ladies had each her own *salon,* from which barbed shafts were discharged at the enemy. In his youth poor Edgar had to sleep in the same room with his father ; it can be imagined how hard this came to a young man thirsting for life and adventure and to what shifts it led him. Later he was at times almost morbidly afraid in the midst of a happy, comfortable life, though amazingly calm and collected when death beckoned. Facing his grave in the pretty little

village cemetery near Ischl, on the bank of the rushing Traun, where he and his English friends spent so many hours fishing, is the fitting and beautiful memorial of his own construction, a charming cottage to house the wonderful collection of old peasant costumes and furniture, which he had amassed piece by piece, advised at first by Conrad Mautner, the apostle of peasant arts.

It is to dear Edgar that I owe my friendship with Robert Vansittart. Edgar brought us together in 1900. Vansittart had come to Vienna to improve his German. He spent many weeks with us at the Villa Franckenstein at Alt Aussee and visited us frequently in the years that followed. He and I played in lawn tennis doubles at tournaments in Vienna, at gay, delightful Homburg and at Baden-Baden (Vansittart's temper used rather to frighten me, especially as I had a tendency to double-fault). The memories of these and similar happy sport-filled hours cast a golden halo over my whole life. We all prophesied a great future for Vansittart, for he was clever, witty, full of temperament, energetic and poetically gifted. When he became Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office and I myself Austrian Minister in London, our early friendship helped to establish affectionate and trustful relations. He was also devoted to my sister.

Another of my best friends was Count Feri Kinsky, a fellow-student from early days and later diplomatic colleague, with more than his full share of an Austrian aristocrat's charm. He was extremely calm and self-possessed and punctilious in the observance of conventions, this last a reaction probably against his father's eccentricities. His father, Zdenko, was one

of the finest horsemen of his day. He kept large stables and was a man bursting with vitality and combative zest. With the exception of neck and spine, he had broken every bone in his body. Once, as he was watching race-horses being galloped at Baden-Baden, he swung one leg over his cob's head and, seated thus side-saddle with no pummel, jumped the railings on to the course. The Empress Elizabeth of Austria, herself an intrepid horsewoman, heard the story and begged him to repeat the exploit for her. Whereupon Kinsky fell and broke his collar-bone. His uncle, from whom he had inherited the family castle of Chlumec, was even more extravagantly eccentric and once drove a four-in-hand up the stairs into the large banqueting hall.

VII

When I was a young student, the poets and writers of my generation used to foregather at the Café Grinsteidl, now long vanished. For many Viennese the cafés were almost what his club is to the Londoner. There friends would meet, engage in light or earnest talk and read the papers. All you had to order was a bowl of coffee and—a special feature of these cafés—the customer was invariably served with two glasses of fresh water.

Owing to its clientèle the Grinsteidl was known as the Café of the Swollen Heads. Among its habitués were Hugo von Hofmannsthal, Baron Leopold Andrian, a gifted poet and in later years a distinguished diplomat and philosopher, Hermann Bahr, a literary rebel of the Bernard Shaw school, Schnitzler, the great novelist

and dramatist, Beer-Hoffmann, a poet of subtle depth, and that strange, wayward genius, Peter Altenberg.

At the age of only seventeen Hugo von Hofmannsthal had written, under the pseudonym of Theophil Morren, a play called "Yesterday." All literary Vienna was intrigued to know the author of this work, taking it for the product of a ripe and experienced mind. Great was the surprise of Hermann Bahr and the other literati of the Café Grinsteidl, Hofmannsthal's seniors by a number of years, when the author of this play was pointed out to them as a youth seated with his parents a few tables off. Even at that time Hugo was amazingly well-read, with an exceptionally acute intellect, precocious, yet child-like. The great German poet Stefan George used also to visit the Grinsteidl when in Vienna, and would usually sit at a table alone with Hofmannsthal discussing those topics which a little later formed the subject of the published correspondence between the two writers. The young poets sat together at one table, while the lesser lights, the operetta librettists, journalists and that much-feared vitriolic pamphleteer, Karl Kraus, formed groups at other tables. Foreign authors, too, never came to Vienna without visiting the Café Grinsteidl. And among the guests, with a self-assurance befitting his post and his acquaintance with these literary giants, moved Ludwig the head waiter, who knew the tastes and inclinations of all his customers so well that he would hand to each his own particular paper before being asked for it. Although I was younger than the principal figures at the Grinsteidl and did little more than listen, I too was accorded a place at their table.

With one of them I had in later years a strange adventure, suggestive of a weird story by Maupassant or Edgar Allan Poe.

Nestling between mountains and the lake whose waters reflect the sun by day, the stars by night, and commanding a magnificent view across the lovely valley enclosed by the snow-capped Dachstein, lies the little village cemetery of Alt-Aussee. Here I had secured for myself a place of burial. A certain neighbour of mine had not taken the same precaution and, when he died, no ground was available for his burial. The widow, in despair, induced the pastor to release my plot for her husband, and in it he was quietly laid to rest. It came as a shock when I heard of it, but I gave my assent, unwilling to quarrel with the dead. Later I found a still lovelier spot in the same cemetery, so even after death we shall remain good neighbours.

Of all my friendship the most valuable and the most important to myself was my friendship, lasting until his death, with Hugo von Hofmannsthal, one of the greatest Austrian poets.

I first met Hugo when I was still a schoolboy. Though he was only four years my senior, his ripe maturity, his store of knowledge and his moral force placed him high above me, not to mention the fame which his subtle and enchanting verse, composed under the pseudonym of Loris, won for him long before he was twenty.

How often, returning in later years from Washington, St. Petersburg, Rome, Tokyo or London, or while engaged on serious work in Vienna—how often I visited him at Rodaun, in his beautiful Maria Theresa house, all white and gold, near the celebrated

Jesuit College of Kalksburg. How many times we walked together along the road now known as the Hugo von Hofmannsthal Weg, with its views of the Aussee scenery he loved so much and its beautiful girdle of mountains. What unforgettable tenderness and charm were his, what a depth of interest, what a marvellous mind! On the edge of the wood stood the little cottage where he would lock himself away to write. Those were great days for us, when he had finished a book and read it aloud to his intimate friends. Were it a play or a libretto—*Rosenkavalier* for instance—he would act all the parts with masterly changes of voice and expression. How good he was as Ochs von Lerchenau! Indeed this delicately strung artist—so sensitive that he could feel the tremor of a distant earthquake before the newspapers reported it—who suffered from life's cruelty so intensely that he could not survive the moral débacle of the post-war era, could also, his eyes alight with laughter, radiate wit and high spirits.

Here, chosen from a large number of his letters, is one of the first. It illustrates his personality and his friendship for me, for which I cannot be grateful enough both to him and to my Maker. I insert it because Hofmannsthal has profoundly influenced my life. It is also my wish to give some idea of his thoughts and feelings to those of my readers who either do not know this great poet or know only his *Everyman* and *Rosenkavalier*.

Bad Fusch, *July 12th*, 1900.

" Although it was circumstances and my friendship with Poldy and Cle (my sister and my brother) that

brought us together, you were remarkable and important to me from the first moment I saw you, and from then on I tried, more than you may have noticed, to attract you to me. Whatever concerns you, all that happens to you and within you, will always affect me deeply—almost as though you were my brother. . . . I have one fervent wish, and that is that you should never weary of your search, never cease to face life and life's difficulties with that honest pure resolution of yours; that it may never seem to you too slight a thing to walk a thousand steps to see a patch of sunshine or look at a beautiful tree; in fact, that you should never come to regard as childish or contemptible your attitude to life in early bygone years. Much that I like in you has not been given to me. My one advantage lies in language, that dangerous, yet beautiful gift of interpreting the manifold mysteries around us, some tormenting, some enticing, in such words that others with similar feelings can understand themselves and me.

So I believe that I shall always have something I can give you, though what I can give will always, of course, depend upon what you have within yourself."

Many unforgettably happy hours I owe to sport, which not only hardened my body, but developed in me presence of mind, endurance and courage. Dehne, Matscheko, my brother and I introduced hockey into Austria, first played on a paved barrack-square and later on the fine ground of the Vienna Sports Club. At our invitation the Oxford University team paid us a visit, and it was my privilege to captain our first team in matches in Vienna and several German

towns. At fencing with foils I won a gold and a silver medal. Two incidents connected with my fencing days remain in my memory. At the request of our grand old fencing master Hartl, I replaced another man in a sabre-competition, although I knew nothing at all about fencing with sabres. To the chagrin of my opponents I was able to parry most of their attacks by a movement I had learnt with the foils. On another occasion the same tactics very nearly ended in tragedy such as befell the sabre champion Max Friedmann, who, penetrating his opponent's damaged mask, pierced his eye and to his horror killed him. I was engaged in a keen fight with a strange fencing-master, when the protected tip of my foil snapped, and the blade, sharp as a dagger, pierced my opponent's mask and ran into his open jaw, happily without severing a vein.

My year of military service with the Sixth Dragoons afforded me an insight into army life and into the miraculous process by which soldiers belonging to the seventeen nationalities of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy were welded by the use of German words of command and by force of tradition into a single powerful army. The winter we spent at Brünn, Austria's Manchester, being trained in military science and in riding at the Volunteers' School. Our riding-master was extremely strict. Once, when I had forgotten to tie the elastic of my red cap beneath my chin, he punished me with twenty-four hours' confined to barracks. I was so enraged at the disproportion between the penalty and my crime that I broke out of my quarters during the night, returning in the morning. Such at all times was my love of freedom.

The second half of my year's service was spent in the country at Göding. The riding was the best part of it, and I won a prize in a steeplechase, the only race I ever rode in. In the autumn we took part in big manœuvres and learned something of strategy and the deployment of large units.

Next came my first visit to Italy. What an experience was that first introduction, and the boundless joy at the brilliant colours of the landscape and the wondrous works of art—I sang aloud for ecstasy—and on each successive visit I have felt again and again the urge to greater personal endeavour which these masterpieces even then inspired in me. In latter years, therefore, I made it a rule, before returning to my post in London after my summer holiday, to bathe in Venice's sea of colour, in the fresh stream of her art treasures, that I might better withstand the gloom and rigour of a London winter and resume my work with fresh zeal.

My first magical sea-voyage, with its irresistible appeal to the imagination, took me to Morocco.

Out of a sparkling sea rose white Tangier, its harbour lying beneath the white fortress. White houses, veiled women in white robes, the noisy street life of the East, drenched in African sunshine, the gaily-coloured throng gathered around the snake-charmers in spellbound silence. White, too, in the ghostly light of a full moon was the great market-place within the closed gates, white Bedouins, with rifles slung, sleeping between their squatting camels. How glorious it was to gallop along the shore, to live in tents in the desert and, with long lances, to hunt wild boar with the help of beaters and strange painted hounds.

On one of these hunts my horse, catching its hoof in a crack of the ground, threw me, and I suffered a concussion. Returning to consciousness in my tent, I had the same feeling of disembodiment that I felt many years later in London when I awoke from a serious operation with the hospital nurse at my side. There is a beautiful German film in which Death, represented as a man with a long beard and a wide-brimmed hat, looks meditatively at the candles burning in his room. They are human lives, some long and burning brightly, others short and flickering, others almost extinguished. Death passes his hands over a little candle and lo! he holds an infant. I felt like that baby, small and helpless, as I awoke out of unconsciousness, far away from home.

From Morocco I crossed to Gibraltar, where I took part in a fox-hunt. Thence to England. Here my brother and I stayed at Becket, the beautiful home of Countess Alice Hoyos, whose sons, Eddie and Alec, were great friends of ours. The Countess's father, Mr. Whitehead, inventor of the torpedo, was also on a visit to Becket. He was at times in low spirits, depressed by the thought of having created so destructive a weapon. Count Mensdorff and other members of the Embassy were frequent visitors. We hunted with the Old Berkshire and the Vale of the White Horse and Cricklade packs, and I also did much sight-seeing in London and Oxford. These first impressions kindled my love for English life and English scenery. Afterwards I moved on to Paris, where I spent the spring months in a small hotel with Hofmannsthal, exploring the museums and enjoying the Bois and the gay Parisian life.

CHAPTER II

I

AMONG the hotel guests who were watching the arrival of the Emperor William at Homburg in August, 1901, my attention was caught by two young American girls, tall and lovely as those roses known as American Beauties. They were sisters, and celebrated in the United States for their good looks. The interest I quickly came to feel in the unmarried one of the pair decided me to take her with her mother to Vienna and to arrange that the then Permanent Under-Secretary of State at our Foreign Office, Count Lützow, should meet her—he was always greatly attracted by beautiful women. We induced him to give me leave to spend my year of probation at the Austro-Hungarian Embassy in Washington, after I had passed the preliminary diplomatic examination. I was proud to enter the service of the Foreign Ministry with its splendid *esprit de corps*. Although its personnel consisted of Germans, Hungarians, Poles, Ruthenians, Rumanians, Czechs, Croats, Italians and Serbs from the different parts of the monarchy, the service was inspired by a single-minded patriotism, and I remember no single case in which an official ever put the interests of his own nationality before those of the monarchy.

As my brother had arranged a concert tour of his

own compositions in the States, he and I crossed to America together. Arriving there, the huge buildings, the rapid tempo of life, the vast spaciousness of the New World, interested me as keenly as those specific problems, constitutional conditions and racial questions which I had, of course, already studied.

II

My first chief in the Diplomatic Service was Herr von Hengelmueller, an expert on American affairs and a very clever man. But his manner—a blend of pride and shyness—made personal contacts difficult, and my introductory call was not a great success. The ambassador remained standing by the window, drumming upon the panes from time to time and saying little. Frau von Hengelmueller, by birth a Pole, was a beauty well past her prime. She took a slightly embarrassing liking to me and sought to improve our relations, more particularly at ping-pong, as we stooped simultaneously to pick up the ball.

I had not been long in Washington before my friendship was claimed by a gay circle of American girls—all so unsentimental, so assured of their bright care-free futures. Among them were Elizabeth Ashton, Helen and Grace Bell, Zaidée Cobb (this friendship easily survived the postal blockade of the War and the long passage of thirty-six years), Betty Glover and Mathilde Townsend (their mothers were great American hostesses), Edith Root, daughter of the famous War Minister, and the much-sought-after Josephine Bordman. Josephine's elder sister, Mabel,

was nicknamed Madame Pompadour on account of her influence over President Taft and some of his Secretaries of State. She performed great public services and played a large part in developing the Red Cross. Another member of our circle was Margaret Cassini, the daughter of the Russian Ambassador, who set so many hearts aflame. A salon to which many flocked was that of the four Patten girls. As they were famous for quickly spreading gossip, it became a popular joke to speak of Telephones, Telegrams and " Telepattens."

My friendship with Alice Roosevelt, a delightful person with the Roosevelt temperament, brought me into frequent contact with her magnetic father at the White House. Regardless of her high position, Alice used, even on ceremonial occasions, to go her own impulsive, unconventional way, much to the horror of some of the older ladies.

The Emperor Francis Joseph told our Ambassador, von Hengelmueller, that President Theodore Roosevelt reminded him of nothing so much as of a lion. Roosevelt was bounding with vitality and almost unbelievable energy and tenacity. He combined a universality of interests with an astonishing range of specialized knowledge. He talked a lot, with great vivacity and little restraint. One of his ambassadors once told him that he knew only one man more indiscreet than the Emperor William, and that was President Roosevelt.

My year in the United States coincided with a period of peace. President Roosevelt, in his message to Congress in December, 1902, declared that not a cloud was to be seen on the foreign political horizon. The ratification by the Senate in December, 1901, of the Panama Canal Treaty—a question to which the

United States attached the utmost importance and in which Great Britain gave way—had removed the last difference in which England as a Great Power was involved with the United States. But even amid the peaceful serenity of this period the flames of diplomatic rivalry were never quite extinguished. Whereas in earlier times the favour of an important third Power was sought in the salons, boudoirs and even the back-stairs of palaces, the contest was now fought out in the public forum and to the beating of the big drum. A week before the unveiling of a statue of General Rochambeau, who had commanded the French auxiliary forces in the American War of Independence, the Emperor William tried to diminish the importance of the occasion by offering, and subsequently sending over, to the United States a statue of Frederick the Great. The American Press greeted the overture coolly and inquired why the statue was of Frederick and not rather of the Empress Maria Theresa with her fairer fame.

The Emperor William's displeasure was brought home to the German Ambassador after a reception at the White House, when he allowed Lady Pauncefort and the members of the British Embassy to take precedence of him, although Lord Pauncefort, the doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, was absent through illness. When the German Ambassador, accurately sensing American feeling, described the intended gift of the statue of Frederick as inopportune, the storm broke about his head. Early in January, 1903, he left his post in circumstances that looked like flight. No farewell visits were paid, not even cards were left. The President learnt of his departure for Europe by

a letter, the rest of the world through the newspapers.

On receipt of the telegram which closed his diplomatic career, Holleben forced himself to go through a number of dinners, for which he had already issued invitations, and then completely broke down. Such are the disasters that sometimes overtake diplomats in their outwardly brilliant and enviable careers.

A second episode of which I heard on arrival in Washington was a warning, not inopportunely addressed to one who, like myself, is by nature spontaneous and therefore apt to be quick and incautious in action.

The British Ambassador, Lord Pauncefort, a big, rather stout and extremely lovable old gentleman with mutton-chop whiskers—a diplomat of the old school—was known for his extreme reticence with journalists. The cause lay in a misfortune that had befallen his predecessor, Sackville West. Shortly before the presidential election, a journalist in California wrote to Sackville West, then British Minister, asking for his opinion as to which candidate's election would be more favourable to British interests. The Ambassador indiscreetly replied by letter that he thought the election of Mr. Cleveland would be preferable. This letter was published in facsimile in the public press a few days later, rendering denial of its authenticity impossible, and shortly afterwards the British Ambassador was given his passport by the Secretary of State and left the country.

President Cleveland was defeated in this election by General Harrison.

III

Extensive study tours in the States enabled me to see the country under aspects which, if I may in such context borrow the exalted adjectives applied by the Catholic Church to its three estates, I would call the " suffering," " militant " and " triumphant " America. First, the big cities with their factories, black with soot and grime, strident with the clang of steel hammers ; next, the proud centres of commerce and finance, blocks of towering sky-scrapers, the unceasing whirr of lifts rushing up and down, packed tight with harried humanity. And lastly, Newport, the island of earthly bliss, where a new aristocracy, with its splendid villas, balls, seaside resorts, sports and other amusements, had attained the zenith of luxurious enjoyment. I was struck by that mixture of idealism and of almost unbridled profit-seeking which is peculiar to Americans. A great and admirable quality is their power of concentration ; it is the secret of their pre-eminence in business and sport.

Of Mexico, whither I was drawn by Count Kessler's great book, one impression stands out beyond all others : the marvellous translucency of the atmosphere. Nor shall I forget my ascent of Popocatapetl. We rode up on horseback as far as the hut, where a smoky fire kept us awake all night. Before daybreak we moved on. To me there has always been something of adventure and mystery in journeying through the night towards the miracle of the dawn. After a while we caught a white gleam, the beginning of the eternal snows. A curious sound attracted my notice, like the beating of carpets. It came, I discovered, from our

horses, whose heart-beats were quickened by the great altitude. They could plough no further through the snow and we had to clamber on foot to the top, now outlined more and more clearly ahead of us. We could only advance step by step and with longer and longer rests, for our hearts were beating like sledge-hammers.

How strange and exciting was the contrast between the remote unchanging peak, with something almost divine in its perfection of form and its untrodden snow, and the tropical climate of the valley into which I descended on my way to Vera Cruz, and in whose damp hot-house temperature vegetation grows so quickly and luxuriantly, fading and decaying equally rapidly.

Gay kaleidoscopic impressions, a host of new friends, and the glorious feeling of being young and popular, all intoxicated me. It was my custom to write frequently to Hugo von Hofmannsthal, that he might, as it were, share in my life. Here is the last letter he wrote me before I returned to Vienna :

" Your frank and open-hearted letter gave me enormous pleasure. My thoughts continually revert to it and it has added a brightness to each day since I had it. The expression of joy and spiritual well-being is so rare, and it is good indeed to hear it from those for whose welfare one cares most. Months of freedom from care combined with the feeling of youth are an inestimable boon, which projects its warmth far into old age. To many such days are altogether denied or their beauty has been blighted. I knew them, though possibly in a more shadowy and dream-like

form than yours. All the same I knew them, and felt them so strongly that the scent of fields or gardens, the odour of rain or dust, is for ever associated in my memory with the profoundest happiness, felt as the breath of a sweet and vanished past or the promise of an ethereal and far-off future."

A few months after my return home I took my diplomatic examination. I was not very nervous and passed fairly easily. The examination seemed to open my way to an assured future. Even if Austria became involved in war, it looked as if the monarchy, which had survived a thousand years of history and many hard campaigns, would continue as the political expression of the national life. I could therefore hope later to serve my country as minister, possibly ambassador, and then, like my father, to retire and to spend the evening of my days as a Privy Councillor and member of the Upper House in a pleasant and interesting atmosphere of art and politics, in the imperial capital. Alas! man proposes, but God disposes! How differently it all turned out!

On June 7, 1903, I was appointed a chamberlain to His Royal and Imperial Apostolic Majesty. The decree, written upon a gold background, contained this sentence: "Whereas you are now included among royal and imperial chamberlains, you are entitled henceforth to enjoy all the titular rights and privileges of such and, in the fulfilment of the duties and honorary services attaching to this high office, you will at all times be mindful of your solemn oath, and His Royal and Imperial Apostolic Majesty will continually bestow his favour upon you." In order to become a chamberlain I had to produce a family tree with the necessary

proof of noble ancestry. In place of this bald list of names, I here append a short account of the history of the Franckensteins and Schoenborns (my mother's family).

IV

The records first mention a Franckenstein in 884. One Arbogast zu Franckenstein won second prize in a tournament at Worms.

Until 1806, when the Emperor Francis, who had been Emperor of Austria for two years, renounced his claim to the crown of the Holy Roman Empire, the Franckenstein family was " reichsunmittelbar," which means that it owed direct allegiance to the Emperor and the Empire and was not subordinate to any local sovereign.

The ancient family home, the castle of Franckenstein, now a ruin, is near Darmstadt.

Hans von Franckenstein acquired by marriage the important possessions of the families of Sachsenhausen and Cleen, and in 1522 these were confirmed as imperial fiefs by the Emperor Charles V. The Franckensteins were successful in resisting the attempts of the Landgrave Philip of Hesse to enforce the Lutheran religion within their territories. Their possessions suffered terribly from billetings and destruction during the Thirty Years War, the thirteen years of the War for the Spanish Succession, the Seven Years War and in the fighting that followed upon the French Revolution.

In this connection the following letter may be of interest, written by the French King Louis XIII. The original, in French, is preserved in our family archives:

" To the Lord Marquis de Brèze :

My cousin, the Prince-Archbishop of Cologne, has begged me to apply to the King of Sweden for a letter of protection on behalf of the Schoenborn family, with a request that he will instruct the generals and officers of his army to respect the property and houses of that family at Mainz, Bingen and elsewhere ; the same request is made on behalf of the estates of Philip Christoph von Franckenstein.

At the same time I pray God that He will keep you, my Lord Marquis de Brèze, in His safe care.

Done at Mainz on February 5th, 1632.

(Signed) LOUIS

(BOUTHILLIER)."

These two families of Franckenstein and Schoenborn were united two hundred years later by the marriage of my father and mother.

In 1662 Johann Peter von Franckenstein bought the property of Ullstadt and other possessions in Bavaria, which have since formed the family seat.

The imperial barony (Reichsfreiherrstand) was conferred upon the Franckensteins in 1670.

Three of the family rose to the position of Prince-Bishop, of Worms, Trier and Bamberg respectively.

One of the most eminent of my ancestors was my uncle and godfather, Georg Arbogast (1825–1890), who played an important part in German domestic politics. An enthusiastic Catholic leader, first Vice-President of the German Reichstag and a prominent member of the Bavarian Upper House, this vigorous and fearless statesman performed valuable services for the country, the church and the nation. He was against the

exclusion of Austria from the German Empire and championed the re-establishment of the Empire under Austrian rule in the form in which it existed before 1806. He was also a generous patron of art and science.

His two younger brothers entered the service of the Austrian Government, one as an officer, the other, my father, as diplomat. Herein they followed an old custom dating from the days of the Holy Roman Empire, whereby the younger sons of German noble families were wont to enter the service of the Austrian Imperial House. In this way younger branches of many old German families sprang up in Austria. Not a few of these men rose to high, even the highest positions, more particularly in the army and diplomacy. Austria's Chancellors and Foreign Ministers alone numbered four former Reich Germans: Metternich, Rechberg, Beust and Haymerle.

V

The Schoenborns belong to the earliest Rhineland nobility and their home was in Hessen Nassau. The first Schoenborn known to history was Eucharist I (1118–1184), but the family sprang into real eminence with Johann Philipp, born in 1605. By 1647 he had become Archbishop of Mainz, and as one of the Electors he wielded great influence.

He gave proof of humanitarian feeling by abolishing the cruel witches' trials, was known to his contemporaries as the Wise One, and earned the name of the German Solomon. Louis XIV described him rather

contemptuously as "ce boiteux archevêque," but acknowledged his great qualities. The philosopher Leibnitz called him "le prince le plus clairvoyant que l'Allemagne ait jamais eu." In appearance he resembled one of Wallenstein's generals rather than a prince of the Church. He liked meeting artists and scholars and was attracted by all that was new. For the twenty-three years of his rule, following the Peace of Westphalia, his very exposed realm remained undisturbed by war.

His nephew, Lothar Franz (1655–1729), was among the most distinguished ecclesiastical princes of the House of Schoenborn. He, too, was an enthusiastic patron of the arts. Among the many palaces and country seats that he built, the most important is the Castle of Pommersfelden, which may justifiably be described as the foremost example of German baroque architecture. Painting was another of the Elector's interests. He had acquaintances and correspondents among artists and art dealers in Brussels, Amsterdam and in Italy, and by frequent purchases—in 1713 a whole shipload arrived by river at Mainz—he amassed a large collection of pictures.

Thanks to his prestige and influence, six Schoenborns held simultaneously the principal German bishoprics, while two others occupied important posts at court and in the army.

Lothar Philipp von Schoenborn, Elector of Mainz, appointed his nephew Friedrich Karl von Schoenborn Imperial Vice-Chancellor in Vienna (against the wishes of the Emperor Leopold), in succession to Dominik Graf von Kaunitz. His function was to act as intermediary in the relations of the Emperor with the

Empire and with the estates of the realm. The business of the Imperial Chancellery was in the hands of the Vice-Chancellor. After crushing many intrigues, Friedrich Karl consolidated his political power. In the palaces built for him, as years went on, by Johann Lucas von Hildebrand, the architect of the beautiful Belvedere Castle and of the Kinsky Palace in Vienna, and by others, he gave magnificent balls; his masquerades were the finest in Vienna. He had a great love of flowers and laid out wonderful gardens. That he was also a "bon-vivant" is clear from a letter written during an illness in 1715 to his uncle at Mainz, and containing this passage: "My present life, at 42, and an abundance of excellent food and drink are, I think, with holy chastity, nourishing elements, which the physicians recommend should be purged with rhubarb and bleeding."

In addition to his political and diplomatic career Friedrich Karl rose later to the highest ecclesiastical office and dignities. In 1734 he resigned his office of Vice-Chancellor and devoted himself exclusively to administering the bishoprics of Würzburg and Bamberg. He wrote to his brother, the Elector and Archbishop of Trier: "I cannot get used to my princely cage and am very homesick for Vienna." Vienna's enchantment had cast its spell upon him.

Prince-Archbishop Friedrich Karl died in 1746. His body lay in state in the court chapel for three weeks. In his will he ordered five thousand masses to be said. He is further commemorated in the construction or restoration of more than a hundred churches. The reign of this excellent prince is still remembered in Franconia, where the "Schoenborn era" counts as the

happiest and most brilliant period in the history of the two bishoprics.

Two centuries later it happened, though in other circumstances, that two brothers—Schoenborns, of course, only on their mother's side—again simultaneously held important office in Bavaria and in Austria. They were my brother, who, as Director-General of the Bavarian Court (later State) theatres, was enabled, like his famous ancestors, to work in the service of art, and myself, who, first in Vienna and, later, as Austrian Minister in London, encouraged and assisted art and artists. The parallel would have been still closer had I held office as Austrian Foreign Minister. I was considered for the post on two occasions, but the Government decided otherwise.

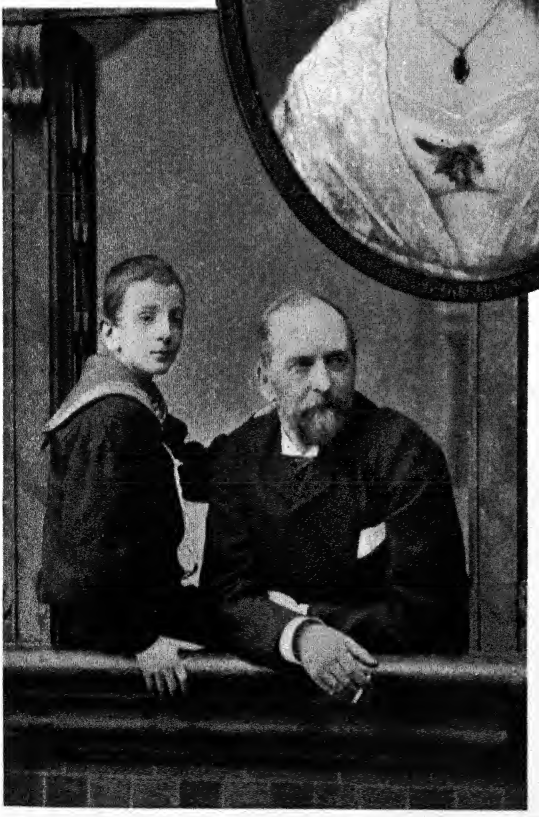
VI

Success in my examination, my appointment as chamberlain, the magic of Vienna in spring and all the gay pleasures of the capital, contributed to make my days exuberantly happy. I spent many hours painting the future and revolving the problems that would require study when I took up my new post at St. Petersburg. Hofmannsthal, who lived in a world of his own ideas and creations and who never lost sight of life's serious purpose, sent me the following beautiful letter, with its undercurrent, so it seemed to me, of gentle warning:

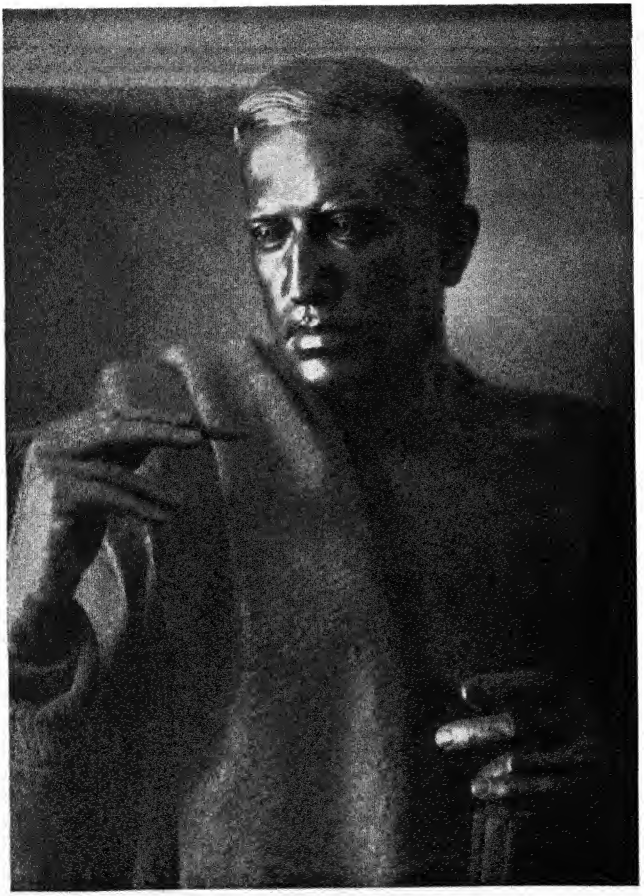
Rodaun, *August 1st*, 1903.

". . . How often, when we have walked home together at night and I have gone on my way alone,

THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER



THE AUTHOR, AS A CHILD, WITH HIS FATHER



HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL

From the bust by Victor Hammer

have I thought of what you will become. Be assured that greater blessings, a purer and more intensive harmony of outward and inward happiness, lie ahead of you than behind you. The keen glowing energy of early youth does not burn itself out; it is transmuted into a deeper, fuller, quiet force, flowing rather as the Traun flows past us, soundlessly, yet with strength, with greater strength than higher up, where it was a wild, raging torrent.

So long as a live and perceptive man has not planted within himself the spreading canker of death—you have described it well in a few words—triviality, sloth, ill-will—so long will he grow stronger and stronger, and it is wonderful how his strength derives nourishment from his very adversities, from the dull weeks, the empty hours, those dread hours when we lie like a ship stranded upon the rocks, and no breath stirs.

But that you should ever be caught in 'life's machinery' I simply cannot believe."

At that time the danger was not so much that I should be caught in life's machinery, and become soulless or conventional or a mere cog in the wheels of diplomacy. Rather was it possible that my sense of independence and my unpunctuality might cause me to adapt myself too little to the machinery of life. Count Goluchowski, the Foreign Minister, had invited me to a big dinner given at the Ballhausplatz soon after my appointment as attaché. As usual, I had busied myself beforehand with a hundred small matters and was, most unfortunately, the last guest to arrive. Even this did not cure me of unpunctuality. Later, I accompanied the Russian Minister of Justice on a

journey in his special train, and I left the party in the Caucasus in order to visit Tiflis. It had been arranged that I should later catch a particular train to rejoin the Minister and his friends. If I missed this train, which connected with a steamer, I should have to cover the journey of several days back to St. Petersburg alone. In spite of this, I reached the platform at Tiflis only just in time to jump on the train as it was leaving the station. This bad habit of mine proved, however, more dangerous on the evening on which the members of the Austro-Hungarian Embassy left London after the declaration of war, in 1914. I had paid a quick visit to a friend and, as I was hurrying to the station, passed the scene of a large fire, and could not help standing to watch it a while. When I arrived at Victoria, the police would not let me through the barrier, as I had forgotten my special platform pass. Fortunately the Portuguese Ambassador came up at that moment. The Marquis de Soveral was a man known to everyone and a particular friend of my own ambassador, Count Mensdorff. Thanks to his help I was allowed through and, as we went forward, we were met by my chief, who had been much perturbed at my absence. He had feared that they would have to leave without me and that I might be interned.

CHAPTER III

I

AT the time when Congress in America voted the construction of the Panama Canal, I wrote an article with the romantic title, " The Marriage of the Oceans." In it I described the hopes, disappointments, intrigues and international rivalries caused through three centuries by the various schemes for connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. My essay caught the eye of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Russia, Baron Aehrenthal, who applied for me to join his staff in St. Petersburg. Accordingly, it was through the " Marriage of the Oceans " that I was first introduced to the Empire of the Czar.

I travelled to St. Petersburg in the early summer of 1903, very much more easily and comfortably than my father had done when he proceeded to the same post in 1860. In those days there was no direct railway communication between Austria and the Russian capital. Beyond Warsaw my father had to travel as far as Pskow by sleigh, a journey of seven days and nights, broken only by short stops to change horses.

I, on the other hand, travelled in the comfortable sleeping-car of an express train, keenly alive to impressions of a new country and a new people, and passing the time in reading articles on the history, politics or religious problems of Russia. One article of especial

interest to me dealt with the impending conflict between the Russian Empire and Japan. It was clear that if Russia became involved in war in the Far East or acquired new possessions in those remote parts she would be the less inclined to pursue an aggressive policy in the Balkans, and this would greatly lighten the cares of Austria-Hungary.

In 1900 the former Guards officer, Alexander Michailowitsch Bezobrazow, by that time a large-scale speculator, was granted a concession by the Government of Korea for the purpose of developing the vast forests on both banks of the Yellow River along the Manchurian border. Before long he had secured the favour of influential persons, including the Czar's brother-in-law, the Grand Duke Alexander, and even the Czar himself. His plans, ostensibly economic, were aimed at the annexation of Manchuria and Korea. When Bezobrazow, at the Czar's initiative, received a subsidy of two million roubles, Japan became anxious and lodged a protest. Six weeks previously Bezobrazow had been awarded the title of Secretary of State. The increasing concern felt by Japan foreshadowed a possible war between the two Powers.

II

Soon after my arrival at the Embassy Palace my chief sent for me. As he outlined the political situation and the policy of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy I had time to observe his striking head, bent permanently forward as though weighted by the knowledge, thoughts and plans inside it, and the tired eyes, weakened by

too much reading, but which, when he smiled, lit up with a faintly mischievous gleam.

I felt an immediate admiration and liking for this statesman, who was later to be like a father to me and do so much in shaping and facilitating my career.

I here reproduce a few notes I made of this first conversation. In view of later events they have a certain interest and testify to Baron Aehrenthal's prescience and wisdom.

It was, he said, the object of his policy to foster friendly relations with the Russian Empire. That aim, however, was jeopardized by the strongly aggressive character of Russian foreign policy. Russia, after adding so enormously to her territory and population in the past two centuries, still thirsted after expansion. In pursuit of her plans in Europe and Asia she was working—with occasional pauses—at encircling the Austro-Hungarian monarchy from the side of Eastern Galicia and the Balkans, and at thus making it more difficult for Germany to oppose her political and economic ambitions. Czarist Russia found it intolerable that she should still be cut off from ice-free harbours and that her fleet should thereby be practically immobilised in winter. Russian foreign policy was finding welcome allies in the pan-Slav movement and in the mysticism of the Russian soul, which was lured by the dream of a great Russian Empire. That the destiny of nations is decided rather by ideas and psychological factors than by material interests was perhaps even truer of Russia than of other countries. The pan-Slavs believe that the Russian Orthodox Church alone preaches true Christianity. They condemned the reforms of Peter the Great and advocate a

return to the conditions and institutions of the Muscovite era. They condemned Western civilization for its exaggerated individualism and its atheistic corruption. They were convinced that it is the mission of the Russian nation to create a loftier civilization and impose it upon Europe. Finally, they were convinced that the Greco-Slav world would establish its supremacy over the Western nations. Pan-Slavism began to permeate all classes in Russia at the time when its Slav brethren rose against their tyrannical rulers in Turkey. The aim of the pan-Slavs was to unite all Slavs under the Czar or, anyhow, under Russian hegemony, and to obtain possession of Constantinople as the capital of the Russian Empire and federation of Slav peoples. The rulers in St. Petersburg saw a certain advantage in fulfilling the aspirations of the Russian people in the sphere of foreign politics, while leaving their desire for constitutional reforms at home largely unsatisfied.

In contrast to these expansionist designs, the Austro-Hungarian monarchy was pursuing a strongly conservative policy, aimed at preserving its existing possessions and at preventing any development in the Balkans which threatened them. Whether it would in the long run be possible to reconcile Russian hopes and ambitions with the vital needs of our country, it was impossible to say. The means of averting a fatal clash of their mutual interests and of bridging the historical gulf between Austria-Hungary and Russia lay in close co-operation between the three Emperors and their realms on the basis of the conservation of their joint interests. For there could be no doubt whatever that in the event of European war

the monarchies of Austria-Hungary, Russia and Germany would be gravely threatened, if not in all three countries, at any rate in those which suffered defeat. That idea Baron Aehrenthal constantly reiterated in his talks with the Czar and his ministers. The latter, he told me, must bear in mind that the pan-Slavs, whose domestic policy was at variance with the conservatism of the Czar and his government, might one day prove dangerous to the throne.

He added that for some time a movement had been developing which might divert Russia's interest from the Near East and thereby favour the maintenance of good relations between our two Empires.

Subsequent events confirmed Aehrenthal's far-sightedness. Had his advice been taken and had Russia, for the sake of our joint interests, called a halt to her policy in Eastern Galicia and, still more, in the Balkans, which policy was the real cause of the World War, Czar Nicholas would probably have been neither dethroned nor assassinated, the Emperor Charles would not have been driven to banishment and a premature death, while the Emperor William would not have been compelled to spend the rest of his days in exile.

Although I was the junior secretary, Baron Aehrenthal before long entrusted me with important business, and I remember how proud I was when I submitted my draft of a long report on Austro-Russian relations, for which he had merely outlined a few ideas, and he made only one correction, querying a rather flowery phrase of mine.

During all the years I worked under him, we had only one small misunderstanding. At a time of

political tension the Ambassador came into the Chancellery one night with a telegram he wanted at once decoded. Foolishly assuming that he would remember the words he had been looking up in the code dictionary, while I made the other transmutations, I did not trouble to copy out the text of the telegram. Great was his annoyance and my consternation when he asked me for the decoded text, and there lay in front of me a blank piece of paper! Prince Plator Zabow, the assistant and favourite of the Empress Catherine, once found himself in a similar quandary when the Empress called for a state paper which she had instructed him to draft for her. With less scruple and more presence of mind than I showed, Zabow picked up a blank piece of parchment and, pretending to read from it, improvised his draft there and then. However, the trick was discovered and the guilty minister fell temporarily out of favour.

The code telegram concerned the attitude to be adopted by Austria-Hungary towards the foul assassination of King Alexander and his wife, Draga Masin, the former lady-in-waiting to Queen Natalie. Their marriage had taken place with encouragement from Russia and was bitterly resented by the Serbs, especially in army circles. Baron Aehrenthal realized at once the grave results of this crime for the future peace of Europe, for the new Karageorgevic dynasty would, it was known, pursue an anti-Austrian policy. The wish to avoid trouble with Russia, where the Pan-Slav movement had been gaining ground, who held out a protecting hand to Serbia, induced the Austro-Hungarian Government to watch events in Belgrade without doing anything, though those events

were taking place only just beyond our southern frontier. The horror felt by the Royal Family and Government of Great Britain at this crime led to the withdrawal of the British Minister from Belgrade.

III

Among all my delightful colleagues I liked best the Counsellor of the Embassy, Count Berchtold, who gave me an exceedingly kind welcome, and we very quickly became firm friends. Berchtold was tall, slight and very well-dressed, extremely cultivated, and a gifted linguist. He combined humour and charm in high degree. His reports as chargé d'affaires and later as ambassador were reckoned models of their kind. Baron Aehrenthal was particularly fond of Berchtold and thought the world of him. He made a most successful ambassador. Aehrenthal, before his death, recommended Berchtold to the Emperor Francis Joseph for the post of Foreign Minister. In that office, however, which he twice declined before finally accepting it at the Emperor's urgent request, Berchtold, especially during the World War, lacked the *feu sacré*, the passionate devotion to the job, and the tenacity which were Aehrenthal's especial characteristics.

The Balkan question, especially the reforms carried out in Macedonia, occupied the close attention of the Austro-Hungarian Embassy in St. Petersburg. Of still greater importance for us were the general international situation, the growing tension which threatened war, and the new grouping of the Powers, which was

becoming more and more pronounced, and finally assumed a form disastrous to Austria-Hungary and Germany.

IV

Interest in political work did not, however, prevent us from enjoying life in St. Petersburg. What fun it was, racing through the snowy streets in open sleighs, well-protected behind the bulky form of the driver with his many wrappings, past people warming themselves at large coke fires.

I was deeply impressed by St. Petersburg. The vision of Peter the Great come to life, a radiant, luminous city risen " from the gloom of forests, the depths of swamps to grace and enchant the midnight lands " ; the unforgettable charm of this youngest and fairest of Northern cities, when mirrored in the opalescent waters of the great river flowing at her feet, reflecting the gleam of the slender spire of the Peter and Paul fortress pointing into the clear pale sky ; or the irresistible call of spring, heralded by the sound of rushing streams, blue against the sparkling, melting snow as the Neva woke from her long winter sleep and moved the enormous ice-floes, which thundered and crashed against each other in their headlong journey to the sea ; or the poetic and soft twilight of her white nights in May, the scent of lilacs borne on the faint breeze from the gardens of the Elaguine Islands.

I made a close study of the country and its people. What a contrast between the United States democracy and Czarist Russia ! How different was the inner life

and being of these Russians, with their mysticism, their sudden changes of mood, their mental liveliness, charm and fatalistic indolence.

My many visits to St. Petersburg's smart Yachting Club were as instructive as they were enjoyable, providing me with numerous contacts and much useful information. It was a favourite meeting-place of diplomats, and I made friends here with the members of the German Embassy, Count Rantzau, Baron Romberg and others. The Grand Dukes were frequent visitors to the Club, among them the Grand Duke Nicholas, who commanded the Russian armies in the War, the Grand Duke Vladimir (a most cultured and well-informed man, whose wife was one of St. Petersburg's leading hostesses), the Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovitsch, President of the Historical Society and (like some of the other Grand Dukes) an outspoken Liberal—indeed, he was known as " Philippe Egalité." I formed a particular liking for the three leading court officials—Baron Fredericks, Count Paul Benckendorff, brother of the Ambassador in London, and Prince Alexander Dolgorouky, men of charm and distinction who devoted their talents with much success to the organization and management of the court festivities.

The Court balls of St. Petersburg were the most magnificent I ever saw, partly by reason of the wonderful display of jewels, partly owing to the uniforms of the Cossack Life Guards. These men, specially selected for their height, wore long tunics, very broad in the shoulders, very slim at the waist, of red, white, blue or black and covered with silver cartridge cases on both breasts.

As in Vienna, the St. Petersburg balls were divided into big Court balls and smaller, more exclusive, intimate entertainments. At the former, supper was served in the great ballroom, at the others, in an octagonal room so lavishly decorated with huge palm-trees from the Botanical Gardens that it looked like a forest. The tables were disposed around the trees and laid with gold plate. No special place was reserved for the Czar, who seated himself beside the ladies of his choice.

During the winter St. Petersburg society used to meet on the huge ice-rink and *montagnes russes* in the Tauride Gardens. The " mountains " stood as high as a three-storey building and the light sleighs, descending from the top, ran for half a mile or more over the surface of the ice.

I had great fun ski-skoering behind polo ponies on the islands of St. Petersburg. One pony had a habit of stopping suddenly and kicking, and I had to be on my guard to avoid a collision.

What memories! Memories of an Easter night in Moscow, when a packed congregation stood in almost total darkness in the ancient cathedral of the Kremlin, tense with expectancy. At last, on the stroke of midnight, a heavy knocking was heard from without, and the great door was flung open. While all the bells pealed out, there entered, bringing with them, as it were, light from heaven, a procession of great prelates of the church wearing jewelled mitres and gold vestments, and followed by long-bearded deacons who, chanting antiphonally with the choir, sang hymns of thanksgiving in deep rich voices of marvellous resonance. At the same time candles, silently

lit from hand to hand, revealed the gold background of the vaulted roof and the pillars—from which the searching eyes of grave Byzantine saints looked down upon the congregation.

Then, too, I loved the Northern summer. There was something enchanting about the *nuits blanches*. The sun did not set before ten in the evening, and until it rose at two next morning the earth seemed to lie in a twilight dream, bathed in colours that suggested a painting by Watteau. We made excursions to the parks of the Imperial palaces at Peterhof, Gatschina and Zarskoje Selo. There was also a salmon-fishing expedition to Finland with the British Ambassador, Sir Charles Hardinge, and Lady Hardinge, which I remember more particularly because from this trip dates my friendship with that trusted political adviser and friend of King Edward VII, later Viceroy of India, and his distinguished wife.

V

During my two years in Russia the political thermometer mounted steadily. Petitions, demonstrations, strikes, riots and attempted assassinations became more and more frequent. Under pressure of events the Czar decided to establish constitutional government by stages, but the concessions always came too late and were never sufficiently generous, so that before the reforms had been carried through, fresh demands made them already out of date.

Meanwhile, in spite of strictest control by the secret police, assassinations grew commoner. On June 28,

1904, Plehve, Minister for the Interior, was blown to pieces by a bomb. On January 19, 1905—the Feast of the Epiphany—the annual blessing of the Neva took place on the quay in front of the Winter Palace. In the presence of the Czar and the male members of the Romanoff family, with priests, generals and court functionaries, the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg blessed the river, while the Empress with her ladies and the Diplomatic Corps watched the ceremony from the palace windows. Suddenly a battery of guns, placed on the farther bank of the river, fired a salvo, not of the usual blank cartridges, but of live ammunition. The shells burst on the frozen surface of the water, but splinters flew whistling over the heads of the crowd, piercing the flags and burying themselves in the palace walls. By a miracle no one was hit, but had their trajectory been only a little lower, they would probably have killed the Czar and all the male heirs to the throne.

As soon as the ceremony was over, the Emperor Nicholas returned through the big drawing-room of the Winter Palace—he passed close to me—his face betraying no sign of emotion. The responsible officers were sentenced by court martial to fortress imprisonment and dismissed the service; the men were transported to Siberia.

Two days later a general strike broke out in St. Petersburg and I saw troops barricade the Neva bridges and hold up demonstrators.

Led, however, by a young priest, Gapone, carrying a crucifix—he wielded great influence over the people and preached that violence should not be met by violence—fifteen thousand workers, unarmed and

singing hymns, forced a way through to the Winter Palace. They wanted to present the Czar with a petition, which included this passage: "We are treated like slaves. Our sufferings are past endurance. Break down the walls that divide you from your people. Then shall your name be engraved for ever in our hearts."

As the procession emerged from the Nevsky Prospect on to the big square in front of the Imperial Palace, a sudden volley was discharged into their midst. Hundreds fell dead and wounded, among the latter the priest Gapone, who was carried off by his friends. The crowd scattered. Three weeks later the Grand Duke Sergius, Governor-General of Moscow, was killed by a bomb inside the Kremlin—obviously a reprisal for Red Sunday, January 22.

VI

I shall always remember the sight of hundreds of generals, officers, statesmen and court officials driving up to the palace in sleighs to hear the Czar declare war against Japan. The treacherous attack by the Japanese fleet upon Port Arthur had come so unexpectedly that the room where the scene took place was already decorated for a Court ball.

The Czar, convinced of the ultimate victory of his arms, issued an order of the day, which contained these words: "... Russia is mighty; during the thousand years of her existence she has passed through severe trials and been exposed to great dangers; each time she has issued victorious from the struggle. I

and all Russia are convinced that the hour of triumph is not far off."

But after heroic resistance the garrison of Port Arthur surrendered on January 2, 1905. General Stoessel, the commander, telegraphed to the Czar: "Your Majesty, forgive us, we have done all in our power. Judge us mercifully. Eleven months of incessant fighting have exhausted our strength. Three-quarters of the garrison lie in hospital or in the cemeteries. The men are worn to shadows."

The Emperor despatched a fresh fleet under Admiral Rodjestwensky, which had to cover 20,000 miles before reaching its destination. A young naval officer told me of the dark forebodings that filled the officers before this fleet set out. Their fears that the forty-four ships were steering to their doom were tragically fulfilled; on May 27, 1905, the armada was destroyed off the island of Tsu-shima as completely as the Invincible Armada of Philip of Spain in 1588.

VII

At first the war in the Far East had been a national crusade; the whole nation was filled with enthusiastic ardour. But its unlucky course—defeat following on defeat—produced at first bitterness, then war-weariness and mutiny; finally, an outburst of revolutionary movements.

My personal impressions of the Emperor Nicholas II and the Empress Alexandra were supplemented by talks with prominent court officials. Unlike his father, a man of elemental force and huge stature, Nicholas

was small (he took after his Danish mother). He did not look like a Romanoff. His manner was shy and retiring, and he had no strength of will. All the same he was a most likeable man and had that tact which is rightly ascribed to a feeling heart. Suddenly raised to the throne at the age of twenty-six, without preliminary training for the post, he succumbed quickly to the influence of reactionary statesmen, particularly of the Minister of Education and Public Worship, M. Pobiedonostzeff. The tragic fate that brooded over the life of the unhappy monarch presided even at his coronation in Moscow in May, 1896, when the huge street crowd got out of hand and three thousand people were crushed to death.

In his *Memoirs* Iswolsky tells us that this disaster was everywhere interpreted as an evil omen, auguring for the new emperor a fate similar to that of Louis XVI. The Empress Alexandra was a beautiful and charming woman, by birth a German princess. Her correspondence with the Emperor Nicholas reveals the existence of a deep affection between the pair. But the mysterious ill-health of the Czarewitsch weighed as heavily upon her as did the unfriendly atmosphere of the court and the gloomy climate of her adopted country. She went, too, in constant fear of assassination. Politically, her views were ultra-conservative, with a tendency to religious exaltation and transcendentalism.

I learnt more about internal politics than many other diplomats through spending much time in the home of the Russian Minister of Justice, Muraview, whose daughters were great friends of mine. The Minister had made his name as public prosecutor in

the big Nihilist trials and was a formidable power in the land, the bitter enemy of the radical parties. As a young barrister, he had seen the awful desolation wrought by the pogroms. He strongly condemned this form of persecution, and in office stood for the timely enactment of constitutional reforms, the abolition of the system of transportations and for a more humane prison system. Eager as I was, in Russia as elsewhere, to gain direct personal impressions of the country and its people, I welcomed an invitation from Muraview to accompany him and his family on a journey made in their private train for the purpose of inspecting prisons and maintaining contact with the judicial authorities of the provinces. His lovely daughter, Nastia, lent a poetic charm to the journey, which carried us as far as the Caucasus. At many places the Minister received offers of bread and salt, but we knew that at any moment a violent death might overtake him and all of us, as it overtook his colleague Plehve. One evening, as we sat in the saloon, just after leaving a station, a man thrust his head in at the window and pointed a pistol at the Minister. Before we had time to hurl ourselves upon the would-be assassin, he jumped off the running-board. The train was stopped, but though the guards searched all round, they found nothing but the man's cap.

At the time of my visit to Tiflis, the Caucasus was governed in the Czar's name by one of the Grand Dukes. I was enchanted by the picturesque life of the streets. The bright becoming dress of the mountain peasants—tall fur caps, long tunics of different colours, covered with cartridge cases of silver or other

material—mingled with the uniforms of the Russian officers, soldiers and officials responsible for the maintenance of Czarist dominion.

When I returned to Tiflis on an official mission, in 1918, Georgia had become an independent republic, and the Russian officers, who had lost their jobs and their wealth after the revolution, now formed a dangerous element in the population of the new Georgian state!

VIII

During my annual leave at Alt-Aussee, in the summer of 1905, I received a letter from Baron Aehrenthal telling me of my transfer to Rome and adding: "My wife and I are sincerely sorry that you are leaving St. Petersburg. Your sudden transfer has come as an unwelcome surprise to me, for I had told the Foreign Office in Vienna that I was hoping to keep you here through next winter. There seems, however, to be an acute shortage of staff. I am sure that, in spite of all the new and exciting impressions that await you in Rome, you will not forget St. Petersburg and the stirring events of the last two years. Also remember my advice to keep up your Russian. For any Austrian diplomat it is an extremely important language." That is the only piece of advice from my chief that I did not follow. I had always wanted to serve my country in western posts, which attracted me more than Russia, and I was therefore loth to equip myself in such manner as to be specially marked out for further service in that deeply

interesting, but to me alien, and climatically unsympathetic country.

Curiously enough, there reached me almost simultaneously a letter from Hofmannsthal suggesting that I should do what I could to get transferred to Rome. The letter reveals Hofmannsthal's intensely serious attitude towards his art :

Rodaun, *August 10th*, 1905.

" . . . You will know that, apart from your family, there is no one but myself in the world who, from pure affection, tempered from the first with a little fatherly feeling, embraces and unites the whole of your existence, all your interests and powers, the gentler and more secret emanations of your being. You can be sure that my memory preserves the whole of this spiritual treasure as faithfully as your own and, like your better self, I would not without pain and struggle see you suffer spiritual loss or impoverishment.

I in my turn am so firmly assured of your friendship and devotion that I should lose trust in the world and in myself, if ever you were to act unkindly or unfeelingly towards me. . . . I do not over-estimate the value of my work. Nor do I even place it above the value, to me and to others, of an hour's talk with a friend, a beautiful excursion and the memory of such. But my calling, like every other, develops in its votaries a conscience that cannot be stifled, something far removed from mere pedantry and pharisaic zeal. And this at times claims the utmost effort of which brain and imagination, working in enforced solitude, are capable ; but that effort is also accom-

panied by a feeling of extreme content. Knowingly to sacrifice that feeling to the *dolce far niente,* to meetings with friends and a change of scene would mean burdening myself for a long time with the deep dissatisfaction of a tormenting conscience.

So I shall neither come to you, nor be here if you should come to me. I am going to some high mountain place, first to Misurina, later, perhaps, to another part of Tyrol.

Remember me to your family, to good Spiegl and to Vansittart, who interests me so much and whom I am genuinely sorry again to miss. And come to Rome—that would be lovely! Then, and not otherwise, I would come there too, in January, and we could renew happy days together among wonderful ruins, beautiful women, culture, amusement and solitude.

So come to Rome. Get the ambassador to ask for you and others to recommend you—others, again to envy you! Then all will be well."

IX

An especially happy feature of my diplomatic career was the strong contrast between each new post and its predecessor. This time the change was from St. Petersburg, a city founded and built by Peter the Great only two hundred years ago and covered in winter with snow and ice, to Rome, the Eternal City, where even in the cold months roses bloom and a warm sun and blue sky cheer and exhilarate.

Oh what memories come surging—magic memories

of great epochs in history, of splendid awe-inspiring masterpieces of the builder's art, of indescribably lovely statues, frescoes, pictures—as I write the names of Forum, Palatine, Capitol, Colosseum, the Baths of Caracalla, the Catacombs, Santa Maria Maggiore, Santa Maria sopra Minerva, the Vatican with the frescoes of Fra Angelico, Benozzo Gozzoli, Pinturicchio and Raphael, the Sixtine Chapel, on whose walls and ceiling Michael Angelo realized his grand conception of the Creation, the Fall of Man and the expulsion from Paradise, and whose majestic prophets and inspired sibyls express the nobility and spiritual grandeur to which humanity may attain.

Can I ever forget my delight in the great Roman palaces and their treasures—the Farnese, the Doria, the Villa Pamphili, the Villa Borghese ?

It was a continual joy to walk in the gardens of these villas beneath the tall pines, the pointed cypresses, the gnarled old oaks and majestic plane trees. Nature and Art join hands in these parks, where caryatids, marble columns, steps, statues and urns form decorative details in a setting of trees and verdure.

What life, what freshness bubble from the Roman fountains—in the Piazza Navona, the Fontana del Tritone, the Trevi and many, many others.

Rome was at her loveliest in spring, with flowers everywhere, in the crevices of old walls, twisting round trees and stone, statues and columns ; the air scented with roses—the Piazza di Spagna a sea of flowers of every hue.

And then—in contrast to all this gaiety and colour —the bare, tragic Campagna, with the aqueducts

rising out of the plain and, far away, the blue Alban Hills seen through a fine golden haze.

How inspiring it was to walk on the Via Appia, bordered each side with mausoleums, tombs and statues, along which marched the victorious Roman legions, and to see the sun sink below the Campagna with all its memories of Rome's heroic past.

My rooms were in the Palazzo Venezia. This palace was begun under Pope Paul II, in 1455. In 1564 Pius IV presented it to the Republic of Venice, hence its name. By the Peace of Campoformio, in 1789, it came into Austrian hands, but was restored to Italy by Napoleon. After Napoleon's downfall, the palace reverted to Austria and became the seat of the Austro-Hungarian Embassy to the Holy See. The offices of our Embassy to the Quirinal were also in this palace and I was allotted rooms within its walls. It was inspiring to live in this proud old palace beneath the shelter of the fine papal arms, which stood actually over the doors of my apartment. One of the beauties of the palace was the great courtyard with its imposing colonnade surrounding a charming garden of cypresses, flowers and palm-trees. How many happy hours I spent in that courtyard, reading, meditating and feasting my eyes upon the bright Italian colouring. Now it seems to me odd to have lived in winter in the building where Mussolini has his quarters and, in summer, in the Villa Barberini, at Castel Gandolfo, to-day the summer residence of the Pope. The Villa Barberini stands, surrounded by a big park, on the shores of the Alban Lake. Close by is Nemi, a blue jewel sparkling in its deep setting of green woods.

X

My ambassador in Rome, Count Lützow, who had already twice played a part in my life, welcomed me warmly and gave me much help in familiarizing myself with my new work.

The Romans have a weakness for nicknames (the British Naval Attaché, Roger Keyes, and his wife and sisters, all of whom took part in the fox-hunts on the Campagna, were known, for instance, as the Bunch of Keys) and they called Count Lützow "Whisky and Soda," partly because he looked so English (he had an English mother), partly because of his anglomania, which showed itself in his very attire. Certain peculiarities of speech and bearing lent my chief a superficially unimpressive, slightly comic appearance. But he was a very clever diplomat, a good judge of Italian character, and a vigorous, yet tactful upholder of his country's interest. Here he came later into conflict on one occasion with our Foreign Minister, Baron Aehrenthal. With a view to improving relations between Austria-Hungary and Italy at a critical period, Lützow in the winter of 1908 suggested in a telegram to Vienna that, as a friendly gesture to our southern neighbour, we should cede her a small piece of territory of no economic value to ourselves. When I handed this message to Aehrenthal—I was his private secretary at the time and had accompanied him to the meeting of the Parliamentary Delegations in Budapest—he turned red in the face, threw the telegram down on the table and exclaimed angrily: "Wait till I have a talk with him." The tone was that of Daladier's emphatic

reply to the Italian claims to Tunis in the spring of 1939: "Never will we yield a yard of our territories or a single one of our rights."

During my two years in Rome Italian home politics were of no particular interest and I devoted undivided attention to studying those irredentist aims of Italy which made friendly relations between the members of the Triple Alliance so hard to maintain and in the end led to Italy's desertion to the enemy's camp.

While Italian statesmen remained outwardly loyal to the Alliance and adhered to the connection with Austria-Hungary until such time as a new political combination might enable them to take her southern provinces, many organizations in Italy, with the open or secret encouragement of the government, were laying the foundations of a union between Italy and what were then unfairly referred to as the "captive provinces groaning beneath the iron yoke of Austrian despotism" (namely, Southern Tyrol and Istria).

These irredentist ambitions, disguised as purely cultural aims, enjoyed some support in those parts of the Austrian Empire where Italian was the predominant language. Our Embassy in Rome kept close watch upon the movement and had repeatedly to protest against its manifestations.

The interests of Austria-Hungary and Italy came also into conflict in the Balkans and the situation in that area increasingly preoccupied the Austro-Hungarian Embassy to the Quirinal.

At the beginning of this century, following the failure of Italy's colonial policy in Africa and her gradual reconciliation with France, the Balkans acquired additional importance as a possible area of

Italian expansion. The appointment of the former Foreign Minister, San Giuliano, to the Embassy in London was significant. This statesman had a particularly close knowledge of Albania and Macedonia and belonged to a political group which believed that, with Anglo-French help, there was a future for Italy in the Western Balkans. Italian predominance in Albania and in important parts of Macedonia would, they hoped, convert the Adriatic into an Italian lake. In Albania all Italians and a section of the Albanians fostered these designs and showed distrust of Austria-Hungary. "Royal Italian" schools and Italian consulates began multiplying. To the north Italy relied upon her dynastic connection with Montenegro, and a Venetian company acquired a monopoly of the Montenegrin tobacco industry. The construction of a port at Antivari and of the railway from Antivari to Vir Bazar betrayed the intention to injure Austro-Hungarian interests in the Balkans by diverting the channels of trade. Italian political designs were backed by feverish commercial activity. In four years Italy's exports increased fourfold, while Austrian exports declined in the same period by 15 per cent. As part of the programme of reform initiated in virtue of the Mürzsteg Agreement between Austria-Hungary and Russia, Italy, with the support of Great Britain and France, was entrusted with the reorganization of the local gendarmerie in the Monastir district with the result that she now encircled Albania on three sides.

These Italian ambitions clashed with the interests of Austria-Hungary. Under the old capitulations concluded with the Porte, the Emperor of Austria

exercised a cultural protectorate over Albania. Throughout Catholic Albania Austria-Hungary built and maintained churches and schools and trained teachers. This cultural work aimed at educating the Albanian people to a level of self-government and independence which would enable them to oppose a foreign occupation. In this non-Slav country Austrian policy wanted to create a counterweight factor against Serbia and Montenegro, while at the same time preventing the Latinization of its people.

XI

My work left time for art rambles, a busy social life and sport. In her charming book, *Things Past*, the Duchess of Sermoneta writes vividly of our two Embassies :

" The two Austrian Embassies were very gay. Count Henry Lützow was accredited to the Quirinal and lived at the Palazzo Chigi ; Count Szecsen, who was accredited to the Vatican, occupied the beautiful Palazzo Venezia, which has been taken back by the Italian Government since the war. There was a good deal of friendly rivalry over social prominence between the two Embassies, and the result was a succession of charming dinners and balls and other entertainments, which were very agreeable for Roman society. They also made a point of securing the most attractive young men as their attachés and secretaries, and all this helped to make Rome very gay."

Our two Embassies were indeed a big happy family —my special friends were Lucile Czernin and the three

daughters of Count Lützow. This circle was enlarged by the addition of our great friends of Petersburg days, the daughters of Muraview, the Russian Ambassador, the former Minister of Justice with whom I had travelled so extensively in Russia.

During my time in Rome the gulf between White and Black society—the Court and the Vatican—had been pretty well spanned and, except on formal occasions, I moved freely in both circles, thus greatly adding to the fullness and variety of my social life.

The two Austro-Hungarian Ambassadors and most of their secretaries joined in fox-hunting in the Campagna and in stag-hunting at Bracciano. How glorious were those rides in the brilliant sunshine, how good the sport, how jolly the alfresco luncheons as we hacked home ! The Master of the Roman hunt, Marchese Luciano di Roccagiovine, became the first organizer of the since famous military riding-school at Torre di Quinto.

The splendid parties in the old palaces were a constant source of joyous entertainment. I should like to pay my tribute to the brilliant hospitality of Roman society and to the beauty of its women. Among the ladies who gladdened my already happy stay in Rome were Vittoria Colonna, who later married the Prince of Teano, heir to the Duke of Sermoneta, Nicoletta Grazioli, Maria Mazzoleni, Dora Rudini, Labouchere's daughter, and Franca Florio. On the occasion of the wedding of the Prince of Naples (the present King Victor Emmanuel III), the ladies in waiting had been chosen not for their noble birth, but for their looks. Franca Florio was one of them.

My work, my friends, numerous excursions, made

either for solitary enjoyment and meditation or in the gayest company, to those enchanting spots near Rome—Frascati, Tivoli or the Villa d'Este, which then still belonged to the heir to the Hapsburg throne, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand d'Este—contributed to make my life extraordinarily enjoyable. Nevertheless, when news came that Baron Aehrenthal had been appointed Foreign Minister, I felt irresistibly impelled to offer him my services as private secretary. I remembered his weak eyesight and wanted to spare him all the work I could. It was one of those moments in life when a man is given the chance to mould his own fate. I was profoundly happy in Rome. I had fallen in love, not only with the Eternal City. Probably I could have held my post for some years. Yet I felt that my place was at Aehrenthal's side, and I decided accordingly.

Not long afterwards I was recalled to the Foreign Office in Vienna.

CHAPTER IV

I

BACK in Vienna, I reported at once to the Foreign Office and was greeted affectionately by Baron Aehrenthal when I called upon him in his study in the beautiful palace whence the great chancellors, Kaunitz and Metternich, had once directed the foreign policy of Austria.

During these years (1907–1911) I lived with my sister. Poldy was, to my brother and myself, a wonderful sister, devoted and helpful. Her energetic efforts were of value to us at several stages of our careers. By the founding of Austrian anti-tuberculosis associations she erected her own memorial. She paid many visits to England, a country she loved dearly.

My sister was passionately interested in politics. Zealously she collected information from her political friends and in the course of years forwarded it to me in hundreds of letters.

Poldy was a woman of real distinction, as is proved by her friendship with many eminent men, among them Austria's wise Prime Minister, Dr. von Koerber, the Marquis Bacquehm, the finest political mind of his time, Conrad von Hoetzendorf, the brilliant, but unfortunate, Chief of the General Staff, and Count Albert Apponyi, the great Hungarian patriot and statesman.

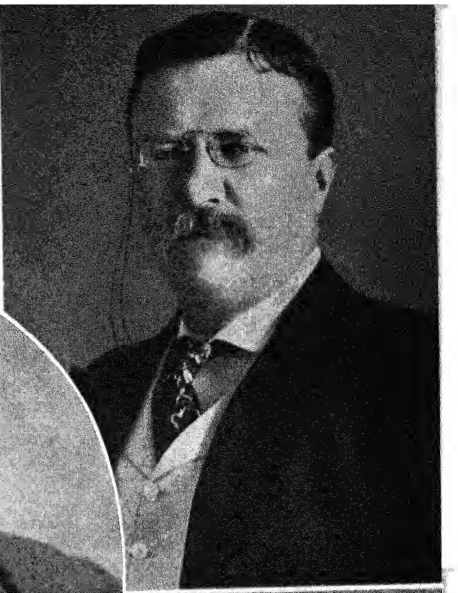
My sister reported to me at length on the deep cleavage of opinion between the Emperor Francis Joseph and the heir to the throne. Whereas the Emperor, by this time an old man, pursued a conservative policy both at home and abroad and shunned all risks, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand was convinced that the dual monarchy needed to be re-fashioned into a triple form of state, which would take account of the aspirations of the Southern Slavs. Nor was he afraid of the dangers that attended the accomplishment of such drastic changes. A man of passionate temperament, with strong likes and dislikes, impatient to succeed to the throne and dissatisfied with the state of the army and the principles of our foreign policy, he frequently opposed the Emperor's advisers, among them the Foreign Minister, Count Aehrenthal. Poldy kept me constantly informed of the quarrels between the Archduke and the Chief of the Austro-Hungarian General Staff.

II

In 1907 dark clouds hung over the political sky. The Austrian ship of state was riding a dangerous storm, but she had a stout-hearted and skilful helmsman. Under his guidance I was able to learn a great deal more of my profession and to take my share in an important, difficult and brilliantly successful piece of diplomacy. The work in question fell mainly to our Eastern department, which covered Russia, the Balkans and the Near and Far East. To this department I was now attached. My chief was Herr Pogatscher

(with the rank of Minister), a small man with a fine intellectual head and as shrewd and experienced as he was charming and distinguished. Next to him came Herr von Musulin, a big, loud-voiced man with a first-class knowledge of the East and outstanding skill in the drafting of State papers and reports. The staff further included my boyhood friend, Baron Matscheko, and Prince Nicholas Hohenlohe. Matscheko was an altogether remarkable person. Just as he used always to be late for school, so now his work was frequently in arrears, for besides being rather slow and extremely painstaking, he was always late off the mark. But once his notes or memoranda were completed—he generally worked on them at night—they had a special quality of their own. The Manifesto with which the Emperor Francis Joseph, at the age of eighty-four, moved the hearts of millions of his subjects at the time of the declaration of war in 1914, was Matscheko's work. When the Emperor died, on November 21, 1916, after a reign of nearly seventy years, Matscheko was again employed to draft the proclamation by which the young Emperor Charles, entirely innocent of the war and wishful only to restore peace, addressed his peoples. Matscheko was affectionate, brilliant, obstinate and moody. A great contrast to him, with his big rather clumsy figure, was Prince Hohenlohe, as clever and mischievous as a marquis at the court of Louis Quatorze.

My immediate superior was Herr von Musulin who, having served under Baron Aehrenthal in Bukharest and St. Petersburg, had got to know him intimately. He had also worked for three years in close association with Count Goluchowski, the previous Foreign Minister.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Photos: E.N.A.

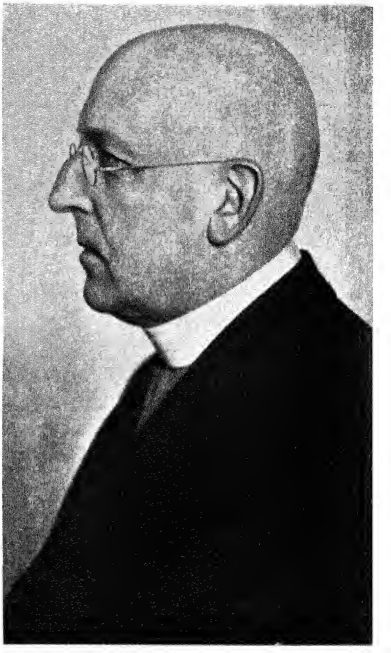
ALEXANDER
PETROVITCH
ISWOLSKY

MUTSU-HITO,
EMPEROR OF JAPAN

Courtesy of the Japanese Embassy

COUNT AEHRENTHAL

Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs



E.N.A.

MONSIGNOR IGNAZ SEIPEL

Austrian Federal Chancellor

Musulin in his Memoirs has drawn such a vivid picture of the contrast between the character and policy of his two chiefs that I cannot do better than quote what he has said :

" Count Goluchowski's policy was one of cautious restraint, that of Count Aehrenthal, vigorous assertion. . . . The contrast was really one between optimism and pessimism.

According to the pessimistic view, the Austro-Hungarian monarchy was bound to abstain from the pursuit of any active foreign policy whatever. The reasons for this lay in its internal structure, the precarious balance between its two constituent parts, its exposed geographical position and relative economic weakness ; in the impossibility of pursuing any generally popular foreign policy ; and, finally, in the conflict between the different nationalities, especially between Germans and Czechs. For all these reasons foreign complications of any kind had carefully to be eschewed and attention devoted exclusively to preserving the existing order of things as far and for as long as was possible. . . .

Faithful to this principle, those responsible for the foreign policy of the monarchy allowed even what appeared favourable opportunities to escape them, opportunities which might possibly have enabled them to fortify and increase the political prestige of the monarchy. The monarchy did nothing when in 1903 revolution in Belgrade knocked at its very gates. Except for concluding a secret neutrality pact with Russia, it still did nothing when the Russo-Japanese war offered a chance of reviewing accounts with

Russia and, in regard to the Balkans, concluding a new agreement more advantageous to Austria-Hungary.

In a word, the monarchy was treated like a patient not likely to recover, but whose end it was feared might be hastened by the administration of potent drugs whose favourable effect could not absolutely be guaranteed.

Altogether different was the optimism with which Count Aehrenthal approached his task. He believed in the monarchy, in its vitality and in its future. He held the view that the 'Austrian idea' would in time come to prevail among the peoples who made up the monarchy: the idea, namely, that above the national state was a higher political system, a kind of anticipated League of Nations, and that it was the function of the monarchy to provide the different nations settled within its territory with a comfortable home and at the same time a share in the advantages of being members of a great European power. . . .

Count Aehrenthal thought that this feeling of membership would finally outweigh the disintegrating elements in the monarchy, that a common dynasty and a common army were factors of no small importance to the state as a whole, and that, once certain essential foreign political tasks were accomplished, the time would be ripe for strengthening the monarchy by such internal reforms as would enable them to face the future with confidence.

Count Aehrenthal was not blind to the symptoms of disease within the monarchy, but he believed in the existence of effective remedies and proposed to apply them at the right moment."

In conversation Aehrenthal used often to say: "Austria-Hungary must be great, powerful and independent." "We must steel the people's nerves."

It was in this spirit that Aehrenthal launched his first diplomatic campaign. He informed the Austro-Hungarian parliamentary committee of his intention to request Turkey, in virtue of the right granted Austria-Hungary under Article XXVII of the Treaty of Berlin, to authorize preliminary work with a view to the construction of a railway to Mitrovica. By this means a junction would be effected between the Bosnian and the Turkish railways, with the great advantage that our main railway communication with Salonica, Greece and Asia Minor would cease to pass through Serbia, a hostile country which could in the event of a customs war create difficulties for our transit traffic. On February 18, 1908, the Foreign Minister embodied his ideas in instructions sent to Count Berchtold, ambassador in St. Petersburg, from which I quote the following passage:

"We must emphatically repudiate the suggestion that our railway scheme is in any sense an infringement of the three basic principles of the Entente with Russia, viz., the maintenance of the political *status quo*, refusal of any territorial aggrandizement and promotion of the self-development of the Balkan States. You can also repeat in my name that the friendship of the two empires is designed to protect a whole system of conservative and monarchical principles and tendencies and that it is inconceivable that anyone should seek to jeopardize these important mutual interests for the sake of a railway agreement

such as could have been engineered at any time these many years. Evidently Russia has become to such an extent accustomed to complete economic inactivity on our part that even government circles fail to understand natural manifestations of business enterprise in our part at a moment when Russia herself, with our benevolent aid, is in the act of securing for herself by agreements with Great Britain regarding Persia and Central Asia a commercial sphere of influence comprising one and a half million square kilometres and ten million inhabitants.

Ever since he became Foreign Minister, M. Iswolsky's whole policy has been directed towards close co-operation with England.

It is our intention to maintain our entente with Russia for as long as ever this is possible. At the same time, in the face of the facts, I am determined to lose no time and no opportunity of promoting interests of ours in the Balkans which have been all too long neglected.

Should the Foreign Minister persist in regarding our construction of a railway as a disturbance of the *status quo* the Entente is of course at an end and our endeavour to act in regard to the Balkans in agreement with Russia, though without neglecting our own vital economic needs, is relegated to history."

III

In July, 1908, quite unexpectedly, revolution broke out in Turkey. Absolutism collapsed and the Committee of Unity and Freedom succeeded in restoring the long abolished constitution. There was very great danger lest the Young Turks should claim

back the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, placed by the Congress of Berlin under the permanent charge of Austria-Hungary, who had carried out important cultural work there, and should summon deputies from these provinces to the Turkish parliament. This would not only have seriously weakened Austria-Hungary and lost her much prestige, but would have gravely threatened Dalmatia, the narrow strip of coast which protected Trieste, Austria's one large port, and all her naval bases.

Accordingly, in the summer of 1908 the Austrian government decided to annex the two occupied provinces, establish a regime that would systematically and lawfully suppress Serbian propaganda and agitation and grant the inhabitants self-government through a provincial Diet. It was necessary first to come to an arrangement with Russia. Preliminary talks in St. Petersburg between Iswolsky, the Foreign Minister, and Count Berchtold, and two memoranda transmitted to Vienna through the Russian Embassy paved the way for a personal meeting between the two Foreign Ministers, which took place at Count Berchtold's country estate at Buchlau on September 16, 1908. The communiqué issued after this meeting was extremely bald : " The two Ministers placed on record their complete identity of views and declared their intention of adopting a benevolent and waiting attitude towards the new regime in Turkey." We of the Eastern Department awaited with all the more interest Baron Aehrenthal's minutes, from which I here reproduce the salient passages :

" The conversations at Buchlau, which lasted several

hours, opened with a very lengthy, though courteously-worded complaint by M. Iswolsky about past events, with a tendency to ascribe to *myself* the responsibility for the breach of the Entente and for Russia's need to seek a *rapprochement* with England.

After listening for an hour and a half to this oratorical performance by my eloquent colleague, I gave M. Iswolsky to understand in a few plain words that it seemed to me altogether unnecessary to revive old misunderstandings, although he had not convinced me of the necessity of the policy he had been pursuing all the past winter, still less that he had been compelled to break away from us and to steer an English course. I added that not only I myself, but public opinion throughout the monarchy, had seen with amazed resentment how Russia, who during her war with Japan and revolution at home had had in Austria-Hungary a loyal friend and neighbour and one who made it possible for Russia to settle with her external and internal enemies without risk of danger, now passionately opposed this same Austria-Hungary at the latter's first attempt to safeguard her own obvious economic interests.

My plain language was not without effect upon M. Iswolsky and he dropped his references to the past.

As regards the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, M. Iswolsky did not hesitate to declare that Russia, should we be forced to proceed to annexation, would adopt towards such an event a benevolent and friendly attitude. The Russian Minister at the same time admitted the moderation and restraint we had shown in renouncing the Sandjak of Novibazar and

expressed the opinion that the accomplished fact of annexation would anyhow appear in a more favourable light if at the same time we withdrew our troops from the Sandjak.

Turning to Russian interests, M. Iswolsky formulated his long-cherished wishes regarding the passage of Russian warships through the Straits.

I replied that we were anxious to clear the ground for a political understanding with Russia for the future also. We were therefore prepared to show friendly accommodation in this matter and I implied that we should be willing to accept his formula provided Russia had meanwhile given proof of a benevolent and friendly attitude towards the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The question must in any case be settled in the sense that Russian warships might only pass singly and not in squadrons through the Straits; Constantinople must be left intact and the safety and independence of the Turkish capital must not be threatened. M. Iswolsky was much gratified to receive our approval of his formula and expressed his hope of being able to draft a text acceptable to other interested parties. To my question whether the British Cabinet had already been consulted, M. Iswolsky replied in the negative and observed that that difficult task still lay ahead.

Iswolsky then made the strange suggestion that it might perhaps be well to win over Serbia and Montenegro to the fact of annexation by frontier modifications made at *our* expense. I vetoed this idea very firmly and told him that there could be no question of any such arrangement. It was quite impossible that the monarchy should negotiate with

any Balkan state over the cession of a single kilometre. This especially applied to Serbia, who was pursuing a treacherous and subversive policy towards us."

Then followed a detailed exchange of views between the two ministers on Germany's relations with France and Great Britain, and the report concluded with this passage :

" According to M. Iswolsky, Clemenceau views the relations between England and Germany very pessimistically and is convinced that they will lead to war. Clemenceau further fears that, in the event of conflict with England, Germany will seize some pretext for an attack on France. The French statesman has therefore a horror of any close alliance with England, whereby France might be drawn into the Anglo-German conflict.

I told M. Iswolsky that to a certain extent I shared this pessimism about Anglo-German relations. The real cause of this unfortunate situation lay, I said, in the fact that England was trying to secure a slower rate of German naval construction first through conferences and then by direct negotiations with Germany. England wanted the two-power standard, concluded ententes with France and Russia, and asked Germany to acknowledge British naval superiority. I said that the relations between the two countries could obviously not be improved by this method and added that I had made no secret of my opinion on this point in conversation with Sir Charles Hardinge at Ischl."

The Russian Foreign Minister's attempt to obtain

the consent of the Governments of France and Great Britain to the free passage of the Russian fleet through the Dardanelles met with a refusal, and when he returned with empty hands to his country, a storm broke out over the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina and Iswolsky's policy. The latter thereupon disavowed the Buchlau agreements and launched an embittered campaign against Austria-Hungary.

The Emperor Francis Joseph had addressed autograph letters to the sovereigns of the European Great Powers setting forth the urgent reasons for the annexation of the provinces hitherto only occupied, and appealing for their friendly understanding. The answers, with the exception of the Emperor William's, were markedly cold and unfriendly.

Encouraged by the attitude of London and Paris, who condemned an annexation carried out without the consent of the other signatories to the Treaty of Berlin, Serbia demanded autonomy for the two provinces and a port on the Adriatic. Soon she began mobilizing.

Turkey replied to the annexation by a boycott of Austrian and Hungarian goods. Bulgaria sided with Russia and Serbia; the irredentist press in Italy fanned the flames and some of the Slav deputies in the Austrian parliament violently attacked Aehrenthal's policy. But Aehrenthal stood firm. In the days of the annexation crisis he wrote to his mother: "From you, Mother, I have inherited an invincible belief in the vitality and indispensability of Austria, and this heritage guided me in the decision recently taken." And again: "I shall remain an optimist, as long as I am in the Emperor's service."

He was a great worker, an experienced and resourceful diplomat, and a wonderfully brave and resolute man. In the darkest and most dangerous days of the annexation crisis, when Austria-Hungary stood isolated like a ship in the gale, I compared my chief to the stormy petrel, who is at home with the elements.

Against the wishes of the Chief of the Austro-Hungarian General Staff, Conrad von Hoetzendorf, who wanted to settle matters with Serbia by war, Aehrenthal sought to solve this dangerous international dispute by diplomatic means. By offering compensation to Turkey to the sum of £2,500,000 for the loss of Ottoman state property in Bosnia and Herzegovina, he obtained the Sultan's recognition of the annexation.

IV

After Germany had brought pressure to bear upon Russia, who was unprepared for war, and Austria-Hungary had mobilized an army corps against Serbia, the Powers withdrew their demand for an international conference and assented to the annexation in written declarations. Iswolsky advised Belgrade to yield.

On Great Britain's initiative, negotiations were entered upon with the Government of Vienna and led to the drafting of a note which should secure to Austria-Hungary the satisfaction she demanded. When the British reply was delayed, Count Aehrenthal informed the British Ambassador, on March 26, that he must urgently request that the British reply be

received not later than March 28. Great tension naturally reigned in our Eastern Department, for if no answer came affairs with Serbia would forthwith be settled by force. Time passed and on the day of the 28th there was still no answer from London, until at 6 p.m. the British Ambassador called upon Count Aehrenthal and informed him that the Powers intended to leave Serbia to her fate, if she refused to give the declaration asked for. On March 31, the Serbian Government presented a note to Vienna, in which it declared that Serbia had not suffered any injury to her rights through the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and promised to change the attitude she had hitherto adopted towards the Hapsburg Monarchy, to maintain good neighbourly relations with Austria-Hungary and to reduce her army to the footing of the previous year.

Despite this solemn promise Serbia, openly and secretly, prosecuted her campaign of agitation in the Southern Slav parts of Austria and Hungary, bent on seizing them when the moment was ripe.

Aehrenthal's diplomatic victory in the spring of 1909 raised the prestige of Austria-Hungary and the political self-confidence of her people. On the other hand, it led to the closer union of the Entente Powers. The Foreign Minister was the target of criticism from two sides. One party described his policy as provocative—a baseless charge, for the final possession of Bosnia and Herzegovina, secured by annexation, was of vital importance to the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. In other quarters it was condemned as unduly weak. According to these critics, he should have gone to war in 1909 or in 1911, when it could have

been waged under far more favourable circumstances than in 1914. But Count Aehrenthal was determined to keep the peace as long as he possibly could.

How he would have acted on the outbreak of the Balkan war against Turkey and in face of the dramatic developments of that campaign, and what he would have done in July, 1914, had he still been in office, are matters of pure speculation. When a great chess-player is struck down in the midst of the game, darkness falls upon the moves he would have made to mate his opponent.

Some idea of his probable views on the Balkan War of 1912 may be gleaned from this extract from the memorandum he drew up in 1908, in answer to a Russian *aide mémoire*, drafted for the purpose of inaugurating a friendly discussion of certain political questions of the first magnitude, such as the possession of the Sandjak of Novibazar and the control of Constantinople and the Dardanelles:

"I have already mentioned the two principles of Eastern policy upheld by the former Foreign Minister, Count Andrassy, and consigned by him in a letter to the Duke of Würtemberg on August 6th, 1897.

The first principle, that of the preservation of Turkey, has found concrete expression in the joint garrisoning of the River Lim district by Austrian and Turkish troops.

The second fundamental principle, the preventing of a pan-Slav formation along our southern frontier, can, as we have already shown, hardly be secured by the occupation or annexation of the Sandjak. But even if we were able, by intervention in the Sandjak,

to keep Serbia and Montenegro permanently apart, we should still not have attained the main objective of any far-sighted Eastern policy, that is to say, made *our southern frontiers secure* in case Turkey in Europe breaks up.

We shall not obtain these secure frontiers until we decide to grasp the nettle firmly and make a final end of the pan-Slav dream.

Antagonism between Bulgaria and Serbia is a factor that may already be reckoned with. The belief is prevalent in Bulgaria that the road to Macedonia lies across Serbia's body and it is certain that there will be a fierce struggle between Serbia and Bulgaria for the possession of Usküb.

If in this conflict we adopt the Bulgarian cause and favour the creation of a Greater Bulgaria at Serbia's cost, we shall have made the necessary preparations for laying hands on what remains of Serbia at such time as the European constellation is favourable for such a move.

We should then have the secure frontiers of which I have spoken ; namely, an Albania made independent under our ægis, a Montenegro with whom we are on friendly terms and a Greater Bulgaria bound to us by ties of gratitude."

In 1908, in celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of the Emperor Francis Joseph, a wonderful procession was organized in Vienna, reconstructing the great epochs of Hapsburg history.

Count Hans Wilczek, one of the finest and most cultured of Austrian aristocrats, discovered that I resembled the Emperor Maximilian I, who, like me,

had a strongly aquiline nose. Clothed in black velvet and wearing a golden ermine-trimmed cloak, on my head a fair wig covered by a big fur-edged velvet hat with a gold medallion of the Virgin pinned upon it, I sat in a sedan chair borne by two white horses harnessed one behind the other.

An amusing story attaches to this incident. By way of a joke Count Wilczek sent a photograph of me in this costume to a friend of his, Baron Tucher, at that time Bavarian Minister in Vienna, who was a great authority on Dürer. Count Wilczek wrote that the original picture, of which the photograph was a reproduction, was being offered him as a newly-discovered work by Dürer, and he asked for Baron Tucher's opinion. Tucher replied that in his opinion the picture was a genuine Dürer—a blunder for which he was often mercilessly teased by his friends.

In recognition of my work Aehrenthal, now made a Count by the Emperor for his successful part in the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, promoted me to the rank of Ministerial Secretary. In this way I jumped over the heads of twenty-one of my colleagues, which meant an important acceleration of my career. In the autumn of 1909 I was transferred to the Minister's private cabinet. The *Chef de Cabinet* was Count Friedrich Szapary (later our ambassador in St. Petersburg), to whom I acted as deputy. Shortly after this advancement, I received a letter from my cousin, Princess Irma Fürstenberg, which gave me great pleasure. Her husband Max was a close friend of the Emperor William and one of Germany's leading men :

October 27th, 1909.
Lana.

"On the 16th of next month His Majesty the Emperor William is visiting Donaueschingen and will stay till the 21st. We should be so pleased if you could join us for those days. I cannot promise you shooting every day, nor a privileged box, but I think it will interest you to meet the great man. Shot-guns, top-hat and frock-coat all needed in addition to sports clothes and other glad rags. A thousand loves."

At afternoon tea after shooting parties, and at dinner and afterwards, I was able to listen to the Emperor, a very lively and brilliant raconteur with an unfailing memory. It was, of course, a most interesting and valuable experience for me to make the acquaintance of this mighty monarch, to note his temperamental, vigorous way of expressing himself and to hear his views on political questions and on other crowned heads and prominent personalities. I append some notes I made of the Emperor's conversation which, even after thirty years, I still find interesting:

His Majesty discussed in our presence two possible future developments: the creation of a Slav Balkan Union under Russian influence and the probability of a racial conflict between this group and the central Empires.

His Majesty emphatically asserted on two occasions that this racial struggle must inevitably come and, asked when, said probably within the next five or six years. The formation of a Balkan Union the

Emperor thought very probable. He talked indignantly of the pro-Russian statements of General Paprikoff at the recent opening of the Bulgarian parliament and expressed deepest distrust of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

In view of these two possibilities His Majesty—speaking with great vehemence—strongly favoured an agreement between Austria-Hungary and Turkey. I very humbly suggested that the Young Turk regime was not perhaps yet fully consolidated, to which His Majesty replied that he was not thinking of the Young Turk braggarts and boasters, but of the splendid Turkish army. He had in mind a military agreement concluded, possibly without the help of the diplomats, between the Austro-Hungarian and Turkish General Staffs for certain very specific eventualities. "If it were desired," he said, "I should be pleased to give General von der Goltz a hint that his initiative in this matter would be welcomed." He repeated more than once: "Tell them this in Vienna—and then let's get on with it." In this connection the Emperor said how advantageous a close agreement with Turkey would be and how it might perhaps be exploited to make things difficult for the British in India.

The Emperor William next expressed regret that we had not marched into Serbia immediately after the annexation. When I ventured to observe that a campaign against Serbia would have indefinitely deferred the gradual improvement in our relations with Russia, His Majesty replied that even without the war he thought any restoration of friendly relations between Austria-Hungary and Russia unlikely, for the Russians would not forgive us for having by the

annexation humiliated the real centre of orthodoxy and Slavism in the eyes of the Slav Balkan states.

Other topics discussed by the Emperor were the declining birth-rate in France, conditions in German East Africa, where space and excellent soil were available for many generations, the diamonds in German South-West Africa, Count Zeppelin and his balloon flights, the story of the Death's Head Hussars and the Polish question. He also voiced extremely frank opinions on other monarchs, to whom he referred as " my colleagues."

Count Aehrenthal's health growing steadily worse, he paid lengthy visits to Marienbad, Abbazia and Bozen, on which I accompanied him. Naturally I was able to help him not a little with his work.

During these days Count Aehrenthal received visits from various statesmen, including the Grand Vizier Haki Pasha, the German Foreign Secretary, Kiederlen-Wächter, and the Bulgarian Premier, Malinoff, all anxious to discuss questions of especial concern to their countries and to make the customary *tour d'horizon*. It fell to me to write the minutes of these conversations and to draft various private letters to our ambassadors. I lived as one of the family with Aehrenthal and his wife and children, to whom he was devotedly attached.

CHAPTER V

IN the summer of 1911, Count Aehrenthal sent me as Chargé d'Affaires to Japan. Although it was hard parting from my chief, my sister and all my friends in Vienna, I looked forward to the new experience. Aehrenthal wanted to give me this opportunity of independent work and of widening my horizon. My duties were those of an ambassador.

Japanese policy was of importance to us by reason of its reactions on Russia. Aehrenthal had more especially impressed upon me the question of our economic interests in Japan. Thanks to the political information that reached me from our Foreign Office and to regular correspondence with my sister, I was able to keep in touch with affairs in Europe and to study European problems in the light thrown on them by the Far East.

By a few extracts from the diary of my time in Japan and of my travels in China and India (almost the only diaries I ever kept) I want to show how these countries impressed me. I should also like to crystallize in words a few of the more curious things I noticed and certain old habits and customs that are gradually disappearing with modern progress and under the influence of the " Spirit of the West " upon the " Spirit of the East." I shall also be quoting extracts from my sister's letters to show the

impressions I received of political happenings in Austria-Hungary.

I

August 18*th*, 1911.

During the night we crossed the Volga at Samara. For three days nothing but plains, field after field, occasional woodland, very poor compared with our own. Scattered villages, dilapidated wooden houses thatched with straw, windmills; nearly always a white church with green cupolas, beautiful and imposing. All the stations have icons, and even the dining-cars. Endless herds of cattle, with occasional peasants in red shirts, ploughing or sitting round a fire. Trains pass, the fourth-class carriages packed full, presumably with emigrants. On the stations one sees curious groups of peasants, squatting or lying around with long hair over their ears, many of them fair, with beards, red shirts, black trousers, high boots and a flat peaked cap. They have a rather pathetic and childish look, Biblical even. It is easy to understand the "back to the people" movement, the peasant cult that in its day inspired the Russian intelligentsia. In spite of its monotony, this long journey across the world, past so many little centres of human life and human effort, is curiously stimulating. Now we are entering hilly country, reddish-coloured ranges of hills, the beginnings of the Urals with their gold, platinum, coal and precious stones. We cross a big river—a break in the monotony. Tartar villages, still more dilapidated, tiny wooden chapels, in the centre a minaret with the crescent on

it. There are Tartars, too, on the stations, with caftan, tall, black peakless caps, Assyrian beards, kalmuck faces.

August 22nd, 1911
near Irkutsk.

Broad fields with extraordinarily few villages, pasture-land with excellent black soil and great possibilities for future settlement; plenty of cattle, occasional forests. For two days the country has been hilly; now and then large towns and wide rivers with enormous bridges.

August 25th,
beyond Charbin.

At Irkutsk we saw the first Chinamen. Now they are everywhere and trains pass full of them. Most I have seen are tall, muscular fellows, some with very striking, even handsome faces.

At Charbin—a large town with factories along the river bank—the first groups of Japanese girls. Clattering along in their wooden slippers, in kimonos a cigarette between their lips, they look so strange but very pretty, too. Past Charbin, cultivated land continues some way, then almost primeval beech forest. The next day brought us to one of the bays of Vladivostok—running beside the railway like a wide river.

Vladivostok is finely situated on a ridge half-encircling the gulf, which connects with other wide, sunny hill-fringed bays beyond. It is a beautiful trip through all these bays past islands out into the open sea. General Nogi, the conqueror of Port Arthur and

one of our fellow-passengers, who had accompanied Prince Fushimi to the Coronation of King George V and was now returning to Japan, looked at the harbour through his field-glasses with particular interest. Was he thinking of a second Port Arthur ?

To-day I was introduced to him, his adjutant acting as interpreter. We sat facing each other, and, with eyes half-closed and speaking in this queer-sounding language, he chatted very pleasantly on impressions of our journey and on my mission to Japan. His face wore a tragic expression ; his whole personality struck the note of dignity.

I was delighted to-day when a Frenchman asked me if I were joining the Embassy as attaché. I suppose, if I look so young, it must be because I feel it !

I was playing the piano to-day and asked the Japanese doctor, with whom I have made friends, whether he would like a waltz or something classical. " I cannot distinguish them," he said. What a gulf lies between East and West !

Early next morning the empire of the Rising Sun lay in view. The land of flowers—of plum and peach blossom, peonies, cherry-blossom, magnolia, pomegranate, lotus, gardenia, chrysanthemum ; of poppies, narcissus and pretty geishas, who when young are themselves like flowers ; the land of red and gold temples on little hills, approached by long avenues of immense cedars, the sea-washed isle, from the midst of which rises sacred snow-capped Fujiyama, at its foot the bronze figure of Buddha, the size of a tree—

seated in deep meditation; the successful modern, imperialist state, where an undiscriminating imitation of European models (in clothing, houses and habits) has produced disagreeable mixtures; where industrialism with its social concomitants is threatening the poetic soul of this people, its patient contentment and heroic spirit of sacrifice.

I entered proudly into possession of the Embassy—a charming house with a beautiful garden—welcomed by Japanese servants who bowed low before me. On my very first visits to the Foreign Office, I learnt how impenetrable these oriental statesmen are, how difficult it is to gather from them anything worth knowing and how evasively they answer embarrassing questions. Both the Foreign Minister and his deputy —like most Japanese extremely mistrustful and reticent —if asked an inconvenient question, pretend not to have heard or suddenly fail to understand English or make some completely irrelevant answer.

I was warmly received by the British Ambassador, Sir Claude MacDonald and his wife, and soon made friends with them. At their house I met again Dayrell Crackenthorpe—we had been together in Washington.

Not long after my arrival I was invited to a review and dinner at the imperial palace. Here are the notes I made on the occasion:

The court equipages were as in Europe, very smart, though the horses were small. Altogether, the ceremonial struck me as an excellent imitation of European models. The Emperor sat alone in a court landau, his back to the horses; nodded his head continually in reply to acclamations, but did not salute. Opposite him sat a court flunkey. The Emperor took the salute

from his carriage. 15,000 men marched past, all in khaki, with remarkable precision and smartness. Most of the flags were tattered remnants. The cavalry, too, was better than I expected.

A midday dinner with the Emperor at the Palace, encircled in the Japanese style with a double ring of huge walls and moats. The generals and victorious marshals who had ridden beside the Emperor's carriage at the morning parade, were all present ; so was the Cabinet. Striking faces among the soldiers—General Nogi and others, true samurai—some Asiatic types—Oyama, on the other hand, the generalissimo of the Russo-Japanese War, a fat, smiling cherub. Admiral Togo very simple, unremarkable in appearance. After all the introductions had been made, the Emperor, bent with age, passed slowly down the line of guests into the dining-room, preceded by the whole court walking backwards.

On the table in front of each guest stood two lacquer trays filled with little dishes and pots of soup, hot and cold fish, vegetables, sweets, the latter arranged upon a tray containing a green branch, yellow flowers and two little white pelicans. A small bowl with a gold design on it we took home with us. From it was drunk the only wine offered—made of rice and tasting like a mixture of beer and marsala. Chopsticks instead of knife and fork.

In the evening a big gala dinner at the Foreign Ministry (in honour of the Emperor's birthday). Followed by a ball attended by a huge number of ordinary American globe-trotters and their wives. The Japanese ladies all wore simple grey or brown

kimonos—they did not dance—the Imperial princesses wore European dress and lavish jewellery—tiny little things, but some of them very pretty. Their only share in the ball was to dance a court quadrille with the ambassadors and princes; yet they are said to enjoy these parties immensely.

On the 15th was the Festival of the Chrysanthemum.

II

Here is a letter I wrote to my sister from Tokyo at Christmas-time:

Thanks so much for your letters and for the Christmas presents and good wishes. I had a small Christmas tree here and distributed gifts to my household of 15—my small valet, the two embassy footmen, two chancellery servants, cook, coachman, liveryman, gardeners and gardeners' boys, and the concierge. There was something quite patriarchal in the gathering.

How often diplomacy is wrong in its judgments and how often diplomats are surprised by even the most important events. As examples of the first, take the whole of Germany's Moroccan policy from the beginning right up to the despatch of the *Panther* and, again, the belief of the Italian government that the Arabs would not fight on the Turkish side. An example of the second point is the outbreak of the Young Turk and now of the Young Chinese movements. Well-concealed plans can only be discovered by chance or through a good spy or traitor. You get

inklings from conversations or the press, but how hard it is to unmask the whole movement and plan of action. By putting two and two together, by common sense, flair and good luck you may reach some useful and approximately correct conclusion, but there are always other, quite undiscoverable motives at work. This makes our profession and the submission of our reports—as far as these are of real importance—very difficult. Take, for instance, my recent long report on possible Japanese expansion. The facts point to my own conclusions, but it is quite impossible to ascertain all the relevant factors. The important questions as to what Tibet, Mongolia and, perhaps, Manchuria will do if a republic is established in China, how far Russia is involved, and whether she has made a secret pact with Japan—it is impossible to find out. The diplomats here do not know. Even the Russians don't and, if they did, they, like the Japanese, wouldn't tell us. We have no spies or confidential agents. Press news is either most fallacious or negative. True, China is no direct concern of mine, and nobody expects that I should be able to watch China and St. Petersburg policy from here. But there is something unsatisfactory in this ignorance and in being unable to form any sound opinion on such vital questions.

New Year is the great Japanese festival; it is the custom for everyone to pay his debts by the morning of the 1st. Amid general bustle and excitement the shopkeepers offer their wares, often at absurdly low prices, in order to find cash for their payments. Everywhere are booths selling symbols of happiness with which to decorate houses. The poorer houses

have a line of rope along the roof from which hang wisps of straw. The better houses have two figs in front of the door, from which project two bamboo branches, green and cut at the end into the form of goose-quills. Over most doors is an arrangement of straw, fern leaf, an orange, a boiled crab, seaweed and white paper, all symbolizing domestic happiness and other virtues and blessings.

The Japanese are a strange, childish, poetic race, enviable in their light-heartedness. When people (generally women) narrowly escape being run over, they will laugh, the danger past, as at a good joke. I never heard anyone hurl curses after the departing vehicle.

On January 28th I wrote to my sister :

Many thanks for your letters. They are interesting records of important and critical days and help to explain what has been going on behind the scenes in Vienna, and in the personal conflicts between our leaders. I am glad that political conditions in the Far East, too, are now exciting and important. Szilassy has written from St. Petersburg saying that the key to the Far Eastern situation is neither in St. Petersburg nor in London, but in Tokyo. This key (i.e. a definite knowledge of Japanese plans) is not at present in the hands of any of the local diplomats, not even of Sir Claude. The Russian Chargé d'Affaires may know whether there is some secret agreement between his country and Japan. There are indications of such, but nothing is known for certain. I adhere to my belief that Japan did not originally wish to swallow Manchuria. If, in the absence of an agreement between the parties in China, conditions remain

untenable, her temptation will be the greater. Nobody knows what will happen. Even Japanese statesmen are dependent upon developments in China. Still, it is exciting to consign to paper one's views and impressions on matters of such great general concern."

The first revolution in China was largely financed by the Japanese and organised by Chinese revolutionaries from Japan. It was blest by the Japanese government, ignorant of its extent and aim. When it became clear that the republic for all Chinese was the goal of the revolutionaries, Tokyo at once tried to intervene to support the Manchus or, alternatively, to limit the republic to the south of China. In either or both cases Japan was to obtain political and commercial rights as the price of intervention. The British Ambassador, Sir Claude MacDonald, was three times instructed to remonstrate sharply with the Japanese Foreign Office to prevent Japan from taking action which could only end in the territorial disintegration of China.

Amidst all my work it is a pleasant and interesting distraction to study the life and habits of the common people.

The temple festivals are remarkable. Flags and lanterns hang from the roof. A huge crowd surges up to the door, everyone pulls at ribbons that hang from bells in the roof, claps his hands, throws a coin into the temple and offers up a short prayer to the gods, whose notice has thus been attracted. The temple itself is filled with offerings of rice-bags, wine-jars, little sacrificial tables piled with cakes, enormous quantities of vegetables. All pure paganism. And

withal the clatter of many flat wooden slippers, and strange faces. Near by sacred white hens perch quietly in a tree.

I was extremely gratified one day at receiving from my sister a letter containing this passage: "Matscheko tells me that Aehrenthal has expressed a wish to read personally all your reports and that he has spoken most flatteringly of those so far received. Alec Hoyos and others at the Ministry say that they are most interesting and excellently written. Aehrenthal is anxious that the others should all see what you can do as an independent chief of mission." It became my ambition now to justify Aehrenthal's faith in me, and I was naturally the more distressed when I suddenly received official communication of his death. My sister sent me this account of his last hours.

In spite of a long and serious illness the Minister remained at his post. On February 17, 1912, he took farewell of his colleagues from his sick-bed and received the sacraments. The calmness with which he awaited death deeply impressed all who were present.

In an autograph letter the Emperor Francis Joseph expressed to Count Aehrenthal his warmest thanks and his confidence in the policy "which you pursued with far-sighted initiative in difficult circumstances and which ensures for you honourable and lasting remembrance." This letter, with the brilliants belonging to the Grand Cross of the Order of Saint Stephen, arrived as the great statesman passed away.

His widow, in a letter, has sketched this beautiful and life-like portrait of him:

"I do not presume to speak here of my husband's

political life and of his merits as diplomat and minister. I want, however, to mention his burning patriotism and deep veneration for his Emperor, his devotion and loyalty and his never-failing sense of duty to the monarchy, which enabled him to battle against severe illness until his strength failed. I should like also to speak of the essential goodness and nobility of a man whom to know at all well was to honour, admire and love for his kindness, his thoughtfulness, his goodwill and his fine example.

How all the young men who served under him, loved and honoured him. How cool and courageous he was in hours of danger and how marvellously he retained his zeal for work, even when over-burdened, and his spirits, which he used to call " the sun within him." How he enjoyed his family life, and adored his children. When free from especially grave worries, he could be so extraordinarily gay and amusing, even boisterous, in the family circle. All his life he kept his faith unshaken and remained a deeply pious man. His intense sufferings, borne without a murmur, and the beautiful resignation of his end are a noble example to us all." And my sister added : " Such was the man who loved you like a father, at whose side you were permitted to work and who honoured you with his trust and affection."

I wrote in answer :

The news of the death of the great and dearly loved Count Aehrenthal has shaken me deeply. I mourn the loss of a fine man—perhaps the greatest of our time—who for seven long years trusted me and showed me such affectionate kindness. I am thankful

for so many beautiful memories of him. The loss to Austria-Hungary is immense. How tragic is his fate and how strange that he should have passed peacefully away on the very day of his retirement. Telegrams from the Ministry announced both these events. They brought tears to my eyes.

On Monday morning came news from Berchtold of his appointment. I was surprised, but for me, of course, the choice is the best possible. He will be making a tremendous sacrifice in accepting the position of Foreign Minister. May it bring us blessings and success !

I have read with sore heart of the general mourning for Count Aehrenthal and of the honours paid to one who was hounded to his death. What indifference was in the main shown to this great man, in the ' world,' among his peers and in the club. Unmindful of how proud they should have been of him. I recall the doubts felt about him, the absence of any indignation at the whole slanderous campaign against him at the time of the Friedjung and Masaryk affairs.

Yesterday I saw some wrestling—the national sport of Japan. A huge, packed arena, in the middle a platform, upon which two wrestlers were enclosed by a straw rope. If one man forces another over the rope, or throws him even to his knees, he is the victor—to me a foolish sport. The fighters are the " Wests " against the " Easts." All have long hair, done up, like women's hair, on their heads and ending in a little pig-tail. Before the fight they sit round in the dressing-room, while barbers comb, grease and dress their heads, then shave them all over their

faces and in the nose and ears (a Japanese habit). Some of the wrestlers are giants, some like fat Buddhas, many fat as pigs, but many also with beautiful athletic figures, the physical élite of Japan—a striking contrast to the tiny stature of the local population. They wear only a tasselled loin-cloth, are vain of their persons, pose like actresses and strut about in the manner of fighting cocks. They crouch before each other, times without number, then separate to rinse their mouths and, before joining issue again, strew salt upon the ground, to exorcise evil spirits.

III

Yesterday a big financier gave a garden-party. All his old Japanese paintings (kakemonos) were hung for the occasion on the walls (normally, as with all Japanese, they are stored in fire-proof places). Many well-known Japanese were present and gathered admiringly round the art treasures. In the garden was a marquee with geishas in charge of old geisha women. The girls sit among the company and chat even with the ladies. One asked the wife of the British Ambassador if she could call at the Embassy! Considering that they are all cocottes, this familiarity is a little disconcerting. Compared with French demi-mondaines or even Viennese girls, they seem extraordinarily childish and simple (though many, I am told, give themselves great airs). The old statesmen at the party joked with them, the girls laughing gaily. A girl that Europeans would call pretty is not to the

taste of the Japanese. They prefer one with features less regular, to our eyes rather ugly.

A group of geishas make a pretty, gay picture, to which a little distance lends even greater enchantment.

They are taken from their parents as small children into the geisha house, taught singing, dancing and the guitar, and as soon as they are old enough, lent out to parties at so much an hour, the times of their coming and going being fixed by telephone. The same control and fee system applies to invitations for *tête-à-tête* meals. If you want one permanently, you must indemnify the geisha owner. No man ever enters the geisha house. It is a system of slavery, which is at its worst in Yoshiwara (the low quarter of the city), where parents send their girls for sale. There the poor creatures are charged such enormously high boarding fees that they can hardly ever earn enough to purchase their freedom.

In Yoshiwara you see people strewing salt at the door of these "women's" cages. Sometimes—another superstition—men will strike flints at the girls, as they sit behind the wooden bars painting their faces or smoking little pipes—to keep away evil spirits.

I have visited many factories and seen some silk-spinning. Three hundred and fifty girls working for eleven and half hours a day (one and half hours for meals, two holidays a month, no Sundays off). Their fingers (the tips scalded white) are constantly dipping into boiling water in order to knot the cocoon threads. Not one looked up as we passed. Working on and on, without a word—a grim sight.

Recently I visited a large convict prison for " lifers " and other criminals. Very clean, humane and up-to-date, certainly far better than Austrian gaols. I was much struck by the discipline of the convicts. They all bowed low to the governor, stood up from their places as he passed, etc. Moreover, among the hundreds of faces, I saw none of the typically criminal type. Many looked honest, decent men. Yet much must lie behind those faces !

Yesterday attended an imperial duck-hunt, with half the diplomatic *corps*. A vast pond with thousands of wild duck on it. The birds were enticed by food and decoy duck into small canals, which then closed behind them. Four of the hunting-party run to the bank with huge fishing nets and catch the birds, who have scarcely room to escape, like butterflies. A strange sport ! At noon we all sat down to lunch. In the sky above vast flocks of startled wild duck executed the most complicated manœuvres.

A visit to the theatre. The costumes are often very striking. The rich characters wear trousers far too long, which they step on and draw after them like trains. Little girls in black, some with their faces covered, trot behind the actors prompting them or arranging the stage. By a naïve convention the audience is not supposed to notice them. The public knows all these old pieces and their plot. In to-night's play, a grandmother persuades her young grandson to commit hari-kiri for the honour of his caste. A feudal lord compels his liege to identify the decapitated head of his brother, carried in a box. The execution

of the scene is realistic (blood wiped from the head with silk paper). The play is accompanied throughout by the extremely monotonous " samisen " (rather like a guitar) and by a guttural form of singing. Often the players mime and gesticulate to the singer's words.

At the imperial theatre saw some exceptionally good actors (plays of old Japan.) For two years now actresses have been permitted, but the leading women's parts are still played by men, painted quite white, speaking in a high piping voice and moving exactly like women. It is the Japanese view that women lack the psychological depth and experience for tragic parts, which owing to their poor education and secluded lives, is probably true. Certain female rôles are a family tradition, passing from father to son. Hence their quite natural, but extraordinarily feminine gestures, even in unpremeditated circumstances. These actors wear female dress in their homes and are most of them of abnormal tendencies. Their facial play is almost painfully expressive. The decors are very beautiful. On Saturday we are visiting the chief actor in his home. He hopes we can stay a long time, as he wants to show and explain to us various costumes, musical instruments, etc.

These same actors also danced marvellously, one especially, whose part it was to drink himself drunk in the presence of his lady-love. All done with a grace, tenderness and a technique unsurpassed by the best Russian dancers. In the earlier piece he had played a tragic part !

I often go to the theatre—it is the best way of learning about Japanese life. Two days ago I saw a

play with a plot very like *La Dame aux Camélias*. The actor played the leading part—a geisha who kills herself at the end—with extreme verisimilitude. The whole audience wept (the theatre entire consists of little square partitions crammed with people who come, many of them with their children, and often spend the whole day there, bringing food and charcoal with them). The men wept as freely as the women, so did men on the stage, when leaving wife and children before going off to die for their liege lords. A strange combination of heroic valour and softness of heart.

Up in the snow at Ykao. In the big bath, heated by warm springs, I saw every day Japanese women in the nude. This is quite usual. They come out of the water and stand drying themselves in the open or washing their children. Peasants, maidservants, coolies, all modest, good-tempered and ready to laugh, much gayer than Europeans. (Even ill-favoured servant-girls, as many of them are, put you on good terms with the world when they call you in the morning, laughing so gaily). We went up through the snow to Lake Heruna. A little skating and an improvised game of hockey with some Japanese students. Spent the night in a tea-house. The rooms were unfurnished and we slept, like all Japanese, on the floor. In the morning everyone talked through the paper walls to every one else in a homely and amusing fashion.

IV

July 25th,
Tokyo.

To-day I have conveyed to the Master of Ceremonies

our Emperor's sympathy in the serious, probably hopeless illness of the Mikado. For the first time detailed bulletins have been issued—hitherto the God Emperor and his ailments have been concealed, as it were behind clouds. It is also the first time that a surgeon's instruments have been suffered to touch the sacred person of the monarch. (When the last Emperor of China but one was ill, the doctors had to kneel and listen with eyes on the ground while the Empress recounted the symptoms and then, without looking up, had to go away and diagnose the disease.) The Empress had sent a messenger with offerings to the sacred temples of the Sun-Goddess at Ise, the ancestral mother of the ruling house.

V

July 30th, 1912.

His Majesty the Emperor Mutsu-Hito, the one hundred and twenty-first ruler of Japan, died at 12.43 this morning. The people's grief was most movingly expressed on the big square in front of the palace. Many thousands prayed there all night. In a dense mass, some prostrate with head in the dust, others kneeling with hands uplifted, lit by the ghostly light of lanterns, members of all religions and sects prayed, with the wonderful raptness and concentration of orientals at prayer, for the life of their monarch, while men in light kimonos ran up and down the rows of supplicants, fanning them. In front, beyond the moat and the ramparts, loomed the towering tree-crowned walls of the former castle of the Shoguns, within which the eventful life of the Emperor Mutsu-Hito came to an end in the first hour after midnight.

The international prestige resulting from victorious wars and the economic and commercial progress reflected in trade statistics show how far within a single generation Japan under the rule of the late monarch has developed in the direction of the modern, scientific and material civilization of the western world.

The ethical, moral and patriotic forces of which the Japanese empire is more especially in need, in order to compete sucessfully with other countries despite its comparative lack of natural resources (certain products of the soil, national wealth) have hitherto found powerful backing in the Mikado cult, prescribed not only by the Shinto religion, but by the moral doctrines of Confucius borrowed from China. In the late Emperor the people worshipped the revival of a conception of the Mikado to his divine origin, but also—in so far as this was understood—a monarch who stood for modern progress and development. No previous Emperor could claim this two-fold loyalty and gratitude from his people. One wonders whether future rulers will be able to rely upon it in the same degree. Materialistic ideas and individualistic aims have followed in the wake of occidental civilization and have taken root more particularly in the upper classes. The crowd of idle onlookers that moved about last night among those at prayer or who amused themselves in the public gardens, was not inspired by those feelings of loyalty which, because they had their roots in Mikado worship, used to be described simply as "Japanese." The Japanese government, alarmed by the anarchist attempt on the Emperor's life in 1910, increasing unruliness among the young and growing

discontent among the workers and other heavily-taxed sections of the population, is anxious to revive religious feeling through Shintoism, Buddhism or Christianity.

September 17th, 1912.

On the forty-fifth night after his death, the remains of His Majesty the Emperor Mutsu-Hito were carried through Tokyo to their last resting-place. The coffin was borne to the scene of the ceremony on an ancient and traditional two-wheeled carriage of fine lacquer, drawn by five oxen. In front of the carriage was a long procession of priests in old Japanese dress carrying old-time weapons and utensils. Behind followed the representative of the Emperor Yosihito (Prince Kanin) and the other princes, the Paladins, who won their fame in history during the Meiji Age, the representatives of the people, the army and the civil service in modern dress or uniform. Lit by torches, the funeral passed noiselessly along streets strewn thickly with sand, between lined troops, associations of war veterans and the silent crowd, to the weird and ghostly-sounding notes of old Japanese musical instruments—the whole scene shadowy and insubstantial, yet full of a moving dignity. Received by the royal family and foreign representatives at the end of two long halls erected for the mourners on the parade-ground, the unharnessed carriage with the coffin was conveyed to an adjacent temple draped in white silk and adorned simply with four evergreen trees. With the night as a background, a plain and impressive funeral service was held in this brightly-lit and classically simple building, in accordance with traditional Shinto rites: numerous food-offerings, passed by twenty-four priests

from hand to hand, were presented by the high priest to the strains of a funeral lament.

A tragic event, and one in keeping with the traditions of old Japan, will always be associated with the historic night of September 13–14 of this year. At the moment when guns announced the start of the funeral procession at eight o'clock, Count Nogi, the conqueror of Port Arthur, and his wife took their lives by the traditional method of hara-kiri in their small and austerely simple home. Though the reasons for this act have not yet been officially stated, it is commonly supposed that the general, with his old Japanese ideas and sentiments, followed his Emperor to death according to a custom which originated in the fourteenth century and was only suppressed in the seventeenth by the severe punishment of the deceased's surviving relatives. It is also widely believed that General Nogi's act of heroism will create throughout Japan, where he was the most popular and respected person in the country, a profound impression, as he had no doubt foreseen and probably directly intended. The general had shared the convictions of the late Emperor and his advisers in their constant endeavours to build up a new Japan on the firm ethical and moral foundations of the old—a conviction that found further symbolic expression in the funeral ceremonies. More especially since his return from Europe last autumn, General Nogi had watched with concern, and often publicly condemned, the increasing self-conceit, vanity and decadence, the growing egotism and luxury of Japanese society. His own views, known to everyone here, justify the belief that, by the sacrifice of his life at a most impressive moment, he wished to reani-

mate the heroic spirit so closely bound up with the Mikado cult and without which the Island Empire could not maintain the position it has won or add to its triumphs.

There will be two urgent and difficult tasks to be accomplished in the new era. Firstly, to spread enlightenment and western culture, without destroying the roots of religion and morality ; secondly, to counter socialist and anarchist tendencies by improving the very low standard of living and inaugurating a policy of social welfare, such as at present hardly exists.

A crowd is standing and praying in front of Nogi's house. Many people say that he is like a god. In the morning of the 14th the whole of the next door family came to me in tears with news of the death. Where is there a man in Europe who would be thus mourned ? With all their faults there is great spiritual depth in these people. A geisha said yesterday : " Although I am only a poor miserable creature, I understand and admire the Nogi-san."

September 21st.

On the eighteenth of this month, four days after the burial of His Majesty, Count and Countess Nogi who had followed their Emperor to his death, were laid to rest in the presence of an immense gathering.

The reports at first spread by certain newspapers that Count Nogi had acted when not in full possession of his faculties, were proved false by the very clear arrangements he made for his death, and by the heroic manner in which his long-cherished intention was executed.

His will and farewell poem prove that, in following

his beloved master, he was actuated by the loyalty of a vassal. The position in which the bodies were found was a moving expression of the two noblest virtues of the Japanese people—loyalty to their Emperor and wifely devotion. The Count's body pointed forward, the head in the direction of the Imperial Palace ; the Countess lay at his side, her face turned towards her husband.

This loyalty to his Emperor went with an extremely high sense of honour and duty. His whole life's achievement was to him the simple discharge of a self-evident duty. The misfortune that had befallen him thirty-five years earlier, when the regiment he commanded lost its colours in an engagement with rebel forces, was to him a dereliction of duty, which could only be atoned for by death. " Since that day I have tried in vain to find an opportunity of dying and have continued to live in the enjoyment of Imperial favours and a gracious treatment that were unmerited." Such is the self-accusatory beginning of the will of the most famous Japanese after Admiral Togo.

This last testament will create a deep impression in Japan. Thinking people see in the life and death of this last of the great samurai a warning against the self-seeking of our time, against the place-hunting and nepotism which are arousing widespread discontent.

The curious tenth paragraph of the will, which made a gift of the Count's bodily remains to medical research, can only be interpreted as a desire on the Count's part to place himself body and soul at the service of his country, even after death.

Though loyalty to the Emperor was the central theme of this heroic life, as well as its final resolving chord, there were undoubtedly other contributory motives. When Count Nogi left for the Russian war with his two sons, he said to his wife: "Make ready three coffins. If one body is sent back, let the burial await the other two." At the end of the campaign he returned alone. In addition to this bereavement the thought of the numberless men he had sent to their death before he captured Port Arthur, appears often to have haunted him. It is said that he frequently requested priests to pray for the fallen.

Some of the newspapers accuse the dead general of having deserted his young Emperor. The will contains a touching refutation of this charge: "I am old and feeble and have few days left to live and serve. At this moment the terrible event has occurred. It is this which has impelled my act."

During the forty-five days following the Emperor's death Count Nogi went twice every day to pray before the coffin. The general doubtless fixed upon the exact starting hour of the Emperor's funeral as the moment for his own death in a state of exaltation and with that poetic feeling which is a feature of the Japanese character.

Christian morality condemns suicide. Traditional sentiment among the overwhelming majority in Japan regards "junshi"—the following of the dead—as something admirable, especially in such unusual circumstances. Nearly all the most popular among the classical plays furnish examples of heroic sacrifice or stoic self-destruction.

Count Nogi's life, which had been an example to the

whole world, has ended in a way that evokes the highest admiration of his countrymen.

VI

October 1st, 1912.

At half-past ten in the evening, as I was sitting in my room, a telegram arrived " Cle appointed director-general Munich."

At first I could hardly believe it. How good God is to our family ! Receiving telegrams from the other side of the world, one fears at first that they herald some calamity. And here comes one that brings fulfilment of a dream. How wonderful, too, that my brother should be returning to Bavaria, our native home, that he should revive our name (and, I doubt not, do it all honour) in an artistic post of the very highest rank. When I think of his eventful life, with the many troubles and disappointments ensuing from his very vitality, how splendid to rise so quickly to the very top. I cannot help thinking of father and his natural anxiety on the score of Cle's professional career, now so suddenly crowned with success. It is hard to be so very far away from them all, but we must be grateful that God's blessing is upon our loyal family devotion.

As my own intellectual life is closely bound up with my brother's, and as Clemens cannot be persuaded to write his own biography, I give this short outline of his career.

His musical gifts came early to light. At seven he could play the piano by ear and at twelve began composing. He received thorough musical training in Vienna and at Frankfurt. Among his fellow-pupils

at Frankfurt were Norman O'Neill, Balfour Gardiner, Cyril Scott and Percy Grainger, all of whom became his life-long friends. His first opera *Griseldis* was produced when he was twenty-three.

In the Vienna of the 'nineties a composer of good family was regarded by professional musicians and by press and public as an amateur. He was not taken seriously, and Clemens preferred to win his spurs as a musician abroad. He therefore accompanied me to America, and gave concerts of his own works in New York and other cities. He returned to London in 1902.

His appointment as operatic conductor in England he owed to a happy chance. My brother made the acquaintance of a London musical critic, who asked him what he was doing in London. When Clemens told him that he was—vainly—seeking a conductor's post, the critic wrote on Cle's behalf to the owner of what was at that time the biggest provincial operatic company in the Kingdom. The answer was typical of the man: "I am sacking my assistant conductor, and am prepared to give your protégé a trial. But make it quite clear to him that, if he's not up to the mark, he won't stay."

A little later Clemens met the director, who said, when concluding the contract: "I provide you with mud, and expect you to build walls with it, which will look like golden walls. If you cannot do this, you'll be of no use to me." This man, with a company of about two hundred, supplied opera to the theatres of England, Scotland and Ireland, entirely at his own risk and without a penny of subsidy or guarantee from anywhere. Had he treated his staff

more generously, the enterprise would have collapsed. As it was, he carried on these tours for many years, provided young artists with a livelihood and the chance of learning their business and at the same time encouraged a love of opera among provincial audiences.

In this respect he prepared the way for Sir Thomas Beecham, who later founded a similar enterprise on a much larger scale and on a very high artistic level.

Clemens was in those days a beginner. He had, of course, conducted concerts, but he had no operatic experience, and it took all the energy and enthusiasm he could muster to obtain tolerable results from his very mixed material. His chief anxiety was the orchestra. At the beginning of the century there were not so many high-class English orchestral players as there are to-day. Most of his men were foreigners, and not exactly the *élite* of their own country. They included Germans, Italians, Belgians and Dutchmen—even a Cuban—and a very fine 'cellist from Iceland. The critical night of the week was Saturday (pay-night). On Saturdays some of the orchestra used to convert their salary into alcohol, and conducting under those conditions was no sinecure.

Clemens' life during these years was a hard struggle, but it taught him much. Above all, he learnt to enforce his will and to command others. The gift must, of course, be inborn, but the opportunity of developing it early in life proves a great advantage later on.

In 1906 my brother married Mary Gertrude Toner, of Lurgan in Ireland; with her he lived in happy marriage until her death in Munich in 1931.

In 1907 Clemens left England and joined the Prussian court theatres, where Count von Hülsen-Haeseler, the director-general of that day, took him under his fatherly wing. From this distinguished man of the theatre he learnt a great deal that was of value to him later, when he became head of the court theatres in Bavaria.

The call to Munich, in the autumn of 1912, came almost like a miracle. On the death of the director-general, von Speidel, Clemens applied by letter to Count von Seinsheim, Bavarian Grand Chamberlain. It seemed very unlikely that this important and responsible post would be given to a quite unknown and comparatively young man. However, it turned out otherwise.

At the request of Count Hülsen and of the Bavarian authorities, the famous director of the Stuttgart Court theatres, Baron Putlitz, invited my brother to come and see him. So favourable was his impression of Clemens that he recommended him warmly for the Munich post. Two days later Clemens was invited to go to Munich in person and, after a short interview, Count Seinsheim submitted him a fully-prepared contract for signature. For this he had largely to thank the enthusiasm and devotion of our sister Poldy.

My brother's post as director-general at Munich was not an easy one. Two years after his appointment came the world war, and in the years that followed the theatres under his control could only with difficulty be kept going. Good artistic work pre-supposes, before all else, peaceful conditions, abundant financial resources and the interest of the public. During the

terrible years of war none of these conditions was fulfilled.

Clemens' happiest recollection of this period is of the kindness and encouragement given him by King Ludwig III. The King had unbounded confidence in my brother and when, as happens to every theatre director, difficulties arose, the King stood by him nobly.

My brother's work as Royal Director-General was brought to an end by the revolution of November, 1918. The general collapse of all about him was a heavy blow. Happily, there were incidents that amused him and which helped for a space to lift the gloom. Here is one :

Kurt Eisner, the revolutionary " prime minister " of Bavaria (in February, 1919, he was shot dead by Count Arco), appointed the chief comedian to succeed my brother. Clemens had put everything in order, packed his belongings and was about to leave the theatre when his successor came to say good-bye. This he did in a flood of tears, shaking my brother tenderly by the hand.

He then went upon the stage and expressed to the assembled company his extreme satisfaction at seeing the " bloodhound " (my brother) removed from office. Clemens' successor did not hold his post for long. After eighteen months he was dismissed and tried for gross embezzlement.

When my brother was reinstated in the spring of 1924, he found to his great regret that in his absence the level of Munich opera had sunk low. Several of the best singers of his day were old and finished, while others, driven abroad by inflation and the constant unrest, had been replaced by artists of the

second and third rank. Many of these Clemens, though it hurt him to do so, was obliged to dismiss.

An intensive search, aided by chance—my brother liked to choose his singers himself—succeeded before very long in gathering together a band of really gifted artists, who in the masterly hands of the great conductor, Hans Knappertsbusch, helped to restore the Munich opera to its former pre-eminence.

In 1934 my brother resigned, and has since devoted himself entirely to composition at his home near Munich.

From many warm appreciations of his work I quote the following, written by an eminent musical critic: "His achievement as director-general of the Bavarian State theatres belongs to the cultural history of Bavaria. Musical history enshrines the record of his creative work: the symphonic tone-poems, especially the dance suite with its original orchestration and its delicate weaving of rich themes—his lieder, set to the lyrics of Austrian poets, particularly his great friend Wildgans; his orchestral works, the biblical opera 'Rahab,' 'Fortunatus,' 'The Bees' ballet and the three-act opera 'Li-Tai-Pe,' the most performed of all.

"His melodies will endure when much of this hurried generation's cleverness has been forgotten."

VII

Official reports from my government and these letters from my sister, kept me informed of the dangerous political development in South-eastern Europe:

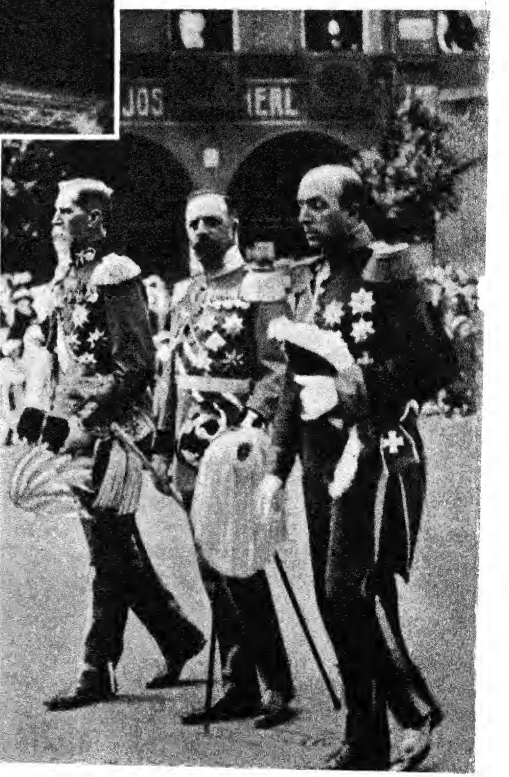
Photos : E.N.A.

EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH

TSAR NICHOLAS II

KAISER WILLIAM II

The Author's brother with his wife, in Berlin, as a young conductor



The Author's brother (right) as Director-General of the Bavarian State Theatres

October 18th, 1912.

We shall have to reckon with the united Balkans. These people will not yield an inch of the territory they have conquered ; yet to-day Berchtold announces that he will insist upon maintenance of the *status quo* !

Bacquehm said that Austria should put her foot down, defend her position as a Great Power, and demand of the Balkans what they want. Think of the future—Slavs under Russian influence, from Galicia to the Adriatic. And the further peril of eight million Serbs united within a Greater Serbia !

November 22nd, 1912.

. . . Billy, I can't write to you of all that is happening, but everyone believes that war is imminent. More and more troops are being sent to Bosnia and Galicia. Russia has so far mobilized farther than we have. Hartwig and Iswolsky are undoubtedly encouraging the pan-Slavs, and these unspeakable Serb provocations of course have Russian support and protection. Russia wants to avenge 1909, and seems to think that our empire is tottering. Alec Hoyos said to me to-day : " Tell people that we want no war, but are ready for everything and shall give way on no point." He said that the hour was extremely critical, fraught with the appalling prospect of a possible sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of lives, but that Berchtold was very calm, and the whole Ministry agreed to stand by their guns. Rumours of every kind are afoot—one is that His Majesty wept as he signed the order for partial mobilization.

Franz Ferdinand is in Berlin and, I hear, regards the situation most gravely. The German Emperor

has assured him that he can depend absolutely upon Germany. The Kaiser has sworn to the Emperor Francis Joseph his willingness to go to war with his millions of soldiers, and says: "Even if it comes to a world war, we and Rumania and Italy will not fear and with our eleven million soldiers, must win." . . . May it be so! !

December 1st, 1912.

Mobilization is going ahead here and in Russia. The whole atmosphere is so heavily charged that the smallest spark may cause an explosion. I am hoping that the Serbs will attack—that would be the best solution.

Some people "in the know" say that, as soon as the Turks and Bulgars have signed the peace, we with our guns trained upon Belgrade, shall demand, of these Serbs the surrender of Durazzo and acceptance of all our terms. It is thought that they will then crumple up. Others believe that we shall put forward very moderate claims, and that the Serbs will be left with a port . . .

December 8th, 1912.

Conrad von Hoetzendorf's great argument is that, with Russia unready, Serbia weakened (in three years' time they will have about 450,000 men), Italy not ill-disposed (if given some islands or her attention diverted towards Tunis), Rumania still safe (because the King is certainly on our side, though the people, discontented with the present course of policy, are said to be strongly against us), we are in a better position to fight then later on, when the Russians

will be fully armed, the Rumanians on their side, Italy against us, and Serbia strong. Conrad would like to see Serbia divided between us and Bulgaria, but nothing will come of that, of course. He only feels what a mistake it was not to make an end of Serbia in 1909.

Lunched to-day with Szilassy. He, too, thinks that we shall have to face Serbia later, but that the present moment is the worst possible (*a*) because of Russia, who will accuse us of robbing the Serbs of the fruits of their great war for the liberation of Slavs ; (*b*) because of Europe, which will be angry at seeing us launch out in an offensive after attending the Peace Conference. He believes in a more favourable opportunity later. There you have the two standpoints of the war-party and of the diplomats, to which must be added the influence of a peace-loving Emperor (his letters to the Czar were all of his own composition) and the vacillation of Archduke Franz Ferdinand. From these different versions you can form your own picture.

The danger of defection from the South Slav and Rumanian elements of the Austro-Hungarian population already exists. Serb irredentism will soon extend to half Hungary. I believe—and Conrad says the same—that, although you may be too late for the curtain-raiser, you will be back from Japan before the big world show begins. Whatever temporary patchwork may be done, the fabric will not hold. The interests of the Great Powers are irreconcilable, and after the problems of Turkey in Europe will come the problems of Asia Minor.

I advise you to study feeling among the Moslems

in India. I hear from the British Ambassador here that some importance is attached to the Moslem movement there . . .

I had supper with Conrad von Hoetzendorf and Frau von Reininghausen. It was tremendously interesting. " Count Aehrenthal and I," he said, " found it impossible to work together. We held diametrically opposite views, and neither could give way. So he got rid of me, while I, indirectly, hastened his end. But History will justify me. We ought to have conquered Serbia in 1911. Such a chance does not recur and, after all, it must one day become part of the monarchy. We knew for certain that Russia would not stir, if Germany sided with us ; everything was ready, but Aehrenthal prevented the decision being taken." Conrad talked most interestingly of the Italo-Turkish war. " By the end of it Italy will have an army trained in active warfare. Hatred of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy will break out afresh. Already the Italians have replaced every soldier taken from their Austrian front, and have even increased the garrison."

VIII

In view of the critical situation in Europe I was extremely impatient to return home and to work at a post where I could be in close touch with events. I was therefore glad when news came of my transfer to London, and there arrived as Ambassador in Tokyo Ladislas von Müller, Permanent Under Secretary of State in our Foreign Ministry.

January 4th, 1913 (*in the train*).

On the 1st a telegram at last came from my successor, Szentivany, that he would be starting on the 5th. I paid a few rapid farewell visits, and then told Müller that I should like to leave the day after to-morrow. He was horrified at first.

Of course I am sorry, too, to be leaving Japan for ever, for I have seen much that is lovely and noteworthy. In exchange for the memories and experiences I take away I leave, after all, fifteen months of my life behind. As one looks round before leaving, the streets, the trees, familiar corners become almost human. You feel that you are parting from friends with whom you have shared much.

After a night of feverish packing, I spent the morning of the 3rd making all arrangements for my journey in Yokohama, and left at four in the afternoon, seen off by many friends at the station.

The best thing about travel is that it restores the eagerness and pleasant sense of excitement of childhood.

I travelled home via Korea and China in order to get such personal impressions of these parts as was possible within the short time. If, in this chapter, I have for the sake of space confined myself to a few glimpses of unfamiliar Japan, I must for the same reason be even more sparing in my account of China and India.

It was extremely interesting to follow the course of Japanese conquest and colonization through Korea and Manchuria to Mukden and thence to Port Arthur.

Here is my impression of various Chinese towns through which I passed.

In the narrow streets I saw innumerable signs in Chinese gold-lettering suspended across the streets, a swarm of hawkers, porters, dealers, balancing their baskets on a pole across the shoulders, dirty-looking ricksha boys, crippled beggars, Chinese women with their tiny feet squeezed into little pointed shoes—everywhere indescribable filth, squalor and neglect. What a contrast to the general cleanliness of Japan—the ricksha coolies in their neat, clean clothes; the children bright as butterflies. The women, who even when ugly—as many are—have a strange, stylised charm; the absence of beggars, or any trace of obvious want; the general gaiety and the courtesy of the people. Here in China, on the contrary, dirt and squalor are the order of the day.

Here follow extracts from my diary:

The most impressive thing in China—perhaps in the world—is the Great Wall: 1,600 miles long, it runs through wild mountainous country, up and down across the hills, turning and twisting, through gorges and down precipices. It is 50–60 feet high, 15–20 feet thick, with watch-towers every 100 yards or so. At the point where I saw it is an ancient pass, a caravan-route for many centuries the only communication with Europe. China's greatest ruler, Shi-hoang-ti, began the wall in 200 B.C. It was he who broke the power of the vassal rulers and created a centralized monarchy. He wanted also to break historical tradition (in his own interests), and issued the famous Edict for the burning of all Chinese

literature. (Much, however, was rescued from the ashes or handed down by word of mouth.) Even this Titan among monarchs did not dare burn the books of magic and prophecy.

The Ming tombs are marvellous by the magnitude of their conception. On a wide plain (its colours and setting of hills reminiscent of the Roman Campagna), stands all alone, with five arches, a richly sculpted marble gateway. Passing through this, the traveller proceeds a long time before reaching a large red archway, farther on another pillared gate. The road begins here and is bordered at intervals by standing or squatting camels, conventional figures of asses, warriors, priests—vigorously cut in granite. The general impression is of a resting caravan. The road continues (in a neglected state) until branches lead to the chief imperial tomb and the twelve other graves of emperors, all separate, surrounded each by walls, overhung with trees and facing towards the mountains. Each tomb forms a group consisting of hall, temple (with marble steps) and funeral mound.

Beautiful, too, is the Temple of Heaven at Pekin, an open, round, three-tiered terrace of white marble, with four richly carved marble staircases. Here the Emperor, "the son of heaven," used to sacrifice to heaven with great pomp and ceremony on one night in the year. A little farther on, situated on a similar marble terrace, is an imposing pagoda-like tower with three roofs, one upon another, of blue tiles, crowned by a huge golden ball. The walls and the vaulting are of blue, green and gold. Here the Emperor offered sacrifices and prayed for a bountiful year. There are also some fine walls capped with huge

towers. A big wall surrounds each quarter of Pekin —the Manchu city—the Imperial city—the Forbidden City—the Legation quarter—and the Chinese quarter. The Forbidden City includes the Winter Palace and grounds with the artificial lakes. Here lived the Empress-Mother and here the Emperor was interned after his plan of deposing and imprisoning his mother was betrayed to her by Juan-Shi-Kai.

INDIAN OCEAN.
February 14th, 1913.

The first half of my homeward voyage is nearly over. Weather wonderfully calm and beautiful, hardly a ripple on the water. Most of my time is spent reading and looking out to sea. I am trying hard to prevent wonderful things from becoming dull matters of fact—the miracle for instance of this ocean, which carries the traveller into great countries, seaports with tropical vegetation, among a gaily coloured population of Chinese, Malays and Indians. My mind filled with the history of these lands, their mighty rise, their reign of power, decline and fall through three thousand years, with the establishment, growth and spread of all these religions (Brahmins, Buddhists Moslems, Confucianists, Shintoists and others), with the beginning and end of eras of artistic creation—with all this in my mind, I gaze out upon the ocean which once covered the whole earth, upon the starry firmament in which worlds are born and worlds die —and my feelings are in a turmoil.

I have read so much about India that I am in a fever to see this wonderland.

The passage across the Ganges by ferry in a strange

orange moonlight was memorable—the sacred stream to which millions have travelled to seek forgiveness and salvation in its waters. An extraordinary crowd of pilgrims, of people drinking from the river, bathing in its waters, or stretched out dying. Among them fakirs sit motionless. The sacred cows wander in and out of the crowd; funeral piles burn along the banks, with charred bodies upon them.

March 5th, 1913.

For the last few days I have been the guest of the Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, at Delhi. (The purpose of my travels and stay in India was to study the general political situation and to ascertain what attitude the natives would adopt in a world war.) Round the little white palace of the Viceroy is a group of snow-white tents, mine one of them. Sitting-room, bedroom and bath, all pretty and comfortable. Four maharajas are among the party. Those of Bikaner and Alwar quite English in speech and manners. The third (of Gwalior), suggests a business man. The other is Sir Parsal Singh (of Jodhpur)—one of the old school. In the sixties, a fierce, brave pig-sticking polo-player—sleeps on the floor (even here), for the thought of dying in bed repels him. Speaks broken English and looks like an old Colonel of Hussars. There has been a meeting here of governors, political agents, etc., from every part of India and all are invited to lunch or dine at Viceregal Lodge. They impressed me very favourably. Field-Marshal Lord Nicholson has been here, too, a delightful old man. The senior government servants dine with the Viceroy in turn and I have welcomed the opportunity of discussing

with them Indian problems. Yesterday a number of native chiefs and officials met to consider the founding of a secondary school for sons of Chiefs and Indian nobles, an idea suggested by the Begum of Bhopal, an enlightened and energetic lady, but conservative in dress. She sat at the head of the table, all in white, her face covered by a sort of domino, with two little slits for the eyes. She spoke in Hindustani, though the debate was in English.

Lady Hardinge was most attentive and kind to me, and I admired tremendously the charm, cheerfulness and tact with which she performed her endless domestic and vice-regal duties.

From Delhi the Maharaja of Bikaner took me home with him in his special train. His principality is in the middle of a sandy desert (600,000 inhabitants, 22,000 square miles). Here and there wheat grows after the rains, but most of the soil is desert sand with bush and a few stunted trees. Amidst these hundreds of miles of desert stands the capital with a large palace and many flat-roofed red sandstone houses belonging to wealthy merchants, their fronts entirely covered, as with a carpet, by beautiful lace-like ornamentation. Water, brought up by oxen, is conserved in deep tanks. It is drawn off in skins or copper jars and carried home by camels, oxen, asses or human beings. The women wear red and yellow cloths, with bracelets and anklets of glass and metal, nose-rings, etc. The men, particularly the former warrior-class—Rajputs (or King's sons) are proud, handsome fellows, most of them with short beards brushed outwards to right and left. They

wear turban-like cloths round the head and are mostly in white. Outside the town is the new residence of the present Maharaja, a big palace with many cupolas entirely covered with the same veil of sculpture. The many arched windows between slender shafts are curtained with stone-work so that the women may not be seen. You can smell their scent and hear them laughing and singing, but no one, except close relatives, may set eyes on them. The rooms of the palace are furnished more or less tastefully in European style, with decoration of Indian design and huge hunting trophies (tiger, rhinoceros). The various government departments are in the hands of Englishmen lent by the Government of India. The Maharaja is tremendously active, busy and modern-minded. Full of schemes and building plans. He has built a fine club in front of the polo-ground, with tennis-courts, roller-skating rink, an up-to-date hospital, a modern prison, where they make lovely carpets. He is thirty-two and has three wives. Bikaner is one of the few states which have no direct British Resident. The Camel Corps is famous (1,500 armed men, under British command). The rest of the soldiery have no modern weapons and artillery is forbidden to all the states. The chief source of revenue appears to be from the sale of cattle and wool.

The sunsets are glorious, dark-red above the endless brownish red of the desert, overhead a deep-blue sky. At dusk, the inhabitants gather round the deep water-tanks, making a strange picture with their oxen and, outlined against the evening sky, that grotesque, incredible, but dignified animal, the camel.

March 16th.

I am seeing some lovely and memorable things and shall say nothing of the dust and heat and long railway journeys, often on small branch lines, the poor food, etc. This journal is intended to recall only what has been beautiful or remarkable.

It is surprising and rather disappointing how little of all that one has read about the caste system and its phenomena can be observed in practice. The Brahmin caste alone has more than a thousand sub-divisions, none of which can feed or intermarry with others without loss of caste. And so it is with the other three main castes. Not to mention the Mohammedans, the Jains, the Sikhs and Parsees. Other peculiarities of India strike the eye! The train stops and a litter with red hangings is brought alongside. Arms spread out a large cloth from the the litter to the carriage and the Moslem or high-caste Hindu woman is lifted unseen into the train; a wedding party with shrill vulgar brass music, women carrying gifts in baskets on their heads; the bridegroom, a little boy of six, on horseback travelling to his bride of, perhaps, four. If he dies, she cannot marry again. According to the census there are 21,431 wives and 10,000 husbands under ten years of age.

A Report sent to the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister based on my political talks and personal observations during a visit to India in March, 1913.

As a guest of the Viceroy at Delhi, I had such favourable opportunities of discussing Indian affairs

with reigning princes and with many officials from almost all parts of the country that I have decided to describe, as briefly as I can, my political impressions and observations, despite a passage contained in the opening words of a standard book on India by a certain Frenchman : *" L'ouvrage que je soumets aujourd'hui au public, il y a vingt ans que j'y pense et dix ans que j'y travaille."*

I have done everything possible to check the opinions I formed by reference to recognized books on India. The struggle of the restless and revolutionary elements is admirably described in Chirol's " Indian Unrest." The feelings of the advanced Liberal parties were voiced at meetings of the Indian National Congress and of the Moslem League held at the end of December, 1912, and in March, 1913, respectively. These are the sources from which I have sought answers to the following questions :

What is the position of British rule in India at the present time ?

What are the repercussions of events in the Balkans upon the attitude of the 62 million Indian Moslems towards the Government and the Hindus ?

What would be the situation in India in the event of a European war in which Great Britain were involved, and how do responsible men review that situation ?

Various reasons lead me to think that in its present phase British rule in India is pursuing a safe and favourable course.

Almost simultaneously with the adoption of special police and press censorship, which, though they averted a revolutionary movement that was assuming alarming

dimensions, more particularly in Bengal, did not succeed in destroying a widespread terrorist propaganda—as the recent attempt on the Viceroy shows—the Indian Council Act of 1909 provided for Indian representation on the supreme executive councils and for a numerically larger representation as well as increased powers on the advisory legislative councils. This momentous step, which many members of the British Parliament criticized as premature and rash, appears—at any rate, at first sight—to have realized the hopes placed in it, namely, to encourage by concessions the more conservative and thoughtful elements and secure their helpful co-operation, while at the same time providing a scale by which to measure on these councils political temperatures in India. At the recent elections to these councils—so I am informed by a member of the Indian Cabinet—many radical and disloyal deputies have, even in Bengal, been replaced by moderates. Further, under the influence of the attempt on Lord Hardinge's life, the Imperial Council has approved, with only two dissentients, the new Conspiracy Bill. This attempt on the Viceroy has, indeed, greatly strengthened the policy of a firm hand, so important to the stability of British rule in India. On several occasions in modern Indian history this policy has been paralysed by sentimentality or by the play of party interests in Great Britain.

When the Indian Finance Minister introduced the Budget in March of last year, he was in the happy position of being able to announce a surplus of £4,000,000, and to point to India's growing prosperity. This substantial sum allows the Government to

satisfy many national wishes and, among other things, to proceed with the scheme for doubling the number of elementary schools (only 16 million people in India can read and write).

As a foreign yoke, British rule is naturally not popular, in spite of the benefits it has conferred by creating the largest irrigation works in the world, preventing or diminishing the periodic famines, by protecting the people against the arbitrary rule of native princes and the exploitation of peasants by money-lending, by prohibiting cruel old customs, by the gradual spread of civilization and, above all, by the establishment of the *pax Britannica* throughout India.

At the same time, the propertied classes appreciate the security which British power grants them against attack from without and dangers from within, for India in the past was constantly torn by internal conflicts and would be again, should Britain withdraw. The men who financed the Mutiny and lost much money in doing so, I was told by a well-informed authority, evince no desire to risk their money again. The peasant farmers of this almost wholly agricultural empire, who on every redistribution of territory have petitioned to remain under direct British rule instead of coming under some native prince, live in a more or less mediæval state, neither knowing nor caring who rules the country. The crass ignorance of the masses, who in parts of India are still, after three thousand years, entirely under Brahmin influence—an ignorance that invites the most incredible slanders on British intentions—does undoubtedly conceal, as Lord Curzon pointed out, a grave danger, though it

is diminished by the total lack of fire-arms. For the Brahmin caste, numbering according to the last census 14·8 millions, contributes most largely to the Radical Progressive Party, which aims at self-government (or under that slogan conceals more far-reaching designs) and to the revolutionary movement, which wants the complete separation of India from Great Britain. It is a serious fact that British civilization has made most strides among the Brahmins, who supply the great majority of civil servants, journalists and teachers. The causes of discontent and political unrest are well-known and need only brief mention here. They are firstly political (caused by foreign domination and the impossibility of attaining to the highest administrative or senior military posts), secondly economic (refusal of customs protection to the whole of the undeveloped native industry), thirdly social, the surplus outflow from the secondary schools, which creates an inferior proletariat permeated with modern European thought and partly unemployable—uprooted lives, as it were—fourthly historical, the permanent hatred felt for the Hindus by the Brahmin-led Mahrattas, who a hundred years ago were prevented by British arms from seizing the inheritance of the Great Mogul—dominion over India—and, on the other hand, the fear of the Brahmins lest British enlightenment and westernization imperil their three-thousand-year-old economic and social supremacy. Lastly, there are religious and cultural causes, which aim at retaining in place of a foreign and modern civilization the religion rooted in antiquity and at preserving and resuscitating primitive Indian culture.

Hitherto, this movement of hostility towards the

British occupation, which, as education spreads, is likely to grow slowly, but surely, and which in the view of experienced writers is in some respects underestimated by the Government, has been restricted to three provinces—Bengal in the east, the Deccan in the central south, and the Punjab in the north-west: even in these provinces the movement is confined to certain "educated" Hindu circles, and to a section of the student community. The attempts of revolutionaries to sow disloyalty among the native regiments appear so far to have been unsuccessful.

Since the only serious danger to British rule in India lies in widespread mutiny of the troops, I would emphasize how very much stronger is Great Britain's military position in India than it was in the days of the great Mutiny. The lessons of that extremely dangerous outbreak have been thoroughly learnt. Religious feelings and prejudices are spared. Instead of the former large and unreliable contingent of Brahmins from Bengal, the army seeks its recruits rather from various more war-like mountain tribes who have no sympathy with anti-British political aspirations. The system of creating battalions and squadrons of men belonging to different tribes and religions offers a better guarantee of their reliability. The native princes, of whom in the days of the Mutiny two of the most powerful were driven by a policy of confiscation and expropriation into the enemy camp, are to-day united with the British regime by the closest ties of interest. A revolutionary movement is a threat to their own interests, and there is no doubt that the princes, as one of them recently announced in a declaration which spoke on behalf of them all,

will go with the British through thick and thin (incidentally, the vast majority of their troops are, by British orders, very poorly armed). Nearly all the artillery is now in British hands. Transport and communications have been vastly improved. Thanks to the strictest supervision and frontier control, the people are to all intents and purposes unarmed; if, in the event of an insurrection, the telegraph service, which is in Indian hands, were to be interrupted, wireless would take its place. By the appointment of commissions—like the Indian Civil Service Commission now at work—ways and means are being sought of meeting certain Indian wishes and grievances within the limits, however, of British political and economic needs. A Commission under Lord Nicholson, which I met in India, is at present engaged in working out a scheme for a fresh distribution of garrisons and for a number of reforms, which would both take account of the changed foreign situation (removal of the nightmare of a Russian invasion) and furnish added security against Indian "unrest."

I had a long conversation with the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army on the Balkan campaign and the possibility of England becoming involved in a European war. The impression I received was that the General viewed the military position in India in that event with quiet confidence, that he did not believe in any danger and that an attempted uprising would be positively welcome, for it would teach the Anglophobes a sharp and wholesome lesson. In the event of a big European war native Indian regiments would most probably be sent to Egypt and Malta. Whether British regiments would also

be withdrawn from India—as the German consul, Count Thurn, told us had been decided at the time of the Agadir crisis—would appear very doubtful owing to ill-feeling among the Moslems.

The attitude of the Great Powers, especially Great Britain, during the Balkan War, aroused deep unrest and resentment among the Moslems of Northern India, who make up two-thirds of the Moslem population. A number of deputies of the Progressive Mohammedan Party gave strong expression to these feelings at the Indian National Congress and welcomed the tributes of sympathy received from Hindu political associations (this was a clever move by the latter for the purpose of securing Moslem support for future joint action.) Owing to Moslem discontent the political leadership of the Moslem League has passed into the hands of younger, more radical elements, who have succeeded in passing a resolution by an overwhelming majority, proclaiming as the League's ideal the attainment of self-government for India under the ægis of the British Crown. And this, though influential older Mohammedans uttered solemn warnings against these revolutionary aims, which might land the party in serious difficulties.

Although the two progressive organizations—the Moslem League and the National Congress—represent only a diminishing fraction of the whole population and are mainly recruited from a westernized middle-class body of lawyers, doctors, school-teachers and journalists, their proposed co-operation creates a problem for the Government of India. Their aim—self-government—is one which can scarcely be granted by the British without serious danger to their own

dominion, for the bond of historical traditions and of common blood, which unites the British colonies to the Motherland, is altogether lacking in India. However, the British Under-Secretary of State, who is on a tour of inspection, and many experienced officials have told me that this *rapprochement* between Hindus and Mohammedans will be of short duration, and their religious differences, age-long antagonism and the mistrust of the numerically and culturally inferior Moslems for a Hindu majority under an independent government, would frustrate any joint Indian move against British rule. Lord Hardinge told me that Moslem ill-feeling towards England would soon die down on the conclusion of peace in the Balkans. And I heard from other quarters that the discontent was not deep enough to threaten any active hostility against the Government of India. On the other hand, the brilliant victories of the Balkan states over Turkey are having favourable repercussions among the Indians, since they have rehabilitated the prestige of the white races shaken by the victories of the Abyssinians and Japanese.

The following are my conclusions: Great Britain's position in India, in spite of the small number of troops (about 79,000 British and 160,000 natives), is strong, politically and militarily. The native regiments are believed to be reliable; even during the Mutiny some remained loyal. The revolutionary movement in peace time is not a political danger; in the event of Britain being engaged in war, its supporters will try to undermine British authority by attempts against persons, depôts and means of communication and by propaganda. The great divergencies of race,

tradition and creed between Indians, the conservative interests of the propertied class and the apathy of a large part of the—unarmed—population place very serious difficulties in the way of an even partial revolutionizing of this immense country. Naturally, a war which from the beginning went badly for England would greatly encourage the revolutionaries and add to the danger of an attack by the semi-savage Moslem tribes of the north-west frontier, probably, also by the Afghans. According to British opinion, these attacks would only be made for booty and if a favourable opportunity arose. Moreover, it would be incomparably easier to meet them by defensive action than to undertake an offensive war like the former dangerous campaigns against Afghanistan.

The Commander-in-Chief's optimistic view of the military situation in India in the event of British participation in a war in Europe has already been referred to, as also the opinion held by responsible British officials that the ill-will of the Indian Moslems due to events in the Balkans will be of short duration and will not take the form of hostile action against British rule. Should it nevertheless do so, the situation in India in time of war would certainly be grave and, in peace-time, more difficult: for co-operation between Hindu and Moslem progressives would do a very great deal to further the movement for self-government. Moreover, the educational system fathered by Macaulay, which consists in instilling into the immature minds of the Indians British ideas of liberty and British parliamentary and economic principles that do not apply in India, also their social, administrative and military inferiority of status, will

steadily increase the number of malcontents. Reforms in these directions and in education—so far as these are acceptable and practicable from the British standpoint—will no doubt act as a useful brake, as will the abysmal ignorance in which the bulk of the population still lives. Unlike the sudden evolution of the Young Turks and of the Chinese revolutionaries, whose inexperience in the use of power led to chaos and disaster, in India, happily, the world's first colonial Power holds the reins of government firmly in its hands and is, strangely enough, directing the gradual development of this empire of three hundred millions along lines which may lead to India's separation from the Mother country, unless, from motives of self-preservation, Great Britain forcibly opposes the ultimate consequence of this evolutionary development.

CHAPTER VI

I

IN the spring of 1913 I came to London for the second time. Shortly before his death, Count Aehrenthal decided to appoint me Commercial Counsellor to the Austro-Hungarian Legation to give me experience in the spheres of trade and finance.

The world-wide field of British politics fascinated me no less than the personality of certain British statesmen, more especially, Sir Edward Grey. I was attracted by the great traditions of the British Parliament, of the famous universities in whose happy environment the flower of British youth was trained and schooled for future service. I delighted in the diversity of cultural life, in the breath of the great world that always blows in London, and in the fine museums. I loved the smart shops and well-dressed people in the streets, the brilliant pageantry of the London season.

A special attraction for me was the Covent Garden Season, which then enjoyed the patronage of the Marchioness of Ripon and which, ever since King Edward had become a frequent opera-goer, had formed a rendezvous of art-loving and fashionable society. Chaliapin, the great actor-singer, Pavlova, Karsavina and Nijinski—they and their art are enshrined for ever in my memory. England's wealth of beautiful

women was brought home to me at the Versailles Fête Ball, held in the Albert Hall shortly after my arrival in London. There Louis XVI, in the person of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and Queen Marie Antoinette (Lady Dudley), held their court and received the other countries, each stately entrance evoking a burst of applause. The famous beauties of the day, Viscountess Curzon, Mrs. John Astor and Lady Diana Manners were, respectively, Mesdames de Montespan, de Maintenon and Louise de la Vallière.

My being attached to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy proved the best possible introduction to the brilliant London society of that time.

Count Mensdorff was a kind and charming chief. His cultured talk, great historical knowledge and rich store of memories were a constant stimulus, and he was extraordinarily popular. He was not a man of great energy and determination—his talent lay rather in the sphere of mediation and found effective scope in many important conferences. Possibly, the net of his social contacts might have been cast more widely; on the other hand, his intimacy with the Royal Family, his close friendship with many leading statesmen and men and women prominent in London society, enabled him to do extremely useful work and obtain most valuable information for his country. The Austro-Hungarian Embassy was voted the most brilliant of all and Count Mensdorff's dinners were famous. One I remember particularly well. It was given in honour of the heir to the Austrian throne and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, who came to London in November, 1913, and were most kindly received by the King and Queen. The visit had been

sponsored and arranged by the Duke and Duchess of Portland. The Archduke, who was devotedly fond of his wife, was especially delighted to see her treated by the British court as an archduchess. Neither in Austria nor at other courts was this done.

II

The brilliance of social life in London contrasted strongly with the dark and confused situation in home politics. The rejection of the Franchise Bill resulted in repeated demonstrations by the Suffragettes, who conducted their campaign of Votes for Women by arson and other violent methods. Many London museums and picture galleries had to be closed as a precaution against these Amazons.

Far graver still was the parliamentary situation, when the Irish Home Rule Bill, after passing the Commons, was thrown out by the House of Lords. Under the strong leadership of Sir Edward Carson the Ulstermen had won strong support. In April, 1914, a big demonstration in favour of Ulster took place in Hyde Park. I suggested to Count Mensdorff that I should visit Ireland in search of first-hand information on the question. I went, and in Dublin saw the dark side of Britain's wealth and prosperity: appalling slums and, in close juxtaposition, beautiful open country, mountains and a wealth of tree and sky.

I found Ulster in a state of feverish ferment. The Orangemen were passionately rejecting Home Rule for all Ireland, both as patriotic Unionists, and because they did not wish to be reduced to a minority and feared lest Home Rule meant Rome rule coupled

with crushing taxation. Ulster's grim determination to offer armed resistance was brought home to me in Belfast, where I saw Protestant clergy in full canonicals bless the colours of the volunteers, to the accompaniment of prayers and hymns. Many thousands of these volunteers (there were 104,000 in all Ulster), marched by with a detachment of nurses, while Carson, his face hewn out of carved granite, looked the very symbol of unbending resolve, as he towered above the crowd and spoke of their determination to stop at nothing rather than be forced out of the Union. The extraordinary character which marked this whole crisis was especially emphasised on this occasion by the loud cheers for the King, against whose government the men of Ulster were arming.

I concluded my report on the Irish question, which my tour did much to elucidate but the outcome of which I could not foreshadow, with a paragraph, which might have applied to many subsequent occasions: "The probable issue of the Home Rule conflict," I wrote, "does not fall within the limits of this report. *Punch* has a caricature which admirably hits off the present situation—the ship of state, hoisting signals of distress, is shown foundering in a sea of 'suggestions.'"

The return journey took me across the wind-swept Scottish Highlands, with their marvellous colours, their often tragic moods, the lonely flocks of sheep, to the coal pits and factories, sources of British power.

My trip to Ireland had arisen from a wish to investigate more closely the latest developments in the Irish problem, of the history of which I had already made a study. But, coming as it did only a few months

before the outbreak of war it provided ill-disposed or foolish people with an occasion afterwards for casting suspicion upon my activities there. On October 12th, 1921, I wrote to a friend as follows: "I am sending you here the original of the report on Ireland written by me which was submitted by Count Mensdorff to the Foreign Office in Vienna. When I returned to England in August, 1920, I brought this original back in case I should want to look up anything in it.

"You will notice that the report is dated April 24th, 1914. It is therefore a perfectly ridiculous idea that I should have already known in April that the great war was coming, considering that it was caused by the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand on June 28th. It is not very likely either that I should have telegraphed to Kuehlmann in April from Ireland: Es kann losgehen. (Now it can begin.) This is another instance which proves that many ridiculous and harmful rumours can be dispersed if the matter is taken up at the root.

"Having always been a great friend of Great Britain, I resent the injustice done to me and I hope that you will do your best to clear up the 'mystery.'"

The next day I received the following note: "Very many thanks for showing me your report, which makes it quite clear that the stories about your connection with the outbreak of war are ridiculous."

Despite much happiness and an eager enjoyment of life in England in 1914, I also knew hours of sadness and of political anxiety. During my years of apprenticeship in diplomatic posts life to me was a pageant, a cavalcade of gay and amusing events. But, as the years passed, the serious side of life

cast shadows now and then across my path. I would grow homesick in my different posts, then throw off the feeling. Yet the frequent changes of scene, the parting with friends, have their painful aspects. And what of the many whom Death has claimed in these years? Every country saw the rise and fall of those men who determine the course of history. There were the conflicts of views and forces in each country, international suspicion and envy, the fear of attack and encirclement operating behind a deceptive mirror of peace, the sharply divergent interests concealed with difficulty within the "concert of Powers," the artificial and precarious balance of power in Europe, the weight of international alliances so ill-distributed that, when they began to slide, they buried the world, like an avalanche, beneath them. Into this heavily charged atmosphere the murder at Serajevo fell like a thunderbolt. A disastrous rivalry in mobilization fanned the flames and precipitated a world war, in which perished millions of the best and bravest in each country.

III

At 11 o'clock in the morning of June 28, the heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne and his wife were assassinated at Serajevo. The news, which reached London late that afternoon, profoundly shocked us. We felt that this was a blow to the monarchy which might have incalculable results. Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador, unhappily proved right when he called this assassination the "match that might set all Europe ablaze." From Vienna came

word that everyone there was saying: "We cannot let this pass. It means war." It is, however, a fact that the responsible statesmen of Austria-Hungary did not at first believe war to be inevitable.

At the same time, something had obviously to be done lest the Balkan peoples, especially the Southern Slavs of Austria-Hungary, should think that the monarchy lacked the will and the power to demand redress for so detestable a crime and to defend its own. Investigations in Serajevo established that the assassins had come from Belgrade and had laid their plot with the co-operation of Serb officers and civil authorities. Nor did the Serbian government take steps to arrest the assassins' accomplices in Belgrade. On the contrary, the news of the murder was greeted there by the savage rejoicings of a race-mad people.

It was some time before the government could decide upon the action to be taken. Serbia had broken the promises solemnly made in 1909. To extract further promises would have been futile. It was accordingly decided to put forward claims whose fulfilment would put an end once for all to Serbia's incessant intrigue and agitation, but even in the event of war, would leave intact her territorial sovereignty and integrity. It was the view of the Foreign Office in Vienna that Serbia would accept the demands made of her, for that reason no mobilization orders were at first issued. The leading statesmen of the monarchy thought that as in 1903, after the assassination of King Alexander, the conservative and dynastic interests of Europe, even in Russia, would keep the upper hand. Even Count Tisza, the great Hungarian statesman, believed that provided Sérbian integrity

and sovereignty were left intact (and he made his assent to Austrian action against Serbia subject to that condition) Russia, in the event of armed conflict between Austria-Hungary and Serbia, would content herself with a kind of mock war, which could speedily be terminated by a settlement satisfactory to both sides.

Until the Austrian note was handed to Serbia, on July 23, an extraordinary calm pervaded Europe, the calm that so often precedes a storm. On that day Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons actually spoke of cuts in the naval estimates. Our Ambassador had up till then been instructed only to use his influence with the British press to secure as pro-Austrian sympathies as possible. On July 15, the editor of the *Westminster Gazette,* Mr. J. A. Spender, wrote to me: "I am greatly obliged to you for providing me with so much useful material. . . . I am on the watch, and you may rely upon me to do my utmost to deal fairly with the situation." A report by Count Mensdorff on July 17, said: "In the course of yesterday's talk with Sir Edward Grey, I broached, in connection with Serajevo, the question of our relations with Serbia. . . . Sir Edward did not pursue the matter." On July 14 the German Ambassador, Prince Lichnowsky, sent a message to the Berlin Foreign Office, which included the following remark: "Rather is it to be assumed that directly Austria adopts violent measures, the sympathies of people here will instantly and decidedly turn in favour of the Serbs, and that the assassination of the Archduke, who on account of his clerical leanings is already not very popular in this country, will be regarded as a

mere pretext to injure an inconvenient neighbour. British sympathies, especially those of the Liberal Party, have in Europe mostly favoured the principle of nationality ; in the struggle of the Italians against Austrian, Papal or Bourbon domination, British sympathies went with the Italians, just as in various Balkan crises they have usually gone with the Slavs. Both during the annexation crisis and last winter when the various problems became acute, British public opinion was inclined to take sides with Serbia and Montenegro . . ." That these sympathies were undeserved and unfair to Austria-Hungary is confirmed by the treatment meted out by the Serbs to the Croat populations and by the Czechs to the Sudeten Germans and Slovaks as soon as Jugoslavia and Czechoslovakia became independent states—treatment much worse than was accorded to the non-German nationalities in former Austria. In my opinion neither British statesmen nor British public opinion grasped the vital importance of the Southern Slav question to the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. It seems to me, therefore, necessary to explain it shortly.

IV

The idea of liberating the Christian peoples of the Balkans from Turkish rule in order to use them as a weapon against Central Europe has, along with racial kinship, at all times constituted the political basis of Russia's traditional interest in those peoples. Assurance of Russian support extended the conscious aims and increased the tenacity of Serbian national policy, which was incompatible with the vital

principles of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, and therefore war was sooner or later unavoidable. Whereas at first Serbia only strove to incorporate all the Serbs in the Balkans, her ambition stretched later beyond the Austrian borders. Her appetite was in the beginning limited to her co-religionists within the Austro-Hungarian monarchy; afterwards the goal was pushed further and Serbia sought to rope in the Catholic Croats and Slovenes, an ambitious programme that was finally realized through the victory of the Allies in the War. Realization of the Serb national conception was hampered by friendly relations with the neighbouring monarchy. There were two possible ways of solving the Southern Slav problem. One consisted in the union of all Southern Slavs within a kingdom of their own, which should form a third partner on equal terms with Austria and Hungary. This was the pan-Croat western and federative system, known as trialism. The other idea, a pan-Serb centralist and eastern idea, was to incorporate all Southern Slavs within a larger Serbia. The first plan accorded with the desires of the Southern Slav Catholics, whose hopes were fixed upon the heir to the throne, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand. He was known to approve the plan and it was thought likely that, as soon as he succeeded, he would overcome the opposition to this scheme of the Austrian and Hungarian governments who were averse to ceding provinces and territories from their respective realms for the sake of Slav unification.

It is highly probable that the assassins of the heir to the throne, who received their arms and their ideas from Belgrade, intended to put an end at the same

THE AUTHOR'S SISTER

With her daughter, Rosemarie (now Mrs. Berkeley Villiers)

Dr. Erich Salomon

GROUP OF BANKERS

In centre of front row : Sir Josiah Stamp, Baron Franckenstein, Mr. Montague Norman, Dr. Neumayer

time to a scheme which would have knocked the bottom out of the pan-Serb movement. The first step towards this unification of Southern Slavs had been taken when Count Aehrenthal annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina. His long illness and premature death prevented him from completing what he had begun. Because the Austro-Hungarian Government wished once for all to remove the intolerable threat to the monarchy, it drafted its Note to Serbia in terms which Sir Edward Grey, when shewn it by Count Mensdorff on July 23, described as "the most formidable document ever addressed by one state to another." The Note by which, on July 25, the Serb Government replied to the Austrian ultimatum of the 23rd was cleverly drafted so as to make it appear that Serbia accepted almost all of the ten demands made. But, as explained by the Austro-Hungarian Government in its comments on the Serb reply circulated to its embassies on July 27, not one of the six political demands contained in the ten points was in fact accepted, with the result that the diplomatic action taken by Austria would have been totally unsuccessful and the intolerable state of affairs which had hitherto prevailed would have continued indefinitely.

V

During the tragically dramatic week that followed it was Count Mensdorff's duty to convince the British Foreign Secretary that the settlement of matters between Austria-Hungary and Serbia was an affair concerning those two countries alone, and to pacify the British Government by a declaration that we

sought no territorial aggrandizement. The British Secretary of State, who was moving heaven and earth to keep the peace, declared that as long as the dispute was confined to Austria-Hungary and Serbia Great Britain had no cause to interfere. He was only concerned with a possible Russian intervention which might lead to incalculable results involving all Europe in disaster. While Austria-Hungary expressed a hope that Sir Edward Grey would bring pressure to bear upon St. Petersburg not to encourage Serbia, Sir Edward recommended a direct exchange of views between Vienna and St. Petersburg. Russia, he argued, must be convinced that our complaints were well founded and our demands such as a country like Serbia could fulfil.

But the Austro-Hungarian Government refused to admit Russia as the lawful protector of Serbia. Against Sir Edward Grey's argument that Russian prestige in the Balkans must suffer no injury, we replied that Austria-Hungary's vital interests must take precedence of questions of prestige. This contradiction of views and interests, which led to the conflict with Russia and hence to the World War, is vividly illustrated in a telegram in which Count Szapary, Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in St. Petersburg, reported a conversation held with the Russian Foreign Minister. " I told M. Sazonow that although Count Berchtold had refused, after all that had happened, even to discuss the texts of the Notes and the dispute between Austria-Hungary and Serbia, I suggested a much broader basis for an exchange of views by a statement that we desired to injure no Russian interests, had no intention of appropriating

Serbian territory or infringing Serbian sovereignty. M. Sazonow replied that acceptance of our terms would reduce Serbia to vassalage, that this would upset the balance of power in the Balkans, which latter was a Russian interest. I answered that the relations between Serbia and Austria-Hungary were not a Russian, but a Serb interest, to which he replied that in this case Serbian interests and Russian interests were identical. I was then compelled to escape from this vicious circle by changing the subject."

On July 26, Count Mensdorff was instructed by telegram to make the following declaration to the British Foreign Office:

"Serbia having rejected our demands, we have broken off diplomatic relations with that country. The highly developed sense of justice of the people of Great Britain cannot condemn us if we decide to defend by the sword what is our own, and at last settle accounts with a country whose hostile policy has for years compelled us to the most expensive measures."

On July 28 the Emperor Francis Joseph, at Count Berchtold's proposal, wrote as follows:

"I approve the enclosed draft of a telegram to the Serbian Foreign Ministry, containing a declaration of war against Serbia and I hereby furnish you with the requisite powers. Bad Ischl, July 28th, Francis Joseph."

On July 28, Count Berchtold informed our Embassy

that he had told the British Ambassador that when Sir Edward spoke of the possibility of avoiding hostilities the suggestion came too late, for Serbian soldiers had yesterday fired at our frontier troops and we had to-day declared war on Serbia. Sir Edward Grey must bear in mind that peace would not be preserved by Great Powers standing behind Serbia and pleading for her acquittal. Grey's proposal to invite Germany, Italy and France to explore with him possible methods of settling the differences between Austria-Hungary and Serbia as quickly as possible was refused by Count Berchtold, who pointed out that the British Secretary of State was apparently insufficiently informed as to the grave importance to the monarchy of the questions at issue.

On July 29, Count Mensdorff telegraphed to Vienna as follows :

" Grey says situation much graver ; he is to-day extremely anxious. I said it was absurd to believe that Russian influence in the Balkans would be excluded, should Belgrade cease to be the pivot of Russian Balkan policy. The attempt to antagonize all our small neighbour states and the whole campaign of agitation against us threatened our position as a Great Power and thus the balance of power in Europe."

On July 30, Mensdorff telegraphed to Vienna :

" Grey has told me that Sazonow is determined not to play the part of Iswolsky in 1909. Grey's view of the situation is very pessimistic and he believes we are steering towards a general war. When I said

that we counted upon him to soothe St. Petersburg, he replied that two alternatives were recommended to him : (1) to range himself unconditionally on the side of Russia and France, whereby war might be averted (I interspersed the remark that this would probably achieve the contrary result) ; (2) to declare that Britain would on no account take part in a French and Russian war, which choice would also, he assured me, not avert war.

I gathered that in his view some kind of declaration on our part that, after occupying Belgrade and part of Serbia as a pledge of Serbia's fulfilment of our demands (perhaps with a guaranteee by the Powers that Serbian promises would be kept) appeared to him the only possible way of avoiding a general conflict." But Russian mobilization against Austria and Germany was already in full swing. Disaster was no longer avoidable.

VI

The mobilizations that followed one after the other were simply the result of the fears of encirclement haunting both groups of Powers in Europe. This belief of mine is confirmed by what Lord Grey said in the House of Lords on July 24, 1924 : " In 1914 Europe had arrived at a point in which every country except Germany was afraid of the present, and Germany was afraid of the future."

I remember being sent by Count Mensdorff, on July 30, early in the morning, with a message to the German Ambassador, Prince Lichnowsky, whom I found seated at his desk in pyjamas, sunk in utter

despair. As the result of our conversation, my chief telegraphed to Vienna :

" My German colleague is very upset and alarmed and sees a last hope of averting world war only if the Austro-Hungarian Government accepts the suggestion of negotiating with St. Petersburg through Berlin."

On July 30, we received the following telegram : " As the Russian Government has ordered mobilization along our frontier, we have been compelled to take military measures in Galicia."

The same day Count Mensdorff telegraphed :

" German Ambassador has talked to-day with Sir Edward Grey. Secretary of State again insisted that, if general conflagration was to be avoided, we must make such an offer to St. Petersburg ' that whoever does not accept it must be plainly in the wrong.' Then he could intervene in St. Petersburg and Paris as well as influence public opinion in his country, which has no ill-feeling against Germany. The above statement is very significant, and quite in keeping with Sir Edward Grey's character. I am sure that he, too, in the last resort, would utilize every chance given him. Sir Edward is said to have very little hope left, and the German Ambassador is wholly despondent. At the Foreign Office the situation is viewed as almost hopeless, especially since Reuter's news of German mobilization. News from Prince Lichnowsky this morning that direct conversations are again proceeding between Vienna and Petersburg have given Sir Edward Grey some renewed hope."

On July 31 Prince Lichnowsky showed the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador a telegram received from the German Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg:

"On the 29th the Czar requested His Majesty by telegraph to mediate between Russia and Austria. His Majesty immediately declared himself willing to do so, informed the Czar by telegraph, and at once made a move at Vienna. Without awaiting the result, Russia mobilized against Austria. His Majesty thereupon called the attention of the Czar by telegraph to the fact that he was thereby making the mediation action almost illusory, and requested the Czar to suspend the military preparations against Austria. This has not been done. In spite of that fact, we have been continuing our attempts at mediation in Vienna, and we have even gone, in the extreme urgency of our proposal, to the utmost limit of what we could venture towards a Sovereign State which is our ally. Our proposals at Vienna were quite along the lines of the English proposals, which we recommended to the earnest consideration of Vienna. They were under discussion in Vienna this morning. During the discussion, and even before it had been brought to an end, Count Pourtalès reported officially the mobilization of the Russian army and navy. This action on the part of Russia cuts off Austria's pending reply to our mediation proposal. It is directed also against us, thus against the Power from which the Czar had personally requested mediation. This action, which we cannot regard otherwise than as hostile, we had to reply to with serious countermeasures, unless we wanted absolutely to sacrifice

the safety of our Fatherland. We cannot stand idly by as spectators and watch Russian mobilization at our borders. We have told Russia that we shall have to mobilize, unless within twelve hours the military preparations against Austria-Hungary and ourselves be suspended. This would mean war. We have asked France whether she would remain neutral in a German-Russian war. Please use every means to ensure this course of events being duly recognized in the English Press."

On August 1, Germany declared war on Russia. As Russia's ally France, too, was now engaged. The question that passionately stirred the members of the Austro-Hungarian Embassy in London was what Great Britain would do. We knew that the Government was divided by deep and apparently irreconcilable differences of opinion. So was the House of Commons. On July 31, after Grey's efforts to keep the peace had failed, he was authorized by the Cabinet to ask France and Germany simultaneously whether, in the event of war, they would respect the neutrality of Belgium. On the morning of August 2, Grey, with the approval of the Cabinet, made this statement to the French Ambassador: "I am authorized to give an assurance that if the German Fleet comes up the Channel or through the North Sea to undertake hostile operations against French coasts or shipping, the British Fleet will give all the protection in its power."

In the course of August 3 and 4 the violation of Belgian territory and the appeal for the help of Britain as one of the guarantors of its independence, swept

away hesitation in the country and in the Cabinet to join in the war already raging in Europe. On Monday, August 3, the House met. The Cabinet sanctioned mobilization and all its members, save a few, agreed that Great Britain had no option but to defend Belgium by arms. That same morning it was learned that Belgium had refused the German ultimatum, and that King George had received a last appeal from King Albert.

That same Monday afternoon Sir Edward Grey made his great speech in Parliament. With much difficulty I managed through a friend to get admission. " We worked for peace up to the last moment, and beyond the last moment," said Sir Edward Grey. He made it clear to the House that its liberty of decision was not hampered by any engagements entered into previously without its knowledge. He spoke of the Entente, the military conversations, the pledge to France given the day before to hold the Channel. He explained that Great Britain was not committed to France technically : as to whether she was committed morally every man should look into his own heart, his own feelings, and construe the extent of the obligation for himself. Then he turned to Belgium. He cited the commitments of 1839 and 1870, and added : " If Belgium's independence goes, the independence of Holland will follow. I ask the House, from the point of view of British interests, to consider what is at stake. If France is beaten in the struggle of life and death, beaten to her knees, becomes subordinate to the will and power of one greater than herself . . . I do not believe, for a moment, that at the end of this war, even if we stood

aside and remained aside, we should be in a position, a material position, to use our force decisively to undo what had happened in the course of the war, to prevent the whole of Western Europe opposite to us—if that had been the result of the war—falling under the domination of a single power, and I am quite sure that our moral position would be such as to have lost us all respect."

During this part of the speech it became apparent for the first time that the whole House approved. Grey was briefly followed by Bonar Law and John Redmond, pledging the Conservatives and the Irish to the war, and by Ramsay MacDonald stating with great courage the position of the dissentients.

On August 4 Grey telegraphed the British ultimatum to Berlin, protesting against the violation of Belgian territory, and requiring a satisfactory reply by midnight.

With deep emotion we awaited the fatal hour.

On August 12 Great Britain declared war on Austria-Hungary.

VII

Although I was firmly convinced of the justice of our struggle to preserve our existence against Serbian and Russian threats, and my loyalty to my country was unquestioning, it was to me a terrible thing that we should be involved in war with a country for which I felt such strong sympathies.

The outbreak of war came as a heavy blow to me and my colleagues, although in the early days many

people, both in Austria and in England, hoped and believed that, thanks to geography, the British declaration of war against Austria was more or less formal, and would not lead to serious hostilities between the two countries.

Many friends of Count Mensdorff, among them Lord Rosebery, Lord Crewe and Lord Granard, came to the Embassy to say good-bye. The Ambassador several times saw Sir Edward Grey and Lord Haldane. He was also received kindly, but unofficially, by King George and Queen Mary, and by Queen Alexandra. Journalists came often to discuss events with us at the Embassy. More than once I was so upset that I had to turn away to hide my feelings. The friendly attitude of the British people, despite the declaration of war, was illustrated by the message—" Good journey, speedy return "—wirelessed to us by a British man-of-war as she passed the liner that bore the staff of the Embassy and many Austrian subjects home via Gibraltar. On August 18—the birthday of the Emperor Francis Joseph—the captain of our ship rose at dinner and proposed the health of our monarch.

At the same hour German troops, deeply convinced that they were defending their Fatherland against encirclement, were overrunning Belgium and Northern France. The contrast was indeed tragic between the calm, blue sea about us, the cloudless sky overhead, and the human flood that was breaking over the Continent.

CHAPTER VII

I

"IT was my most heartfelt wish"—so began the manifesto addressed to his people by the King-Emperor on July 28, 1914—"to dedicate my remaining years to works of peace, and to preserving my people from the heavy burdens and sacrifices of war.

"But Providence has decreed otherwise.

"The machinations of a vindictive foe compel me, after long years of peace, to grasp the sword in order to preserve the honour of my monarchy, to defend its power and prestige, and secure its existence."

The manifesto ended with these moving words:

"In this solemn hour I am fully aware of the grave consequences of my decision, and of my responsibility before the Almighty.

"I have examined and weighed all.

"With a clear conscience I enter upon the course my duty prescribes for me.

"I trust in my peoples, who in times of stress have ever rallied in united loyalty around my throne, and who have always been ready to sacrifice their all for the honour, greatness and might of the Fatherland.

"I trust in the brave and devoted patriotism of the Austro-Hungarian army.

"And I trust in Almighty God, that He will confer victory upon my arms.

"(*Signed*) FRANZ JOSEPH."

Here follow extracts from two letters I wrote to my sister a few days later:

July 31st, 1914.

"DEAR POLDY,

It seems that war can no longer be averted. We are fighting in a just cause, for our existence and our honour, against Russian intrigues and Russian lust for domination. We shall take up arms with glad confidence. May God lead us to victory . . . England has committed a grave wrong in not exerting herself to restrain France and Russia, and in encouraging the Russians by declaring herself at once on their side (she could have done this later) . . ."

August 2nd, 1914.

"DEAR POLDY,

When this letter will reach you there is no saying. I hope you received my wire telling you that I remain here for as long as there is an Embassy. I had made up my mind to leave last night with the Dubskys, but, as I may be able to exercise some slight influence on events here, I have decided after all to stay. The great question is whether the British will keep out—two Cabinet meetings to-day about it. If Germany invades Belgium they come in. I hear on good authority that Berlin is confident in the success of a swift attack—with their great superiority in heavy guns. Any attack by the British Navy will be met

by mining the entries to the North Sea (where the whole Fleet is)—Berlin confident on this score, too—should Britain attack *at all.* We Austrians, I believe, shall employ all our strength against Russia, and act at first only defensively against Serbia. The treachery of the Italians has probably not surprised our General Staff . . . If we win, as pray God we may, what an heroic achievement; if we lose, we shall have done our duty in resisting Russian domination and designs which threaten our existence. I hear, too, that the French are no longer superior in the air . . .

I am violently opposed to any defeatism or criticism of our past policy, on the grounds that it has led to grim consequences. Our problem is to fight Russian domination, and it was one day inevitable.

Am living at the Embassy. Here, too, are all the symptoms of war (general uncertainty, refusal to accept paper money, etc.). But, of course, none of the great drama of troop movements, mobilization, general enthusiasm, as with you. It is dreadful to think of the anxiety of hundreds of millions for their dear ones in the field.

Have spent nearly all day at the Embassy. England's decision appears to hang upon a thread (various currents of opinion). Whatever happens, there is no need for despair—God help and protect us all."

August 21st, 1914.
(*On the High Seas*).

It was a strange feeling as we passed so comparatively near the scene of war, across the perfect calm of the ocean and now through the Mediterranean

with its exquisite harmony of colours. It is impossible not to contrast this harmony of eternal nature with this dreadful world war and its burden of suffering.

II

After our train had crossed the Austrian frontier, I was more deeply moved than I could have believed possible at the sight of my beautiful homeland, the fields, the mountains, the forests and streams, the old peasants and the children at play—the young men had already been called up.

Public opinion in Austria-Hungary demanded atonement for the murder of the heir to the throne. The declaration of war evoked great popular enthusiasm. The troops marched off crowned with wreaths, just as I had seen them march in Russia on the outbreak of the war with Japan. I was anxious to rejoin my old cavalry regiment, but was claimed by the Foreign Ministry. I wrote to my sister as follows : " My work (attached to the Minister and the Cabinet) will consist of conversations here and in Budapest and of historical research and study with a view to ascertaining what economic claims and advantages we should or could assert at the end of the war. In this way I may hope to take a share later in the conclusion of peace."

After four months, however, I was appointed to the German Administration in Belgium with duties corresponding more or less to those of a Minister.

The Governor-General, Baron von Bissing, stands out in my mind as an overwhelmingly impressive personality. With his royal bearing and his

tremendous energy, he was, as a general, a passionate imperialist, but, so far as war-time conditions allowed, full of paternal regard for the country entrusted to his care. I can never forget the picture of him in his cuirassier's helmet leaning upon his heavy sword. He was a fine speaker and had a profound understanding of social and economic questions. His friendship for me is among my most treasured memories.

III

In order to give some idea of my work and of the situation in Belgium, as seen from our point of view, I reproduce extracts from my reports to Baron Burian, our Foreign Minister :

From Report of June 24, 1915. (On feeling in the occupied territory).

On the centenary of the Battle of Waterloo Baron Bissing, from the square in front of the Royal Palace, made a speech to the assembled officers and civil staff of the Administration, which culminated in these words : " But for the War, England and France would no doubt be celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Belle-Alliance at a friendly gathering from which Germany would have been excluded, although it was Prussian troops under Blücher that decided the victorious issue of the battle. As things are, however, we are celebrating the occasion alone in the Belgian capital, which we hold securely in our hands."

That the German occupying authorities hold Belgium securely in their hands is plain to any unprejudiced

observer, but the Belgians themselves will not believe it. True, they are concerned at the standstill in trade and industry. The permission recently given for the return to their homes of Belgians no longer fit for military service (mostly cripples) has had depressing effect, while the lack of success of the allied French and British is beginning to sow discouragement. A certain number put their business interests before their patriotism and, provided business prospers, are resigned to the German occupation (German social legislation appeals to a section of the workers) ; but the overwhelming majority of Belgians, impressed, but not converted by our victories in Galicia, which they do not consider decisive, trust to the adhesion of new allies to our enemies' side and believe in a decisive break-through by the Western Powers at an early date.

Recently, the Belgian Government and those national leaders who accompanied the Government to France and are under French influence, as well as the nobility, clergy and other representatives of the educated classes, have been making especially intensive efforts (in connection apparently with the desperate French and British offensive against the German front), to encourage the moral of the population, put difficulties in the way of the German administration and social services and frustrate any rapprochement between Germans and Belgians. They seem to know of the impending arrival of new divisions from England and of French concentrations, which, it appears from arrangements here, will be countered by fresh German reinforcements.

A system of secret communications with the Belgian

Government and the Allies, nourished on patriotism and spite, enables influence to be brought to bear on Belgians who have remained in the country, arranges for the smuggling of persons across the frontier and for the spread of encouraging, often fantastically untrue news. Despite the suspension of the telegraph and telephone services and the censorship of letters, such reports circulate with the mysterious rapidity of rumour in Afghanistan and India.

The hopes of the inhabitants, which the smallest spark fans into a flame, were recently raised by an attack of two enemy aircraft upon the Brussels balloon sheds, destroying a Zeppelin and killing several German soldiers. A gleeful crowd sang the Marseillaise and exulted when the Germans committed the mistake—in the Belgian view—of suppressing all news of the attack. They are afraid, so it is said, to admit their losses, and this is taken as proof that all the German communiqués are false. As regards the contact between Belgians here and in France, it is significant that the former knew of this aerial attack in advance . . .

The hatred for the Germans felt in the upper classes was vividly illustrated the other day when a German officer, Count Metternich, was insulted in the streets by a girl of sixteen, the Comtesse Jonghe d'Arday, and her grandmother. As both of them repeated their insults in court and laughed as the officers took the oath, they were sentenced to three months' imprisonment at Aachen. The contribution of the clergy towards encouraging the hopes of the population, I have already reported. They are particularly busy at work just now. A preacher has exhorted his

congregation in these words: "Be patient a little while yet. Your heroic endurance will soon be rewarded by the liberation of Belgium."

As regards the common people, it is natural, especially in the country districts, that long association has resulted in a certain rapprochement with the German soldiery. But it would go ill with such fraternizers if German rule in Belgium should be overthrown by an Allied victory. I learn from a Belgian source that black lists are kept of women who consort with Germans, and those of them who in this time of general want apply for relief, are roughly refused . . .

There are no apparent signs of pro-German sentiment among the Flemings. With the future so uncertain their leaders are cautious. Recently, the Flemish newspapers in Antwerp temporarily ceased to appear, because they were required by the Germans to publish an unduly German interpretation of the official Wolff bulletins. On the other hand, the Flemings are diligently pursuing their national aims and are quite ready to exploit for their own ends the goodwill shown by the occupying authorities towards their cause.

The German Administration does much good by the establishment of welfare services for children, consumptives and the unemployed. The local Red Cross refused to co-operate in this field, partly for party reasons and also in order not to aid German influence over the people, so the Committee has been relieved of its functions and Red Cross work placed under the control of a representative of the Governor-General. The sending of parcels to Belgian prisoners has also been put under German control, for it was found—and this is typical of local dishonesty and

greed even in high circles—that the Committees have intercepted many parcels and led the people to believe that they were stolen by the Germans. . . .

As long as the inhabitants of occupied Belgium retain their faith in a speedy victory of our enemies, we cannot expect to make any substantial progress towards the moral conquest of Belgium though German efficiency, economic promises and advantages and enhanced German prestige. Even if further German victories should shatter their hopes, the task of reconciling the Belgians to their lot will still be greatly hampered by the fundamental difference between the North Germans and the local population and by the unsympathetic stiffness and the tactlessness of many German officers and civilians. Prussian methods and the mechanical adaptation of German institutions to Belgian life and individuality can hardly succeed in the long run with so extremely independent and democratic a people. Success will demand the granting of a very wide measure of liberty and self-government subject to the necessary safeguarding of German interests.

From Report of July 9th, 1915. (Less creditable aspects of the German Administration in Belgium.)

I regret having to record certain disagreeable features of the otherwise efficient and impressive administration of Belgium by the Germans.

It is no secret in official circles here that, beneath the shadow of the victorious wings of the double and single eagles and as the result of the long continuance of the war, personal ambitions and the rivalry for orders, influence and personal advantage among some

of the heads of the administration threaten to destroy the fruits of others' unselfish devotion to a great task.

Of the centre and backbone of the whole administrative structure—the Governor-General—I have already written. His strong will, his integrity, his wide foresight and lofty sense of duty are recognized assets, whose value is increased by his personal dignity. The weak point in his armour appears to be a certain susceptibility to flattery. The subordinate departments are divided into a political service, a civil branch and a banking section.

The head of the banking department is Herr von Lumm, hitherto one of the directors of the Reichsbank, a man of a very cynical turn of mind and an exceptional gift for telling salacious stories. His skill in making complicated banking questions intelligible to the layman caused him to be chosen at one time as financial instructor to the German Crown Prince, and this post has strengthened Herr von Lumm's standing with Baron Bissing, whom he manages very cleverly. In his own department, however, as I have often heard, his attitude has become more and more overbearing and bureaucratic, while his dislike of ability among his staff, such as might endanger his own position, led at last to grave tension. This exploded recently in a scene, at which his deputy, Dr. Schacht, manager of the Dresdner Bank in Berlin, told him to his face that he had lost all trust in Herr von Lumm's character, to which the latter replied by accusing Dr. Schacht of having abused his present post in order to profit his own bank. Angry at what he felt to be a wholly unsupported charge against his closest colleague, Dr. Somary, the most resourceful brain in the department

and in charge, among other duties, of the note-bank, has resigned, with the result that the German Administration in Belgium has suddenly lost its two ablest men. In addition to my own loss—for both men were sources of valuable information and most helpful to me in my work, their sudden departure will create an unfortunate impression in the Belgian financial world and on the educated public, which will react unfavourably upon the administrative discipline.

Many German financial and business men, now employed for the first time on government work, have formed the opinion that the civilian staff, as a whole, is not of the same quality as the Corps of Officers, that the great task here to be done has not brought to light any outstanding ability and that there is an excess of bureaucratic red-tape. Possibly their criticism will lead to certain bureaucratic reforms after the war.

One is glad, after this glimpse of human weaknesses, to rest the eye once more upon the apex of the administrative pyramid in Belgium. The great and truly German qualities which distinguish Baron Bissing and which are doubtless to be found in many of his staff, guarantee that, in spite of certain shortcomings among his colleagues, important work will none the less be successfully achieved.

From Report of August 14th, 1915. (Belgian pictures).

Since minor events have also their place in a great epoch, I must give a short account of three crucial days, the Independence Day celebrations on July 21st, the Queen's Birthday and the anniversary of the outbreak of war on August 4th.

On the first of these days all display of flags was

forbidden. The Belgians therefore observed the day as a day of mourning. All shops were shut, the windows of houses covered and no restaurants opened, the last a piece of deliberate spite against the Germans. When recently a ban was placed upon the ostentatious wearing of patriotic emblems, nearly everyone appeared the next day wearing the ivy-leaf, with the symbolic motto : " *Je meurs où je m'attache.*" On the 21st the statues of the 1830 " Martyrs " were decorated, the new Brabançonne was sung in the churches, but there were no excesses, in Brussels or elsewhere. The demonstrations were most marked in Flemish Antwerp, where, owing to the almost total standstill of business, feeling is more hostile among the well-to-do classes, formerly pro-German. As a penalty, shops and restaurants were ordered to close early for a few days and a similar penalty was imposed upon two streets in Brussels, accompanied by a warning that anyone insulting the patrols would be shot. The Queen's birthday passed in perfect quiet. Taught by the events of July 21st, the authorities ruled that shops and restaurants should keep open as usual and that any business contravening the order should be suspended indefinitely. Curfew was imposed at nine p.m. At eight o'clock the main streets were black with people, with hardly a soldier among them, for the troops were confined to barracks. It was the more remarkable to see this crowd controlled by the invisible mailed fist and to watch them hurry homewards as the fatal hour approached, leaving the town utterly deserted, the empty streets echoing to the tramp of sentries' feet, while the Belgians were singing the Marseillaise and Brabançonne to one another from

window to window across silent alley ways. Tragedy and comedy rub shoulders on this modern war-time stage and amidst desolation and sorrow, bitterness and misery—the sad fate of this people—there are manifested on occasions a childish defiance, an irrepressible *joie de vivre* and a pleasure in outwitting the authorities.

From Report of October 6th, 1915. (Situation in Belgium).

Disappointment and the collapse of the hopes set on the co-operation of the Balkans against the Central Powers have, if possible, increased bitterness and hatred against the Germans. The publication of the court martial verdicts has contributed to the same effect. The smuggling of Belgians through the lines, for which ten people have been condemned to the severest penalties, has been on a huge scale. Someone who has seen the endless lists of such cases, assures me that by this means the shrunken Belgian army has been restored almost to its original strength. Nearly 150,000 workers have found their way to the munition factories in England. The head of this vast organization for the recruiting of the Belgian army, the smuggling of French and English spies, the feeding of them and furnishing them with German uniforms, etc., was the matron of the principal surgical clinic here, Miss Cavell, an Englishwomen, whose humanitarian work had won her widespread popularity. On news of her being sentenced to death, the American Minister, who is in charge of British interests, being himself unwell, sent his secretary, accompanied by the Spanish Minister, as doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, to petition

for her pardon. The request was refused by the head of the Political Section on the grounds that the court's decision was final. A few hours later Miss Cavell and the architect Baucq faced the firing squad. All classes of the population have been deeply stirred by the verdict.

The conflict of interests between the army and the politicians as to the expediency of shooting women was revealed in the views of the Chief of the Governor-General's staff and the Head of the Political Department, whom I had invited to a meal to learn what I could of this case. The former urged that in the interests of German lives it was necessary to show the utmost severity; too many death sentences had already been remitted. The latter feared lest news of the execution of several women might very seriously affect the more friendly feeling recently shown towards Germany in America, to which the military authorities at present attach very great importance.

It must remain an open question whether, in view of the exalted, fanatical patriotism of many Belgian women and the insubordination inherent in the Belgian character, capital sentences have the deterrent effect that is intended.

In this terrible struggle for national existence considerations of humanity necessarily go by the board. At the same time it is impossible to withhold sympathy from enemies who face death for their fatherland with the heroism of the architect Baucq and Nurse Cavell. When the last moment came, both walked up to the German officer in command of the firing party and held out their hands, saying: "*Monsieur, devant la mort nous sommes tous camarades.*" Then, with heads erect, they quietly awaited their despatch.

IV

Shortly afterwards I received a pleasant surprise. I had been invited by the army to attend the celebration of the first anniversary of the establishment of the Military Government in Belgium. Arriving at five minutes to eight on the square in front of the Senate, I found Baron Bissing addressing a parade of soldiers. Pressing closer to hear what was being said, I suddenly caught the sound of my own name, among others: "*Oberleutnant von Franckenstein.*" Only dimly realising that the gathering was for the distribution of Iron Crosses, I pushed my way through the ranks and in the darkness approached the Governor-General, who handed me the Cross, with the words: "I hope that you will accept and wear this Order in the spirit in which it is conferred."

As in a dream I returned to my place to receive the congratulations of officers and friends. Someone helped me attach the Order, and then we moved off to dinner. I was placed on Baron Bissing's right with generals all around me. The Baron was extremely affable, talking of the attitude of Bulgaria, the improbability of the return of the King of the Belgians and other topics. Later he rose and made a long and magnificently delivered speech—the speech of a really great man. He referred to Sedan and Moltke, his personal impressions of the battle, to the present war and the duties of the Administration in Belgium. Though we were not in the firing-line, he said, our task was a glorious one. The speech was greeted by loud cheers. It was deeply impressive to see this gathering of men—symbols of

Germany's might and earnest purpose—who are here to preserve and govern Germany's frontier in the West.

It is noteworthy that, through the gross carelessness of the Political Department, which, despite our personal friendliness, resents my independent position, my honoured place at the table and my Iron Cross, I very nearly missed this historic scene and this important moment in my life, when I received the Iron Cross in the darkness of the night and before the assembled troops, from the hands of a great man.

Returning home late that night I woke my servant, Franz, knowing that he would be overjoyed at my decoration. The next morning as I lay in bed and saw it adorning my uniform on a chair, I was as happy as when in childhood I sat up on Christmas morning to see the presents around my bed. But, as I looked, conscience stirred within me as I remembered how many men had risked and lost their lives for this, how many more made cripples, and how many thousands of men and women have wept for joy over it, I too would gladly have won the honour by heroism. I could comfort myself with the thought that during my tours in the trenches I had not been afraid and that, should the opportunity occur, I might well earn it. Further, thanks be to God and favoured by fortune, I had been able to do really useful work for my country, far more, indeed, than I had expected. So, thank God, I too can wear it with pride.

V

Although my reports and my studies of the political and financial situation in Belgium kept me very busy,

I found time, now and again, to record my private impressions in letters to my sister. The following extracts from notes on a journey to the front near Lille, to the fortresses of Zeebrugge and Middelkerke and through the scenes of destruction in the Meuse valley, were written at the end of July, 1915 :

A car took us to dinner with the Bavarian Crown Prince. His headquarters show traces of recent damage from an air attack. The Crown Prince himself occupies rooms in a house, situated among trees, belonging to a doctor now serving with the Belgian army. The usual comfortable, but tasteless furniture of the French *bourgeoisie*. The Crown Prince is smaller and looks older than I expected. He has a kind face with interesting eyes ; very unconventional. He asked after Cle, but none of the questions usually put by royalty. During lunch there were pauses in the talk, then, at some prompting, he spoke fluently and easily of his experiences, related anecdotes, etc. The meal consisted of cold meat followed by a sweet, with red and white wine—a simple repast in keeping with the times. Only his immediate staff ate with us. According to the Crown Prince, Bissing's régime is too mild ; he thinks it an illusion to reckon on Flemish sympathy for the Germans, and has no liking for the Belgians. His adjutant told me that the desperate attempt of the French to break through at Arras on May 9th very nearly succeeded, for the German front was held at that time by old reservists from Belgium unused to heavy bombardments. The French troops, he said, were splendid and full of dash, incomparably better

than the new British army, but not so tenacious in defence. They were easily persuaded to throw up their hands, where the British, like the Germans, would hang on like bulldogs and prefer death to surrender. This smaller resisting capacity promised well for future German attempts at a break through.

The next morning we went up to the trenches on the Armentières front. The whistle of bullets and the occasional roar of field guns was like the trenches in front of St. Quentin. As we returned, we saw many traces of burst shells, and our tour ended at a church that had been shelled to pieces. The spire stood upside down projecting from the ground, the ruins crowned by a half-smashed statue of Joan of Arc. The way back to Brussels lay through the beautiful Lille woods, peaceful and flower-strewn.

In Lille we saw bills announcing that on that day 110 territorials, who had laid hidden and were doubtless intending to smuggle their way through to join the Belgian army, had been rounded up in a big house-to-house search. In addition to the punishment of the men (it was still uncertain whether they would be shot) hostages were to be taken to the Citadelle, all but the most necessary passes refused, and an eight o'clock curfew imposed . . .

The famous motor-racing road from Blankenberge to Ostend reminded me of the far-off days of sports meetings and social festivals. The quay at Ostend evoked strange memories. I thought of my crossings to England and of how, but for the war, London was but a few hours away. How interesting it would be to meet friends there and see all that was going on.

Near Ostend we visited the Hindenburg Fort. It is mounted with huge, long-barrelled 28 cm. naval guns, which can open indirect fire upon enemy ships, their presence being telephoned to the Fort from the watch-tower. The telescopes, not long tubes pointed towards the enemy, but a single glass, fixed horizontally with two eye-pieces at the ends, which receive the view and transfer it to the centre of the field of vision, are wonderful, as are all the survey instruments. The range is determined by the distance between this watch-tower and another observation post—one side, in fact, of the triangle—and the two angles, which these two stations telephone to each other. In these circumstances one would imagine that the very first shot would register a hit. But atmospheric factors are a cause of errors and, in order to rectify these, a shot is first fired into the water. The officers' quarters are built in the sand. They are well-protected against air attack (frequent), and resemble the rooms in a comfortable shooting-box.

Middelkerke, the last stage of our journey and in which we had been advised not to set foot, was rather "unhealthy." Sandbags in front of all the cellar openings so as to protect these refuge-holes from enemy shells. Many signs of destruction; sailors ready to take cover on a warning of bombardment—the day before a shell had caused twenty-four casualties. At the western end of the town sentries stood beside a bomb-proof dug-out, with a periscope to watch the road. Here between sand-banks and repeatedly intersected by houses, begins the communication trench leading up to the front line at Westende. We walked some way along this trench, a strong sea-

wind driving the sand into our eyes in a way that must be most trying for the men. Here again we saw many shell-holes caused by bombing from the air, and the sound of gun-fire became gradually louder. Like lions in the desert, the guns claim their victims mainly at night or in the early morning. On our way back we passed an emplacement for four huge 32 cm. guns. These four guns and four similar ones sent to Germany had been manufactured by Krupp for Belgium, and had been paid for, immediately before the outbreak of war. They were the first German war booty. It takes six weeks to build these emplacements. It was a gun of this calibre which astonished the world a little while ago by bombarding Dunkirk. Further back we came upon another antediluvian monster. Cleverly concealed beneath trees was an enormous covered cylinder, pointing upwards into the sky. Here there used to stand a 42 cm. mortar, now in Poland, and what we saw was a dummy placed to deceive enemy airmen into thinking that the giant mortar was still there. . . .

The next day I strolled about Ghent, through the park with its lovely roses, the streets with pretty little houses, past the old castle overlooking the town, along the old markets with their famous guildhouses. I saw the Belfry, the delightful town hall with its beautiful Gothic ornamentation, the austerely impressive Church of St. Nicholas, and many other beauty spots. What a lovely world it still is! . . .

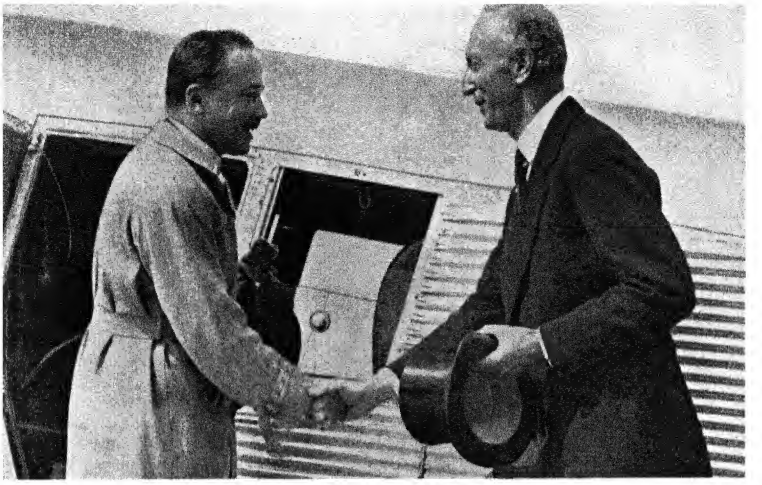
Through the Valley of the Meuse, pretty, but not nearly so beautiful as our Austrian countryside, to Dinant, a bright, cheerful residential town nestling

between the river and the wooded hill-sides. The gay colours of the houses and the pretty situation were a striking contrast to the ruin and destruction of the whole of the northern part of the country. Here in the early days was fighting between the regular armies and, later, two treacherous attacks were made upon the Germans by the local inhabitants. Naturally, a terrible vengeance, with fire and sword, was taken upon the inhabitants and their homes. Back by Namur, where our Austrian mechanized batteries won a name for themselves.

VI

At a time when an acute shortage of coal threatened the transport of Austrian troops by rail, I succeeded in persuading the German High Command, to whom I had been sent as a delegate, to furnish us with a plentiful supply of fuel. For this I received a high decoration from the Emperor Francis Joseph, at the recommendation of the Austro-Hungarian War Ministry.

In 1916, during a period of leave, I was received in audience by the Emperor Francis Joseph at Schönbrunn Palace. It was shortly before he died. The fiery, strikingly handsome Count Tisza, the great Hungarian statesman, later assassinated, had just left His Majesty when I was announced. The Emperor came towards me. His long military overcoat had the effect of dwarfing still further a figure already bent under the weight of eighty-seven years. With a gracious gesture he bade me sit beside him at his desk. Again I felt how apt was a phrase I had often



Planet News

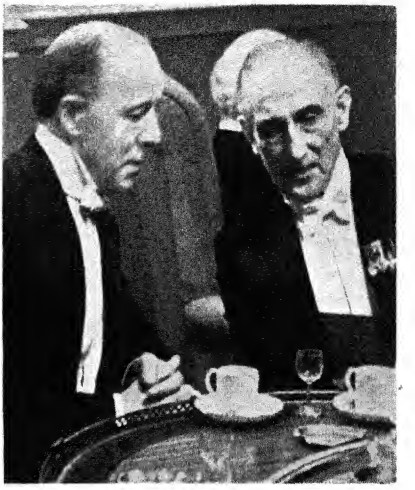
Dr. Dollfuss and the Author

Keystone

Left to right: Herr von Hornbostl (Political adviser), Baron Berger (Foreign Secretary), Dr. Schuschnigg (Chancellor), Baron George Franckenstein.

CHANCELLORS OF AUSTRIA, IN ENGLAND

Sir John Simon



Mr. Runciman and Lord Reading

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Montague Norman

Associated Press

Mr. Anthony Eden

AFTER-DINNER CONVERSATIONS AT THE AUSTRIAN LEGATION

heard applied to him, even abroad: "The first gentleman of his time."

The Emperor, in his Viennese dialect, asked me many questions about the situation on the Western Front, about conditions in Belgium and the attitude of the Belgian ecclesiastical authorities towards the German occupation. The conversation was broken by occasional pauses, and several times the Emperor passed his hand across his forehead, visibly tired: as usual he had risen at dawn, and had already transacted much work and given several audiences. It was with emotion that I beheld this fine, majestic, infinitely sad figure.

Fates as tragic as those that brooded over the House of Atreus hung over the Emperor Francis Joseph: his wife was assassinated; his brother shot in Mexico; his sister-in-law driven mad by despair; his cousin burned alive; his son cut off in his prime; his heir murdered.

Had a chorus of the Elders, as in the plays of Euripides, commented upon these events, they would have been filled with fear and gloomy foreboding. For these fates still had work to do!

After the audience, my friend Edgar Spiegl took me to call on Frau Schratt, formerly a leading actress of the Vienna Burgtheater, and a woman of simple unselfish kindliness and delightful Viennese humour, whose privilege it was to brighten the troubled gloom of the Emperor's closing years. She told me that, although he had liked me, the Emperor was amused to see how little of a soldier I looked in my cavalry uniform!

CHAPTER VIII

I

IN the middle of June, 1918, Count Burian, the Austrian-Hungarian Foreign Minister, sent me to Constantinople to take part as observer and intermediary in the peace negotiation which it was intended should settle the frontiers and relations between Turkey and the peoples of the Caucasus.

The following short survey of diplomatic and military history in the Caucasus before our arrival is intended to fill in the background of the political stage upon which I was to enact my allotted part.

At the end of 1917 the Turkish Commander-in-Chief on the Caucasus front proposed to Russia the conclusion of an armistice, and at the same time the Russian armies began to disintegrate. Trans-Caucasia had proclaimed itself an independent state in March, 1917, shortly after the outbreak of the Russian revolution. On May 20, the Turks, without issuing any ultimatum, advanced along their whole line, whereupon the Trans-Caucasian Government resigned. It now broke up into the states of Georgia, Armenia and Azerbaijan.

The Georgians offered little resistance to the Turks. Armenia was largely overrun, after heavy losses by the Armenians, and a Turkish division advanced into Tartary as far as Elisabethpol.

After their heavy sacrifices and severe territorial losses in Palestine and Mesopotamia, the Caucasus offered to the Turks prospects of easy victory, the fulfilment of their eastern policy and the occupation of rich areas. The absorption of Georgia and Armenia would open the road to their co-religionists in Azerbaijan, who were appealing to Turkey against the Bolshevists in Baku, as well as to the other Mohammedan peoples who make up a large part of the Cis-Caucasian population. But Germany threatened an ultimatum to prevent a further Turkish advance against Erivan or Baku. Turkish ill-feeling at seeing the Germans oppose Turkish policy, while systematically pursuing their own interests in the Caucasus, was natural.

My talks in Constantinople with Margrave Pallavicini, possibly the ablest and most experienced of our ambassadors, and a conversation with General von Seeckt, the German Chief of the Turkish General Staff, whose shrewd common sense and extreme elegance I found very attractive, taught me much.

The General explained his ideas very frankly and with masterly precision. It was his opinion that the enemy blockade would continue for a long time and that supplies of raw materials from the Caucasus, and especially from Turkestan, were of very great importance.

The General hoped that our Caucasus delegation would determine the local conditions of nationality and frontier. Working from Tiflis, we would have to enquire whether friendly negotiations could secure possession of the oil wells or whether military measures would be necessary, though the latter would, of course, endanger the wells.

The situation in the Caucasus had to be investigated before the Austrian Government could decide upon its course of action. Upon whom and upon what did the new Caucasus governments that were demanding our recognition, base their claim ? Could their régimes offer any guarantees of permanent stability ? Were the Armenians really being massacred ? And what were the economic conditions ? I wired therefore to Count Burian requesting that I should be sent to Tiflis.

In describing conditions in the Caucasus I shall often speak of the differences of opinion and interests between Germany and Turkey. In doing so, I shall cite unfavourable, even hostile criticisms of Turks by Germans and some of my own impressions of Turkish generals and troops who served in the Caucasus. Needleess to say, I have no intention of disparaging the Turkish people as a whole, who under their great leader were destined after the War to experience so notable a renaissance.

II

As there was little work to be done in the first days of the mission, I was free to surrender myself to the charm of Constantinople. The following are extracts from a diary I kept at the time :

" On the hills opposite Istanbul and connected with it by two bridges across the Golden Horn lie Galata (the business and banking quarter of the city) and, beyond it, Pera, the modern town with hotels, embassies and all the horrors of a new metropolis.

The crowd that swarms across the great bridge leading from Istanbul to Galata and Pera is like an ant-heap. Here are Turkish, German and Austro-Hungarian army cars, trams, carts, swaggering young Turk officers, hundreds of Turkish soldiers wearing grey-white tunics with no badges, and breeches—just like prison dress—a motley crew of miserable and grotesquely shabby deserters (desertions are wholesale and a social danger), strange-looking, bearded Turkish soldiers on donkey-carts or buffalo waggons and carrying bundles, orthodox priests in caftan and biretta, with long beards, Turkish priests with turbans (most Turks wear European dress and fez)—incredibly squalid-looking families of beggars, Turkish women of all classes, from the heavily-veiled conservative type, through every shade of veil transparency to the woman with no veil, but all wearing on their heads a very pretty and becoming kerchief of the same colour as their dress. Mixed in the crowd you see ragged porters carrying enormous weights upon wooden rucksacks, the cars of rich war-profiteers, including certain ministers responsible for the gigantic rise in prices—a process of usury and corruption, I was told by a prominent bank manager, unparalleled in history.

Out of this hurly-burly one climbs to the solitude of the heights. Here the effect is the greater for the surrounding peace. I saw one of the biggest fires that has ever ravaged Constantinople. It broke out in the evening in Istanbul, to the right across the old bridge, and next morning I saw flames at irregular intervals over the tops of houses. I hurried across, through the busy Turkish quarter, where no one seemed

to heed the fire in their vicinity and, arriving on the scene, found a confused mass of porters busy dragging carpets, furniture, even great mirrors from burning houses. A crowd of interested onlookers stood about, no attempt being made to barricade them off. In clouds of gold and red smoke or in sharp tongues the flames licked at the wooden houses and devoured them, then leapt across the narrow streets and hurled themselves, like a wave, upon fresh buildings, crackling and flashing behind the barred and broken windows of the women's apartments. The firemen were collected around small flags, some doing nothing, others using utterly inadequate pumps, working without plan or method, hopelessly ineffective. Doomed houses were pulled down. German and Austro-Hungarian soldiers must have saved whole suburbs by demolition. German soldiers, as they watched the Turks, were beside themselves at the slackness and absence of method and organization. I ran through smoke and sparks to the great mosque of Mohammed the Conqueror, standing on the hillside with burning houses all around. The two vast courtyards with their pillared cloisters presented an extraordinary picture—they were entirely filled with salvaged property (what a quantity must have been stolen!), on which sat black-clad women with their families (they remained there some days). Though pale and grief-stricken, none wept, nor did any lament in front of their burning homes—according to their oriental fatalism, it was the will of Allah.

At night fire broke out afresh. From the hotel in Pera I saw great flames shoot up, reflected in the Golden Horn. The blaze of a big stone building,

which offered stout resistance to the flames, threw a fantastic light on the crowd of soldiers and Turks on the opposite hillside. On the tops of the neighbouring houses I saw their Turkish owners pouring water over gigantic carpets laid out as protection to the wooden roofs. From the city walls near the scene of the conflagration firemen now succeeded by heroic efforts in extinguishing the blaze. Meanwhile dawn broke and, unconcerned with human woes, pink clouds drifted across the sky. Passing over ruins, amidst exhausted soldiers and firemen sleeping in all attitudes, between corpses piled in gardens and courtyards, I went home. One hundred thousand people were said to have been rendered homeless by this calamity.

III

A steamer trip across to the Princes Islands was extraordinarily beautiful. Constantinople shone fresh and bright in the morning sun. There was not a ripple on the blue waters, not a cloud in the sky. But memories stirred : of the towns in Northern France that had become a heap of bones and ruins ; memories of the devastated valley of the Somme, of the soil torn up by great shell-holes, mutilated trees, vanished villages, the endless graves ; of troops marching to their death, of agonizing wounds and of all the immeasurable sorrow in the world.

After landing on the island, a little branch railway took me in two hours to Broussa. Broussa lies on the slopes of a wide, green wooded valley and, like Tangier, might be called the White Town. But at Broussa the picture of native life is far more authentic. The

peasants all wear turbans and wide, full trousers with the broad sash ; the women's faces are covered by a white cloth with only the eyes showing. The caravans of asses and flocks of sheep lent the scene a biblical touch. Now and then a woman would pass wrapped in a cloak and seated on an ass, recalling the flight of the Virgin into Egypt. But the massacre of the infants at Bethlehem was nothing compared with the horrors and persecutions of to-day. During the war Armenians from the rich Armenian quarter in Broussa, suspected of concealing arms, were strung up on the bridges and the rest, apart from the few Mohammedans among them, driven into exile. Fleeing towards Angora, some on foot, some in carts, most perished. Their houses were then looted. The Turks accused the Greek inhabitants of this coast of supplying fuel to enemy submarines and drove them inland, settling Turks in their place. The prosperous olive industry, which the Turks do not understand, is almost entirely ruined. Greek girls of good education and of once wealthy families are said to be walking the streets of Broussa half-starved. All this I learnt from a European family long settled here.

After this sad talk I saw some of the most perfect and harmonious art works in the world—the Green Mosque (more properly called the Turquoise Mosque), the mausoleum of its founder Mohammed I, and " Les Turbés de la Mouradié."

The mausoleum is in the centre of a rose-garden with a lovely view of the white minarets and dark cypresses enclosing it. The original tiles of the exterior have been destroyed by earthquakes and replaced by crude modern blue tiles, but the interior

is in keeping with the perfect beauty of the Green Mosque. The graves of the Shoguns in Japan, on the hills above the gold temples, reached through avenues of enormous trees, are bolder and more imposing ; the tombs of the Chinese Emperors, approached along miles of striking human and animal sculptures on each side of the road that leads across the vast desert, are more gigantic. But no man lies in more harmonious surroundings than Mohammed, "*le grand Seigneur.*"

The custodian of the Green Mosque showed me some broken fragments of the wall ornamentation. I offered him a good price for them, and told him that no one need know he had sold them. His answer would never have been given me in the West : "God would know," he said, "He would punish me."

This custodian also told me how, when Mohammed Coria had found safe refuge at Medina in 620, he had wished to call the faithful to prayer with the sound of a trumpet or peal of bells. But Abd Allah had a vision : "There passed him at night a wandering spirit in the shape of a man wearing two green garments and carrying a bell. Abd Allah addressed him, saying : 'Thou servant of God, wilt thou sell me that bell, that I may summon the faithful to prayer ?' And the man answered, 'I will show thee a better way. Cry four times : "God is supreme, I acknowledge that there is no god but God and that Mohammed is God's messenger. Come and pray. Come and be saved. God is supreme. There is no other god but Him."' And Mohammed, to whom Abd Allah told all this, said : 'That is a true vision. Go and teach it.' And, ever since, the muezzin has called from the

top of the minaret to the four winds of heaven—half-hidden by the wall and covering his ears with his hands, so that he may not hear his own voice and may call the louder."

Returning to Constantinople, I found instructions awaiting me to proceed with my German colleague to the Caucasus. I only hope it will not be for too long. The thought is disturbing, and, to a troubled mind, the beauty of Istanbul is painful. A keen sensibility must be paid for with many dark hours. When the enervating south wind blows or if one is out of sorts, the heat, the jostling crowd of vulgar modernity in the noisy Pera street flanked by precipitous alleys full of filthy beggars, all the dirt and neglect, the pitiful night haunts, the vapid monotonous music played from the restaurants beneath my window —all this hangs heavy over the city that so delighted me—and I long to be away. But with the wish for strange adventure and new scenes, for personal and useful activity, comes also the yearning for one's friends, for what is familiar and beloved in daily life, for the green woods and fields of home, far from dust and dirt and decay.

IV

As we steamed along the Black Sea—clear blue it was—under a cloudless sky, with a strip of coast on our right, I was reminded of a similarly calm voyage, when I returned from England via Gibraltar in August, 1914, after the declaration of war and while the Germans were invading Belgium. At a time when hundreds of thousands of tons of shipping were being sunk in all the seas of the world, the Black Sea was

free of enemy craft, and as the *General* pursued her untroubled course, the dolphins leapt and played around the ship, undisturbed by submarine or torpedo.

During the voyage I made myself better acquainted with my German and Bulgarian colleagues. The head of the German diplomatic and military mission in the Caucasus, Baron Kress, was a remarkable man, combining energy, hard work and wide culture with great charm and tact.

General von Kress issued orders—dictated in my presence—that the utmost consideration was to be shown for the special character, past record and comparative indolence of the Georgians, to whom the German mission was at their request bringing military, economic and financial aid.

The Bulgarian delegation consisted of General Stancioff, his aide-de-camp and the Bulgarian military attaché in Constantinople. Besides tact this able general possessed the unemotional, egoistic, primitive singleness of purpose of the true Bulgarian. His dislike of Turkey and determination to allow her no extension of territory were manifest.

I myself was accompanied by Lieut-Colonel Pawlas, of the General Staff, a number of other officers and men and two financial experts.

My first impressions on arrival at Poti were of the misery of the refugees (part of the piteous mass migration taking place throughout the Caucasus); the strange crowd of Russians on the railway stations, far richer in types, especially the Dostoiewsky student type, than in our country; the total lack of discipline among the soldiers and Red guards, and the evidence on all sides of the brutality of the Russian revolution.

Dilapidated Georgian cars drove us past unsaluting sentries in civilian clothing to government headquarters in the former palace of the Russian governor-general. Here behind a glass door stood proper military sentries under the command of an officer. The members of the government by whom we were received impressed us not unfavourably, both in appearance and manners.

General von Kress delivered our joint address, explaining the purpose of our mission and promising that the three Powers would try, within the limits of their policy as fixed in the alliance with Turkey and in the Treaty of Brest Litowsk, to secure for Georgia at the forthcoming Peace Conference in Constantinople recognition of her independence and, as far as possible, frontiers based on ethnical, historical and religious grounds and allowing of the peaceful internal development of the country.

At a quarter to eight that evening, when it was already dark, the Georgian ministers paid me a return visit. As the electric light, like the water supply, was temporarily cut off, the interview took place in sepulchral darkness. The ministers I had already met were accompanied by two others, whom in the dim light I could barely discern and, as the Prime Minister spoke hardly any French, the conversation did little to illumine the scene.

In a conversation with the Georgian Foreign Minister I first learnt of the proposed German agreement under which the government at Tiflis undertook to entrust the exploitation of all extracted mineral wealth to a nationally controlled company, equal shares in which would be held jointly by Ger-

many and Georgia. In view of the rich mineral resources of the country, this company would gradually acquire control of many milliards. I accordingly proposed to my government that it should seek to obtain Austro-Hungarian participation in the company and make our support of German aims at the Conference in Constantinope conditional upon such an arrangement. German influence in Georgia was further strengthened by the granting of a loan of 54 million marks. I delegated an officer to sit on the Economic Committee responsible for purchasing Caucasian products on behalf of the Austro-Hungarian and German armies. The Turkish Government had granted the Central Powers a buying monopoly, but this did not prevent it from requisitioning or purchasing large quantities of Caucasian goods, especially cotton, transporting them secretly to Constantinople and then selling them to our economic representatives there at double the price.

V

One of our most important duties in the Caucasus was to obtain information and fix general terms for the peace negotiations at Constantinople. It was a difficult business to gain an insight into the obscure and chaotic condition of affairs and to extract the truth from the biassed, one-sided, exaggerated and malicious accounts given us by the representatives of all these different peoples and interests.

The deputations which waited upon me were picturesque and instructive. There came Moslem

Georgians led by Zia Bey Abachaize, to protest against the forcible incorporation in Turkey of the Georgian districts they represented. Delegates from the Assyrian Catholics of the Caucasus and Persia followed. These begged me urgently to press in Constantinople for orders to be given the Turkish troops in the Caucasus and Persia to save the Christian population from being plundered and massacred by marauding Kurds and Tartars.

The Assyrians were followed by the Georgian Catholics from the provinces of Akhaltsikh and Athaltalaki, occupied by Turkey. They handed me a petition which culminated in an appeal to the Austrian Government to urge upon the Conference at Constantinople the return of these two provinces—ancient homes of Georgian Catholicism and civilization, to Georgia.

In order to ascertain for ourselves the state of affairs in Armenia, and to discuss matters with persons of authority, Baron Kress and I went, on July 31, to Erivan. Even from the train we could see that all the most valuable economic areas were in Turkish hands, and were being systematically plundered regardless of the April Agreement concluded with the Central Powers. The harvest had been partly gathered in by the Turks, but the bulk was left to rot, as nearly the whole population had fled.

At Erivan we were welcomed with military honours, and a large part of the population gave us a hearty reception. The smart bearing of the soldiers and the saluting by all ranks contrasted favourably with the lax discipline of the Georgian army. On our visit to the assembled ministers I asked the Premier why Armenia found it impossible to exist within the narrow

limits of the Batum Treaty. According to the reasons given, Armenia, after her most fertile districts had been lopped off by the Turks, possessed only land at an altitude of 4,000–6,000 feet, suited solely for Alpine cultivation. The country was now encircled by Turks. The present territory of Armenia had never been self-sufficient, and the population was now swollen by flocks of refugees, who had fled panic-stricken before the Turkish advance, leaving behind them most of their livestock and possessions. The little they had been able to rescue was almost consumed. The Armenian Government accordingly placed all their hopes in a speedy summoning of the Constantinople Conference.

In the afternoon a letter was sent us, in which the Prime Minister and the President of the Armenian National Council asked for a private interview. In the course of the conversation that followed the Premier told us with impressive earnestness that, under the Brest Litowsk Treaty and within the frontiers fixed for her therein, Armenia had hoped to survive. But subsequent Turkish action had created a desperate situation. The Armenian Government, looking round for friends, thought to find one in Germany, since their representatives had been kindly received in Berlin and our present visit was a further happy augury. He added that the head of the Armenian delegation in Constantinople had had a long talk with the German Ambassador, Count Bernstoff, who had said that Germany had not enough troops in the Caucasus to prevent a Turkish invasion, and was further hampered because she might be suspected of wishing to seize the whole of the Caucasus

for herself. He therefore thought that Austria-Hungary, who could not be suspected of far-reaching ambitions, should secure order in Armenia. Accordingly, German troops would protect Georgia, Turkish troops Azerbaijan, and Austro-Hungarian forces would defend Armenia.

VI

During the afternoon we paid our respects to the Catholicos, the head of the Armenian church. As we crossed the desert plain to Etschmjadsin, we again saw many hundreds of refugees—peasants, with all-too-numerous progeny, crouching beneath their two-wheeled carts, surrounded by such cattle as they still possessed. They had no work and were slowly starving, while their crops at home were either being stolen or were rotting in the fields. His Holiness—an impressive and venerable figure, with a white beard and big black hood—received us with great courtesy. Two bishops acted as interpreters. He told us in moving words that he wished to leave politics aside, and to speak as a man to men. Anxiety for his people and their terrible fate gave him no rest. He described the capture and killing of Armenians in Turkish Armenia, and the dreadful refugee catastrophe which had overtaken the small Armenian Republic. As His Holiness was imploring help for his oppressed people, the laments of the latter reached us from the crowded courtyard without, like the voices of a Greek chorus. When we visited the seventh-century cathedral, the crowd surrounded us, while three chosen spokesmen offered us bread and salt, and entreated

our aid. At the meal to which the Catholicos invited us he called down blessings upon our monarchies.

In the evening the government held a banquet in our honour, at which the ministers delivered speeches marked by tactful restraint. Expressing my thanks, I said: " . . . I bring you greetings from all the peoples of Austria-Hungary who, in the course of the ages, have taken refuge from enemy attack beneath the wings of the double eagle. Our sympathy for the Armenian people is based upon recognition of their great qualities and earnest endeavours, and upon our feelings as a Christian nation. We have to-day had the honour of meeting the Catholicos, and were deeply affected by the anxiety of His Holiness on behalf of the people of Armenia. This anxiety is shared by the government and, to describe it, I would borrow the words placed by Sophocles in the mouth of King Œdipus, who said: 'Oh, my poor children, I know that you are all suffering, but none suffers as I do. For each of you bears only his own sufferings, but my heart grieves for the state, for myself, and for you.' May the sun of liberty, which has risen upon Armenia after nearly a thousand years, disperse the clouds which still hang over your land to-day, and may Armenia blossom and flourish in its rays."

The next day, Colonel Pawlas and I drove in a government car, past Lake Goksha and across the hills, to Akstafa. We were struck by the backward condition of the Armenian villages with their low one-roomed, cave-like dwellings; the Russian villages were far better built. At Delizan I visited some hundreds of the twelve thousand orphan children whose

parents had been killed in Turkish Armenia, or had perished in flight. All of them had scabies, which intensified their forlorn appearance. Every summer many thousand Tartar families come up to the Armenian hills from Azerbaijan, bringing their flocks and their buffalo carts filled with the women and children. We met an unending train of these caravans and, as we saw them encamped at night, their herds grazing in the fields, we realized the enormous damage inflicted upon the Armenian people by this servitude. During the night more than three hundred ox-carts passed us—fantastically illuminated by our headlamps—carrying down to Karakliss the cotton bought by Turkey in Azerbaijan in contravention of the April Agreement.

During the railway journey through Azerbaijan and Georgia which brought us back to Tiflis, the dirt of the carriages, the unaccountable delays and the general confusion afforded evidence of the hopeless disorder still reigning in these parts.

VII

All preparations had been made for a banquet I was giving on August 8 in honour of the Georgian Cabinet when, that morning, a particularly beautiful day, a telegram was handed me. I could hardly grasp its meaning as I read: "Poldy has passed peacefully away." The picture of my sister rose before me, as I had seen her in Budapest a few weeks before for the last time.

She was resting on a sofa, in her room which had been transformed into a chapel, surrounded with flowers and wearing a loose blue and pink gown, her face restored to its former delicate beauty after the birth of her second child. Beside her was little Rosemary with her fair curly hair, bright blue eyes and hands folded. Poldy's happiness enveloped the baby, who that day was received into the Church in which my sister had always believed with simple unquestioning faith.

I pictured her in my mind at our beloved Aussee, our country home, cutting roses, her wide hat over her lovely fair hair, or setting gaily off to fish, or climbing the mountains in eager untiring enjoyment of a day's hunting, or, again, busy working at the desk in her bright flower-filled room, always so utterly and entirely herself.

I felt profoundly convinced that that flaming spirit, that miraculous vitality and purposeful energy were not suddenly extinguished, but were destined for further service in some sphere beyond our understanding. At her death I received, with many other letters from her friends, these lines from Lord Knutsford, the famous philanthropist and Chairman of the London Hospital: "She was to me what we English call a 'pal,' which is a more lively relationship than even a friend. Well, that beautiful life is over . . . not wasted, because despite Mark Antony, the good, which men do, lives after them—not the 'bad'."

All these memories I had to stifle for a few hours while I attended the banquet, which could not be postponed.

VIII

At the invitation of Halil Pasha, Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish forces in the Caucasus, and at the desire of the Armenian Government—each, as they told us, had an extreme distaste for a *tête-à-tête*—Baron Kress and I accompanied the Pasha to Erivan to mediate at the negotiations to be held there. The government gave a party in our honour, to the accompaniment of a military band.

As the banquet proceeded, the heavy and freely-circulated Armenian wine began to take effect. It lent excessive pathos to a patriotic speech from the President of Parliament, and scenes were enacted that would have appealed strongly to Breughel's brush. It wrought a change in Halil Pasha's attitude favourable to Armenian interests. During dinner this young general had been studying a large map with the Armenian Minister of Interior—the two men united by a friendship that dated back to their joint conspiratorial activities in the early days of the Young Turk movement.

He now felt urged to make a noble gesture—nothing less than the return to Armenia of two districts—and thus not only please the company, but also elicit applause from the populace, whom the Mayor of Erivan, in peace-time a well-known actor, had effectively assembled in the road outside. At the last moment the Pasha's German Chief of Staff persuaded him to await the Turkish Government's permission before announcing this cession of territory, and to content himself with a promise that he would strongly recommend it.

Amid cheers from the crowd, we then went into conference with the Armenian ministers. Two hours later, Baron Kress and I drove to the station through unlit streets accompanied by an escort of cavalry, and left Erivan conscious of having done all we possibly could to save the lives of at least some of the refugees.

At Karakliss our train left the rails with truly Turkish inefficiency, and delayed us for thirty hours.

A little later I received a pathetic appeal from 60,000 unfortunate Armenian refugees, which began in these words: "The snow has fallen, the autumn winds and rains have begun, the refugees are dying by hundreds . . ." There seemed, indeed, no time to be lost.

IX

There was a certain risk in pressing the Turks too far, for it was not impossible that Turkey, if the alliance with the Central Powers became too irksome, might quit, especially as the Entente was now almost at war with Russia and, no longer having to consider Russian interests, might hold out inducements to the Turks. Warnings to this effect came from the German Embassy in Constantinople.

I now paid a visit to General Nouri Pasha and the ministers of Azerbaijan, to learn more from personal observation and to remove a possible suspicion that my sympathies lay exclusively with the Armenians.

At Elisabethpol I was met at the station by a guard of honour; Nouri Pasha invited me twice to dine, the government gave a banquet and the Minister of

Education placed rooms in his house at my disposal. In contrast to Tiflis, but like Erivan, Elisabethpol is really a scattered village with a number of municipal buildings. If only on this account the Government was eager to move from its provisional quarters at Elisabethpol to the important industrial town of Baku. By all accounts the Turks had invested Baku very closely. I gathered from the Pasha that he was awaiting heavy guns before renewing the attack; for the moment the guns of the Baku fleet were too powerful.

Hatred and distrust of the Armenians animated both the Pasha and the Azerbaijan ministers, who were entirely dependent upon him and treated him with great subservience. The Pasha spoke freely to me of his plans for an attack on India. When I pointed to the failure of the Palestine campaign, he replied that the reason lay in the hitherto very defective arming of the population, which could be worked up to fanatical enthusiasm, and he cited his successes in Tripoli. Enver Pasha's and his own name would have much influence in Turkestan and Afghanistan; in Turkestan, especially, under the local Sunnites, pro-Turk feeling was strong.

As to Armenia, the Ministers gave me to understand that they would welcome the total extinction of that community, which separated the Tartars from their brethren in Turkey. "As long as there is a single clever Armenian, he will plot and intrigue, relying upon England."

Some of the ministers themselves had narrowly escaped assassination by Armenian revolutionaries in Baku. The destruction of Tartar villages and the

slaughter of some of their inhabitants were constantly in their minds, while they closed their eyes to the barbarities of their own kinsfolk. Europe, I was told, saw only one side of the picture. Atrocity propaganda was exclusively Armenian. The internationalization of Baku—if only in respect of oil production—they rejected.

When Nouri Pasha spoke of the Tartar villages destroyed by Armenians, I offered to visit them, desiring to prove that I was as sympathetic towards Tartar misfortunes as towards the Armenian refugees. Both the Pasha and the Ministers gratefully accepted my offer and, in company with the Pasha's aide-de-camp and the Minister for Public Welfare, I proceeded to Kurdamir, thence by car to the town of Schemacha in the hills. Even before arriving there, we passed wholly destroyed Tartar villages. The town itself, which numbered 16,000 inhabitants, including 3,000 Armenians, was as completely ruined as Pompeii. Its fate is a typical example of racial hatred and its consequences.

The old bible law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, found even more frightful application in the relations between Armenians and Tartars than in the Balkans of old. Both Tartars and Georgians were agreed that the Armenians had looked to the Entente for the fulfilment of their far-reaching political aims and had for that reason enthusiastically joined the Russians against the Turks and stirred up revolt in Turkey's Armenian provinces. As a Tartar minister put it, they had staked everything upon the English card and lost. "*Væ Victis*" was his implied, but unspoken comment.

X

Encouraged by the uncertain and hesitating attitude of the German Government and behind a smoke-screen of denials and sabotage (German couriers were refused passage by Turkish sentries), the Turks and Tartars had now advanced upon Baku and captured it.

In order to report upon the political and economic situation in the town, and to bring help to Austrian and other prisoners-of-war there, I left Azerbaijan without awaiting Nouri Pasha's authority and, after a sixteen hour journey, reached Baku. Eleven days after its capture, it still looked utterly dead. The streets were deserted, the shops closed; the port was idle. Those Armenians who had not already fled or been killed were terror-stricken, the Tartars filled with a new arrogance. The working class was starving, trade and industry were paralysed.

The Danish Consul described the defence of the town in the words that German officers applied to the inefficient Turkish assault: "It was like a comic opera," he said. Apart from a British force of about fifteen hundred brought from Persia and 5,000–6,000 former Armenian soldiers the defence consisted of conscript workers and of civilians rounded up in the streets. The latter, of course, thought only of escape.

The day after my arrival the Pasha attended a solemn service in the Russian cathedral. Escorted by cavalry, he then drove with the Prime Minister through the carpet-decked Tartar streets, where the populace slaughtered sheep in his honour, to the mosque. Here priests delivered addresses about Islam and in honour of Enver and Nouri Pasha.

Nouri Pasha, upon whom I called, kept me to tea and supper and poured out his heart on the subject of the systematic slights he had received at German hands. Every German officer sent to him, he said, behaved like a pro-consul.

I reminded Nouri of the international situation and of the urgent need of eliminating the constant friction and recrimination by discussion and compromise. Recurring to his intended operation against India, the Pasha had said that this campaign would not be possible, if he had an " enemy " in his rear.

I succeeded with Nouri and Nurfell Pasha in backing up the efforts of our prisoners-of-war committee to receive permission to buy foodstuffs. By promising an Austrian decoration (a lie in a good cause !) I managed to obtain a large chest of sugar, which the prisoners were crying out for. Through negotiations with the Russian naval authorities, it was arranged that a mixed medical committee should decide upon the seriously sick prisoners who should be transferred from the island of Nargen to hospital in Baku. I accompanied the doctors to this small island, void of trees and water, at the northern extremity of which 2,500 of our soldiers lie buried. After falling victims to scurvy while working on the railway along the Murman coast, they had been transferred for the same work to the Black Sea, where they contracted malaria, and thence, nominally for convalescence, to this deadly island, where they had perished from epidemics or for want of food and water.

Now, thank God, the survivors could be properly fed. I personally visited all the huts and told the unhappy prisoners of the successful outcome of

the negotiations with the Russian fleet. Many of the men wept for joy. There was a possiblity at that time that all our prisoners-of-war—about a thousand—might be exchanged for prisoners taken by the Turks.

Never shall I forget the return to Baku. The sick prisoners, whose release we had secured, among them many ragged Turks, lay huddled in pathetic groups on the deck, lit by the setting sun. The coughing of the many tubercular soldiers was like the wind in autumn leaves, a distressing sound.

IX

That evening I sat in my room in Baku, resting. From the open window was a wide view of sea and sky. I felt sad. My mind reverted to all the dreadful sights I had seen—the corpses in the streets, the looted houses, thieves hung up on improvised gallows to serve as warnings, their wretched bodies swaying in the wind, the unutterable misery of the prisoners, the whole world's immeasurable woe. From the shore rose the intolerable stink of corpses thrown into the water. Just then the Chief of Police sent his adjutant with important news for me—the Bulgarian armies had retreated before the enemy without fighting and were returning home.

I realized at once that this meant the approaching end, the inevitable collapse of the Central Powers. As in an earthquake the ground opens and the walls crack, there now crumbled before my mind's eye all the self-sacrifice and devotion, the superhuman effort by which Austria-Hungary and Germany had in four

long years accomplished and endured so much. I gazed hopelessly into space.

Suddenly, from the open windows of a house near by, this terrible emptiness was filled by the solemn chords of one of Chopin's nocturnes. Its celestial harmonies seemed to point heavenwards, to point the way of comfort that still lay open to us, whose earthly hopes were so utterly shattered.

Some of the German troops in the Caucasus received orders to proceed at once to the Macedonian front. The position of the Turks was also radically changed ; with Constantinople seriously menaced, they had to concentrate all available men on the defence of the capital. This vital danger so affected the situation in the Caucasus that it practically meant the collapse of Turkey in that area, though the end of her rule was not immediately in sight. Very shortly afterwards the Georgians and Armenians would return to the districts from which the Turkish invasion had driven them. The grievous question of the refugees, to which Baron Kress and I had devoted so much time and which had long vainly occupied our embassies in Constantinople, was thereby solved.

I was now eager to return to my post at Brussels, which at my request had been kept open.

At dawn on October 20, I left the Caucasus, that highroad of migration for thousands of years, with its two giant pillars, Kasbeck and Ararat, within whose rocky gorges countless peoples have made their home.

The two decks of our steamer were crammed with artillery wagons and field kitchens, while between decks the horses of the Bavarian Light Cavalry snorted

and stamped in their improvised stalls. Four guns were ready to defend us against Bulgarian submarines, should they already have fallen into enemy hands. As there were only two serviceable life-boats on this overcrowded ship, the prospects, if we were torpedoed, were not encouraging.

Beneath the warm rays of the sun the sea gave off vapour and, as the mist lifted, we saw the cliffs far behind us, transfused in the morning light. Like poetry, which casts a veil over the harsh realities of life, these glowing peaks hid the strife and the slaughter, the sufferings of the refugees, all the starvation, squalor and dirt that I had seen beneath the tropical skies of the Caucasus. As I lay restless in my berth —a stiff wind blew—I felt more strongly than ever the pathos of the Christian prayer: "Lord, help Thou the poor, all prisoners and sorrowing people, those who travel and all who are sick or dying."

The ship steamed on across the sapphire sea beneath an azure sky by day, a mystic full moon at night, just as it had borne me to the Caucasus four months before. But whereas there then lay behind us the victorious offensive in the West and against Italy, now we were steering towards ill-fortune on all fronts and an unpredictable future. Was a peace in view, I wondered, which, concluded in a spirit of reconciliation, would create worthier relations between the peoples, or was the growing superiority of enemy strength to be used in order to drive the Central Powers to despair and crush them in the dust? Would the ancient and honourable Hapsburg monarchy survive in a rejuvenated form, or would it collapse under the weight of enemy rancour? Could we succeed by wise

concessions in satisfying the ever increasing claims of the various nationalities in Austria and Hungary, or were we doomed, like Russia, to a reign of terror in which society, the professional and cultured classes and private property would all perish ?

Filled with doubt and anxiety, I gazed across the heaving, yet unchanging seas to the far horizon, behind which the future lay hidden.

XII

I returned with all possible haste to my post at Brussels. The roar of guns, heard almost daily for three years, approached nearer and nearer, foreshadowing disaster. Yet the real collapse came from the rear. Emissaries from the red soldiers' soviets in Cologne came up by special train and marched with red flags in procession through the city. It was deeply distressing to see some German soldiers, yesterday disciplined men, suddenly seize control and, with their caps awry, their rifles upside down proclaim their loutish rule over the city, requisitioning for themselves cars, carriages, horses, and insulting officers in the streets. They were not, it is true, the same fine troops who had faced the enemy so gallantly, but all the same, what a dreadful end ! And then the immediate reply from the Belgians ! Almost simultaneously, as if by magic, the black-yellow-red of the Belgian flag appeared triumphantly at every window and on every roof after four long years of enforced banishment. Children paraded the town singing, followed soon after by shots and street-fighting. The

tragic interlude was over. In endless columns, and without panic, although the enemy's approach was imminent, the German Administration and the German army went home.

Back to Vienna for the second time during the war. And to what a Vienna! The Emperor gone, the Hofburg shut, troops returning home in disorderly bands, officers wearing uniforms without badges or swords, carrying books and parcels, want staring them in the face. Misery stalked in dirty streets, faces were gloomy and despairing. Winter and starvation stood at the door. Bands played in some of the bars with a hideous gaiety, while tortured nerves found relief in brutal excesses. To avert the worse evil of civil war all parties had combined to form a coalition government. So terrible was the plight of the Austrian people that it seemed hardly able to survive except as an autonomous part of a large unit. The attachment of Austria to Germany as an equal partner, but without loss of her personality and her peculiar Austrian culture resulting from geographical, historical and racial features could at that time have been arranged.

Where, I wondered, was my place in the new order of things? As a royal and imperial chamberlain, I stood in a special relationship with the monarch, but the Emperor Charles had released the chamberlains and all officials from their obligation. Unlike the Hungarian and Polish aristocracy, which on the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy had at once entered the service of the new states, Austrian nobles were so wedded to the concept of an Austrian

empire that they were unwilling to serve the newly-created republic, whose socialist Prime Minister had driven the Emperor into exile. I myself, however, was so profoundly convinced of my duty to work on for the sorely-tried and suffering people of Austria that I decided to remain in the service. Some of my colleagues and many of my younger friends condemned my choice. In later years, however, they admitted that I had followed the right path.

Mr. Lindley, the British Minister in Vienna, with whom I later had a talk, told me that in similar circumstances almost any Englishman would have done as I did. My decision was made the harder for me by the fact that the new socialist Foreign Minister, Otto Bauer, in his first speech made a violent and unfair attack upon the person and policy of the late Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, Count Aehrenthal, to whom I owed so much gratitude and respect.

XIII

When the Austrian delegation left by special train for the Peace Conference at St. Germain, I accompanied them as delegate and political expert. The French had prepared for our use a number of villas with gardens overlooking the Seine. The road in which these houses stood led up to the terrace of the great park of St. Germain. The street and a small part of the terrace were cut off from the public by barbed wire entanglements and guarded by sentries. Behind these wires we were permitted to move "freely," gaped at by the Sunday crowds like animals in a zoo.

The same "freedom of movement" was granted us during what were called "negotiations." Only twice did we meet the delegation of the Allied and Associated Powers, once at the beginning of our stay in the Château of St. Germain and again at the end, at the Pavilion Henri IV. In the long drawing-room of the Château the representatives of Austria's enemies, joined by Paderewski and Benes on behalf of the newly-created states of Poland and Czechoslovakia, sat round a horseshoe table, with Clemenceau at its head. We, the accused, were given seats facing them at the other end of the room. Clemenceau rose and delivered a short opening address, to which Chancellor Renner replied with becoming dignity, referring to Austria's deplorable situation and promising to examine the peace terms with a view to fulfilling them as far as might be possible. We were given no opportunity at all to put forward arguments, objections, or amendments by word of mouth. All our resistance to the annihilating terms first drafted under Italian, Serb, Czech and Polish promptings had, therefore, to be conducted in writing.

We had received copies of the Treaty of Peace the evening before this meeting. They were first examined by experts, who then early in the morning reported upon them to the assembled delegates. To the consternation of our whole delegation, the Treaty of Peace, in its main clauses proved to be a replica of the treaty with Germany. Austria was to pay reparations and other indemnities on the same principles as Germany. Similarly all Austrian property was declared confiscated by the Allied Powers. The whole of the financial and economic provisions were the same

London News Agency

AUSTRIAN EXHIBITION
The Princess Royal, the Author, Queen Mary and Princess Alice

Topical Press

AUSTRIAN EXHIBITION AT DORLAND HOUSE, 1934
Prince of Wales, the Author and Professor Holzmeister (architect)

Courtesy of "The Times"

ENCAENIA AT OXFORD, 1935

Procession of distinguished persons to the Sheldonian Theatre where honorary degrees were conferred upon them, June 26, 1935. Among those shown are (second from left) Baron George Franckenstein, the Duke of Alba, M. Herriot, Lord Bledisloe, Lord Samuel and Sir John Reith.

as in the German treaty. Germany, as we know, was unable to pay reparations and, to the extent that she did so, paid only by means of foreign credits which amounted to as much as or more than she paid. It seemed from the outset absurd to make such claims against the small Austrian state.

The most painful of the political terms was the loss of the German parts of South Tyrol and of parts of the provinces of Carinthia and Styria. A sacrifice extending beyond those imposed upon Germany was the provision whereby Austria was treated as if she had been defeated by those of her former territories which now belonged to the "Allied Powers," and all her property in those territories was declared confiscated. Our delegation, in its notes, protested especially against the cession of Southern Tyrol, and parts of Styria and Carinthia and against the confiscation of Austrian property in the ceded States. On this last point our complaints were admitted and it was decided that Austrian property in those countries should not be treated as enemy property. Our reiterated protests about South Tyrol went unheard, while the question of Styria and Carinthia was settled by a compromise. It was further granted that the German territory of Western Hungary should belong to Austria. Our delegation drafted countless notes on points of detail; some of the complaints were met, most were dismissed. The reparation charges were maintained in their entirety, although it was obvious even then that Austria would be quite unable to meet her obligations even partially, but would on the other hand be in need of credits in order to find food for her people. In point of fact, Austria paid no reparations at all.

These were days of acute anxiety and deep depression for the Austrian delegates, made all the darker by contrast with the world around us. It was summertime and the trees were decked in fresh green attire. In the evening nightingales sang beneath a star-lit sky.

When Lloyd George replied to critics of the Treaty of St. Germain that the Austro-Hungarian monarchy broke up as the result of the lost war and through spontaneous action by its peoples, even before the peace negotiations began, he is quite right.

Constructive effort was required in order to substitute an adequate organization for the destroyed Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Instead of this an optional clause, doomed in advance to sterility, was inserted in the Treaty, by which Austria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia might for five years grant mutual preference duties to each other. This clause was still-born.

If the Allied and Associated Powers had listened to the representatives of the New Austria and followed their advice, it would have been possible to unite Central Europe within a binding Customs confederation, which would have meant the speedy removal of enmity, political appeasement and the economic recovery of the territories in question. But any proposal for such economic union of former Austro-Hungarian territories was opposed by Italy, who had ranged herself with Austria's enemies, though pledged by the Triple Alliance to be at least neutral towards both Germany and Austria; by Serbia, whose desire for Hapsburg territory and long years of intrigue had caused the war; and by Czechoslovakia, who

betrayed Austria-Hungary at the end of the war and now—twenty years later—has been overtaken by Fate.

I still remember most painfully the arrival of Germany's answer, given within the time-limit specified by the Allied and Associated Powers and accepting under irresistible compulsion the disastrous terms of peace. I was standing on the terrace of St. Germain, in front of me the broad valley of the Seine : on the sky-line lay Paris bathed in the rays of the setting sun. Suddenly the guns fired their salvoes and all the bells began ringing, the large ones with a deep boom, the smaller ones high-pitched like children's voices, all of them proclaiming the triumph and victory of superior might. Was it really possible for the same bells to be sounding the heights of rejoicing and the depths of sorrow, victory and defeat, recovery and ruin ? Paris and St. Germain were delirious with excitement. The rockets went up, music was heard everywhere. So this was the peace so often yearned for. How different from the anticipation ! It was not to be borne. In silence I turned and went indoors.

Shortly afterwards the Austrian delegates signed the Treaty of Peace of St. Germain, the terms of which laid so crushing a burden upon their country. At the time I wrote down my thoughts in these words : " Austria may be compared to a mighty ship plying the ocean of history. The crews that have followed one another in the course of the ages met with varying fortune. Some had a prosperous voyage, some a stormy passage ; to some came victory, to others defeat. But we were caught in the terrible maelstrom

of the world war, which shivered our barque to atoms and carried away all we had.

"It is still night around us, but the dawn is not far off. We must take heart and help in paving the way to better times."

I did not know that it would shortly be my privilege to contribute towards this end in an important post.

CHAPTER IX

I

IN the summer of 1920 I was appointed Austrian Minister at the Court of St. James's. It was the fulfilment of a life-long wish, but how different was the reality from my youthful dream of representing the venerable Emperor Francis Joseph and his great Empire in Great Britain. The mission that fell to me was to gain the esteem of the British Empire for a little republic, shaken to its foundations, isolated, stricken by hunger and misery untold—a conquered enemy—to secure help for our people and to assist in restoring the close traditional friendship between Great Britain and Austria. I could not, like most newly-appointed ambassadors, step into my predecessor's shoes and merely take over his social contacts and experienced staff. The catastrophe of the war had effaced the former and removed the latter. It was my business carefully and patiently to lay new foundations and forge fresh links.

The train in which I travelled to England reflected the terrible plight of Austria and the havoc of war. The cushions were torn, the windows broken and partly replaced by boards. The corridors, as well as the compartments, were packed with shabbily-dressed, harassed-looking travellers, carrying heavy rucksacks. It was an agreeable contrast to see the Channel, calm,

blue and sparkling in the sunshine, just as it had looked on that August day of 1914, when we had left England at the outbreak of war. Between lay, like a bad dream, the ghastly years of war. The crossing was short and soon the white cliffs of Dover rose in front of us, symbols of British might, insularity and tenacity. Compared with the misery of Austria, this blessed island realm seemed at first sight unaffected by the war. There were the same orderliness, the same polite porters, the luxurious Pullman, the peaceful green trees and fields of grazing cattle. With beating heart I set foot, for the third time, in London, to whose soil I was destined to become so closely attached. As the smooth stream of traffic bore me to Belgrave Square, memories flocked back. The doors were opened for me by the faithful Bateman and Hoy, the English servants we had left behind us in 1914, and it was with deep emotion that I took possession of the house where so many distinguished ambassadors, and my father before me, had lived and worked.

From the walls of the staircase and drawing-rooms I was greeted by the large handsome portraits of Maria Theresa, the Emperor Joseph, the Emperor Leopold, the Emperor Francis and the Emperor Francis Joseph. This historical atmosphere of 18, Belgrave Square I was careful to preserve; it formed the background to my reconstructive work. How glad I was to see my art treasures again, collected in the Far East and left behind in London in 1914; brilliant and subtle Chinese paintings, inspired Buddhas, bold sculptures, beautifully shaped vases glowing with a colour that seemed to have matured with age like old wine,

Japanese brocades with gold work recalling the vivid colouring of Japan, and the splendour of her temples. I made it my first business, even before calling at the Foreign Office, to create an atmosphere which would warm and stimulate me in what was at first bound to be my lonely situation as the representative of an ex-enemy power. Just as the great, fat Chinese idol, who in difficult times so often whispered to me " to keep smiling " and brought me such infinite happiness in my work, sat facing me on a chair opposite my desk for nearly eighteen years, so throughout that time I made no changes at all in the original arrangement of my treasures and the decoration of my rooms. As the years passed they and I became more and more bound up with one another.

II

The Austrian elections of 1920 returned to power a conservative party of Christian Socialists in place of the Social Democrats who had held office since the Revolution. The government's first task was to dispel the dangers and unrest of the revolutionary period, find a way out of financial chaos and, by an active foreign policy, create better relations with the neighbouring states. Above all, it was essential to restore order to the shattered finances of the country and counteract the depreciation of the currency due to the war and the maladministration. Driven by the desperate difficulties caused by monetary depreciation, the State had printed more and more notes. Austria felt, and indeed was, too weak to help herself. Only foreign credits could save her.

Accordingly, my whole effort had to be directed towards obtaining speedy assistance and from the beginning was dominated by the vital question of credits. The task of securing them was as exciting as it was responsible. My instructions were few and I had to rely mainly upon my own initiative.

The work began under great difficulties, for nearly all the leading figures in the political, economic and literary world were out of London. Moreover, the public mind was occupied by a number of urgent problems such as the threatened coal strike, the Irish situation and a spreading revolt in Mesopotamia. Interest in Austria and readiness to help her were further diminished by the fears of the well-to-do that high taxation would destroy their own prosperity, and by the sufferings of so many parts of Central and Eastern Europe.

I shall never forget how I first left No. 18, Belgrave Square—my stronghold, as it were—to launch the campaign.

The Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, Lord Hardinge—I had known him well both as ambassador and as Viceroy of India—received me very kindly. He talked of Vienna's terrible plight, and could hardly understand how the people bore it. I replied that, in face of our dire need, I wished to lose no time in arousing public opinion in our favour, whereupon he advised me not to be too hasty, lest the English might think that we took their sympathy for granted.

The German Ambassador, Herr Sthamer, also advised me to go carefully, to which I replied that Austria's position was so alarming that I had to

run some risk, if I was to gain my end. "Well," he said, "the popularity of the Austrians is in your favour."

I looked forward with intense interest to my first visit to Lord Curzon. Then, and on later occasions, his personality impressed me very strongly. Not until after his death did this remarkable and versatile man receive the full appreciation that was his due. For in him regal dignity, a love of the ornate, a classical perfection of oratory, and an encyclopædic knowledge were combined with a capacity for work which, in spite of the constant pain from his back, was inexhaustible.

On October 7, 1920, I entered Lord Curzon's big private office with its view over St. James's Park and the Horse Guards Parade—the same room where, in subsequent years, I was received by Curzon's successors: Ramsay MacDonald, Austen Chamberlain, Lord Reading, Sir John Simon, Sir Samuel Hoare, Mr. Anthony Eden, and Lord Halifax.

I emphasized to Lord Curzon my responsibility as spokesman of an unhappy nation of six and a half millions, and the duty laid upon me to explain to him our impossible situation. Lord Curzon mentioned the help already given us at critical moments in our food situation and the credits arranged for. I assured him that, while we were grateful for these, our condition had become worse, and that if the patient were not to die it needed far more powerful remedies than those. Borrowing my own simile, Lord Curzon said that the physicians were attending to our case, which he also knew of from various articles of mine in the English papers, but that other countries too were

sick. "Not as sick as ours," I answered. "Worse than you think," he rejoined. Lord Curzon then made a note of several of my requests, but referred to the difficulty of granting us privileged treatment, since the same favours would be claimed by the other ex-enemy countries. I reminded him, however, of the promises made us in the covering note to the Peace Treaty. Both during and at the end of our conversation the Foreign Secretary thanked me for speaking so frankly. I begged him once again most urgently to keep our terrible plight in mind.

III

On October 13 I was received in audience at Buckingham Palace. I was conducted to the King's presence by court officials who, like myself, wore morning dress. His Majesty shook hands with me. I then addressed him in words I had carefully prepared, avoiding the traditional formulas in order to make my appeal as impressive as possible. I thanked him for the credits that had been generously granted to Austria, and concluded by saying: "After the indescribable sufferings and disappointments they have endured, the Austrian people yearn to co-operate in the spiritual and economic reconstruction of Europe. Under the present terrible conditions prevailing in their country, they cannot hope to accomplish this task. They trustfully appeal to the traditional sense of justice of the powerful British Empire for such speedy and far-reaching help as will open for them, instead of the threatening abyss, the vision of a brighter and more hopeful future."

In reply, the King said that no one had been more sorry than himself to see war break out between two such traditionally friendly powers as England and Austria. He had not forgotten his father's frequent visits to Austria to take the cure. He was glad that friendly relations were once more re-established. He knew of our terrible plight, and felt sure that his Government would do everything it could to help us. Lord Curzon, who stood beside the King, said that he had already given me that assurance. King George, like his whole Court, welcomed me with the same friendliness as if our two countries had never been at war. Queen Mary, too, who afterwards received me, was full of dignified and kindly sympathy.

My audience with the Prince of Wales was equally gratifying. I was very favourably impressed by his marked sincerity, his friendliness and vital personality. He paid a posthumous tribute to our army, telling me of the high opinion he and his staff had formed of our infantry and artillery on the occasion of Austria's first victorious offensive against Italy, when he himself had been opposite our lines. The Prince added that the Italian situation had looked extremely critical. He spoke of Austria with feeling, and listened sympathetically to my story. Here is what I wrote about the Prince of Wales at the time: "Everyone says that he has inherited the charm and talents of King Edward. There is no doubt he is a delightful young man, full of happy spontaneous impulses, with which he wins all hearts in his contacts with men of every walk of life and in the performance of the increasingly numerous official duties that fall to his lot. Before the war people often spoke disparagingly of his small

stature and frail physique, but after the courage and good-fellowship he showed in the trenches on the different battle-fronts, he has become the idol of the nation. During his recent tour of Australia and New Zealand he was enthusiastically welcomed, and the workers in those countries greeted him with the same friendly sympathy as the working-class of Great Britain. The Prince's tour has done much to fulfil the Royal Family's first function—that of forming a link between the wide scattered parts of the British Empire. His drive through London on his return—a scene to which the Prince's youth and charm lent a poetic touch—called forth tumultuous expressions of popular rejoicing. In view of the Royal Family's loyalty to the constitution and its strong sense of social duty, it is not surprising that the well-known Fabian, Sidney Webb, in a course of lectures on the coming Socialist Commonwealth of Great Britain, should have advocated the retention of the monarchy as ' the ceremonial headship of the nation ' and have preferred it to a presidency, which, as the examples of Wilson and Millerand show, does not prevent the growth of autocratic tendencies."

IV

The first proposal for the restoration of Austria's financial and economical situation which, like so many others, never took effect, emanated from the former Chairman of the Vienna Reparations Commission, Sir William Goode—a warm, active and resourceful friend of Austria, who always reminds me of a *condottiere*. In the autumn of 1920 Goode

issued a memorandum proposing that the Allied Governments should grant Austria a credit of 250 million dollars. Thanks mainly to his influence, articles began to appear in the British press advocating the urgent need of giving effective aid to Austria. Even *The Times* changed its tone of hostility and cold indifference towards our country, and published a leading article which encouraged me to write to the editor, Mr. Wickham Steed, and urge the importance of a vigorous press campaign to keep the Austrian question before the British public. Had not several correspondents spoken of " dying Vienna " ? Although it was beyond my power to pierce Mr. Wickham Steed's Olympian seclusion, he allowed contact to be re-established between my Legation and the Assistant Foreign Editor, which ratified the peace with yet another Great Power—*The Times*.

In December, 1920, Austria was admitted to the League of Nations. In my letter of thanks to Lord Curzon for his support in this matter, I wrote : " The Austrian people see in their admission the dawn of a brighter day." A helping hand was now extended to us from Geneva, but only after long and anxious waiting.

Early in 1921 the Austrian Federal Chancellor and the Ministers of Finance and Food appeared at the Supreme Council in London. As the outcome, the Powers renewed their promises to help Austria, the League of Nations being entrusted with the organization of a scheme.

But, although League experts were sent to Vienna and their report recommended urgent action, practical help was still deferred.

Before new credits could be obtained, it was essential that the Powers should suspend their liens on Austrian customs and tobacco revenue, in order that security might be provided for an Austrian loan. But this suspension of liens required the sanction of various parliaments, and in particular all efforts failed to secure the speedy passage of the Refunding Bill through the American Congress. This delay was the more deplorable because the bankers, who in May were prepared to make advances, later lost interest in the scheme. " Hot iron left to grow cold," was how Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, put it.

V

The difficulties that all my efforts encountered were like a ball that kept returning to me. In whatever direction I threw it, back it came from walls that seemed to hem me in on every side.

When I took over my post, conservative circles in England and so-called Society held decidedly aloof. On the other hand, I quickly succeeded in establishing friendly relations with prominent Liberals (Lord Bryce, Lord Parmoor, Lord Haldane, etc.), with the various organizations engaged in Austrian relief work, with bankers (Mr. Norman, Mr. Goodenough, Mr. McKenna and others), with members of the Labour Party (J. H. Thomas, Ramsay MacDonald, Philip Snowden, etc.), and with many editors and journalists.

While Lloyd George went little into society, other influential ministers, like Winston Churchill, Sir Robert Horne, Lord Curzon and Lord Birkenhead, used regularly to frequent the drawing-rooms of ladies in London society, whose aim it was to attract the company of interesting men of all kinds and professions and raise the intellectual standard of social life. After a talk with Lord Curzon, these ladies now suddenly changed their attitude of aloofness towards me, and welcomed me in their midst. Among the first to befriend me were Hazel Lavery (her beautiful head now adorns the postage stamps of Eire), Frances Horner (in early days a close friend of Burne-Jones), Léonie Leslie and Margot Asquith. These were soon followed by Lady Londonderry, Lady Lansdowne, Mrs. Ronald Greville and Lady Cunard, at whose houses I had the chance of meeting and talking with politicians.

A week-end with Professor Gilbert Murray at Oxford brought me into contact with several other professors, the Poet Laureate (Robert Bridges), who had prompted an appeal by British Universities to German and Austrian universities, and John Masefield. Both the latter expressed warm sympathy for Austria. I lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Asquith at their country home, and took the opportunity of emphasizing to the ex-Premier the attitude of the Entente and our disappointment. The Cabinet, he told me, was now completely dominated by Lloyd George. It had been different in his time, for he had always asked his colleagues' advice. He, therefore, approved my idea of approaching Philip Kerr with a view to obtaining the ear of the Prime Minister.

VI

One of my most valued advisers in Austria was Dr. Schüller, the brilliant negotiator of our commercial treaties with many countries. With the foresight of a great chess-player he combined high courage and the cunning of Ulysses. On several critical occasions he was sent to help me in London. Our joint efforts persuaded certain leading bankers and labour leaders to address an appeal to the Government, basing the need of helping Austria upon economic grounds. In the Upper House Lord Parmoor and Lord Bryce called upon the British Government to do its utmost for the same cause. Curzon's reply was most sympathetic. The London Conference with the Austrian Ministers in February had, he said, marked a great step forward, since the four Big Powers had suspended their liens in order to facilitate a loan. At the same time, they could not offer government guarantees for the latter.

At the end of August Dr. Grimm, Minister of Finance, came to London in search of advances. He was told that Britain had already done more than anyone else for Austria, and that the British tax-payer could not be called upon for any further one-sided assistance.

Mr. Norman, returning from the United States on September 19, informed me that the American Government could not persuade Congress to accept a separate settlement in Austria's favour. When I asked if there was no way of appealing to American sentiment, he answered: "Not through political channels or credit schemes." The directors of the Bank of

England, who were present at our talk, as well as Mr. Jay and the Director of the Federal Reserve Bank, could offer no advice. The whole question of credits had reached a deadlock.

At the end of November, 1921, the increasing chaos of the national finances and the more and more intolerable sufferings of large sections of the population drove the Austrian Government to make an appeal to the Government of Great Britain, through its Minister in Vienna, which contained the following passages: "Your Excellency is well aware of the disastrous turn which the financial situation of the Austrian Republic has taken within the last few weeks . . . In the annexed memorandum Your Excellency will find a detailed description of our situation, culminating in the request to grant us without delay an advance of three million pounds sterling, this amount to include the five hundred thousand pounds sterling already granted."

The security offered was the famous collection of Gobelin tapestry, which, preserved in the former Imperial Palace, had in past days provided an artistic and historical background to the splendour of court festivities. At the same time I received instructions to take all appropriate measures to secure the granting of a loan.

This was the beginning of my campaign in favour of the credits. The period between the beginning of November, 1921, and the middle of February, 1922, was by far the most exciting of my whole professional career up to that time. Despite repeated disappointment I clung to my hopes and worked with a will because I knew that the many obstacles could only be overcome, if at all, by resolute effort.

The plan I devised for obtaining a loan of two and a half million pounds from a group of American bankers, culminated in my *démarche* to the British Prime Minister.

It is my opinion—and the view is shared by many people abroad—that it was primarily Lloyd George and Clemenceau who won the war, through their tenacity and the fertility of their ideas. Lloyd George was also largely responsible for the Peace Treaty of St. Germain, which reduced Austria to a tiny state and imposed upon her a burden beyond her strength. I therefore looked forward to our talk with eager anticipation. The Premier received me with engaging friendliness. As we talked, I noted his clever alertness, the humorous twinkle in the eye, the famous lion's mane and his easy, natural manner.

I explained to the Prime Minister our position and the need of an advance in order to keep things going until his general plan of reconstruction, to include Austria also, was ready to be put into execution. In our half-hour's talk I was able to point to the improved economic situation, the favourable conditions in Vienna, the various government expedients, etc. Lloyd George seemed both pleased and surprised. He was glad, too, that I could relieve his fears on the score of Vienna's viability. Nothing, however, could be done, he said, until the American Department of State cleared the way for the granting of a loan. He promised to send a personal cable to Lord Balfour to make strong representations to Mr. Hughes. He added, finally, that it was certainly wrong that a people like the Austrians, honest and ready to help themselves, should be refused aid. I thanked the

Premier for his offer to cable to America, but said that in view of past experience I was sceptical of the result, and therefore urged him to consider the need for other remedies, should the Americans prove unaccommodating. In the end the American bankers, despite British influence, refused the loan.

My exchange of views with a group of banks in the United States terminated with a letter from Morgan, Grenfell and Co, in London, informing me that the loan was at present impracticable.

VII

Much time was thereby lost, while fresh disappointment and increasing despair among the Austrian people sent the krone toppling headlong down. Early in December there were riots in Vienna. The foreign population fled and professional observers saw in the situation dangerous developments that could only be arrested by immediate credits.

After the failure of our efforts in the United States I submitted to my government proposals for steps to be taken in England and set to work to obtain the necessary help.

At the beginning of December I wrote a letter to Lord Curzon, containing the following passages:

" I have the honour to draw your Lordship's serious attention to the riots which have taken place in Vienna and which were fully reported by newspapers in this country. . . . The riots were not due to Bolshevist propaganda, but were the natural outcome of the

despair engendered in the people by the unbearable increase in the cost of living due to the recent collapse of the currency. . . . I urgently appeal for your Lordship's intervention with the British Government that they may take all the measures conducive to the granting of the advance of £3,000,000, which is an absolutely vital question for Austria."

Through the good services of my friend Mrs. Snowden, I called upon the leader of the Labour Party, Mr. Henderson, and asked him to persuade his party to press the Prime Minister towards the granting of credits to Austria. The same day I spoke to the same effect to Mr. Thomas, the railwaymen's leader, with whom I was on good terms. He, too, was anxious to help, and, as it happened that he was breakfasting with Lloyd George the following day, he promised to put my request before him.

At the same time I suggested to Vienna that the Austrian Social Democrats and trade unions should telegraph an appeal to the Labour Party and British trade unions, and I outlined the arguments and offers I thought would make the strongest impression. The Labour Party had told me in confidence that such appeals would be helpful.

I had that day invited to lunch Mr. Walter, the co-proprietor of *The Times*, and we discussed the Austrian problem at length. The result was a *Times* leader—"Austria infelix," expressly advocating credit assistance. I wrote also to the press magnates, Lords Burnham and Riddell, describing Austria's situation and asking them to use their influence on our behalf.

My letter to Lloyd George's private secretary, Mr. Philip Kerr, ended in these words: ". . . I should

like to emphasize that Austria can only hold out a few days more."

Meantime the financial position at home grew so much worse and the sufferings of the people from increased depreciation were so intensified that a panic occurred on the Stock Exchange and the krone fell to a new low level of 43,800 to the pound sterling.

This disastrous turn of events made a deep impression on the heads of the Treasury. Lunching with Lady Cunard, I was able to describe the dangers of the situation to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Robert Horne. Sir Robert attracted me strongly. His intelligence, vigour, eloquence and wide knowledge were united with a robust vitality and a ready wit. After consulting with his advisers, the Chancellor of the Exchequer decided to recommend to the Prime Minister that certain unexpended credits, which it had long been intended to use for balancing the budget, should be devoted to granting an advance to Austria. Sir Basil Blackett sent for me to inform me of this Treasury decision.

At once I resolved, at this psychological moment, to address a further urgent appeal to Lloyd George.

After drafting this appeal, I received telegraphic instructions from my government to point out to Lloyd George personally that the situation in Austria was untenable and that a catastrophe was bound to ensue, unless help came within a few days. A little later, I was instructed to convey to King George a telegraphic message from President Hainisch, telling him of Austria's dire extremity and imploring aid. I called upon the Lord Chamberlain and the message was telephoned to Sandringham.

viii

On January 31, Lord Curzon received me after a Cabinet meeting. The extreme friendliness with which he listened and replied to me afforded gratifying evidence of his sympathy with Austria and with Austria's spokesman.

Lord Curzon told me that there was serious doubt in England—and this accounted for Lloyd George's indecision—whether these 2½ millions would really help us or whether this sum, being so small, would not simply be wasted. Unhappily, my own information showed that the Governor of the Bank of England also inclined to this view.

I replied by pointing to the views of our experts, the comparatively short period before the release of our assets and the hope that France would follow suit, in order not to be outdone by Great Britain, Collapse was certain, I said, if help were further deferred.

The Foreign Office I found hopeful, the Treasury understanding and well-disposed, but not yet clear as to the outcome. The unknown quantity was Lloyd George.

Being laid up in these critical days with a bad attack of influenza, I had to conduct my campaign from bed by letters, telephone and talks with visitors. The most important of these conversations was with the Governor of the Bank of England, who fully concurred in my view and favoured help for Austria, but doubted whether Lloyd George, with whom the decision lay, would grant the credits or would refuse them on the grounds of rigid economy, which was now the watchword, and from electoral considerations.

The day towards the end of which our fate was made known, was as anxious and as pregnant with dramatic thrills as the whole of the period through which we had just passed.

The careful preparations I had made to bring influence to bear upon Lloyd George from many sides were rewarded by the following happy chance. Having had word from the Treasury that, in his speech of February 7 during the debate on the Address, Lloyd George might possibly refer to Austria and announce the granting of credits, I hurried to the House and to my joy saw in the Gallery the Premier's private secretary, Sir Edward Grigg, whose interest in Austria I had been able to enlist through Vansittart. (I had further primed him with a memorandum on the subject.) At my request he now sent down to Lloyd George an urgent last-minute appeal from me. I saw Lloyd George pass the note to Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Robert Horne, who were beside him, and I waited full of hope that the Prime Minister would announce the credits. My disappointment was the more bitter when, after speaking for an hour and a half on the subject of Germany only, he sat down without once mentioning Austria. As he told me next day, at a court *levée*, he had been so worked up by the attacks of the Opposition that in his agitation he entirely forgot Austria and it was not until eight o'clock, when he realized his omission, that he arranged for Lord Robert Cecil to put a question, which he answered by announcing a credit to Austria of 2 million pounds. It was shortly after eight that Sir Basil Blackett telephoned me the fateful news. I was intensely relieved. The worst immediate danger to my country

seemed averted, a hope which was confirmed by this letter from the Federal Chancellor, Dr. Schober: "The good news contained in your telegrams of the last few days concerning the granting of a credit by the Royal Government of Great Britain affords me an opportunity, my dear Minister, of thanking you warmly, in my own name and in the name of the whole Government, for your untiring and successful efforts . . ."

Dr. Schüller, to whom I am grateful for valuable assistance at various stages of my campaign, wrote:

"You will have been the recipient of many congratulations besides the Chancellor's. None, however, can be quite so heartfelt as mine. The deepest sigh of relief was mine, for I know the immense difficulties and that no one could have done so much to overcome them. I can see you lying in bed with influenza and working in those rooms of yours I know. I can see you, too, in the House of Commons waiting in vain for Lloyd George's statement. Your satisfaction must now be all the greater. Really, this help came none too soon. I think the worst is over and that, despite inevitable obstacles and setbacks, we can now go forward. I can assure you that your work is fully appreciated here, not only by the authorities, but by the public."

IX

Francis Bacon, in his work *The New Atlantis*, coined a fine title for the ambassadors which that Island of the Blest was sending out to other countries; he

called them the " Merchants of Light." Their mission was to gather from all parts of the world the light of culture and learning. When I was sent to Great Britain to renew relations between our two countries, I felt it was my mission to be not only a " Merchant of Credits and Loans " but a " Merchant of Light." I considered it of the greatest importance to bring home to the British public the artistic achievements of the Austrians and to increase the knowledge of British art among the Austrian people.

My work in the service of art and science was a glad and welcome addition to my strenuous efforts to secure the material requirements of the Austrian people. It had always been a particular pleasure to me to encourage artists and it was, of course, a great joy to me to do some service for my friend Hofmannsthal in England. The letters I here reproduce, written during this period, reflect the intimacy between us, which long separation has in no way affected.

Bad Aussee,
August 9th, 1921.

" A week or so ago I was putting my correspondence in order and glanced at the copies of the letters which you so kindly wrote to Harvey[1] on my behalf. I was most deeply touched by your kindness and thought for me and by your perseverance (now crowned with such immeasurable success for me) . . . Unless the London production of *Everyman* falls through at the last moment, or unless Harvey falls ill again or the play fails (which last I gather from the impressions of many English visitors to Salzburg and Berne is

[1] Sir John Martin Harvey.

very unlikely), it means a quite unspeakable relief to me in my material difficulties and helps me out of an almost insoluble dilemma : how, in such unexampled circumstances, to be at the same time an artist and the father of a family—a man who owes the undivided use of his powers to an intellectual task and a man whose whole powers of attention, courage and endurance, if directed to material matters, would barely suffice to keep a household above water . . . All the same, what comfort and security there is in this situation, what a last-hour reprieve, if Bolshevism, as we may hope, halts at the confines of Central Europe. We must look at such matters in the large and they give us cause to thank God morning and night. The very serious play on which I am now working—and this is where the artist's work is a purge to the spirit—compels me to look things like happiness and unhappiness, individual destiny and the destiny of the community, straight in the face, to spend some hours every day contemplating them with the greatest possible degree of earnestness and sincerity. I only wish, Bui, that my friendship had the power to transfer something of the deep content that flows from this artistic, creative contact with things and symbols, to you, who stand in such need of cheer and comfort."

January 12th, 1922.

" I am often obliged to do things that are quite foreign to my nature. When the theatre is not claiming me, I hold fast to my prescribed plan of work. But you are present through it all ; I see your face, hear fragments of your talk, feel your troubles and anxieties. There is one phrase that persistently haunts me, a

phrase which, when I read it in history, made an overwhelming impression upon me. It is Napoleon's cry during the retreat from Moscow: *'J'ai commis faute sur faute!'* Terrible words, uttered by those proud, uncomplaining lips—but such is human destiny and so it is with you. There is only one thing to do, Bui: to realize that these entangling problems are our human lot; and to gather up strength again and again, and go on working and hoping. Even Orestes found refuge from the Furies on the steps of a temple. You, too, have your temple, and you know the way to it better than blind, hunted Orestes. Your temple is your work, your service among men and for men, your fulfilment of the function of a chief in an extremely personal manner, inimitable, almost magical; the fabric into which you are weaving the pattern of your life. In a world where everything wears a dual aspect, I must cling to what is simple. I follow simple maxims: *'Wirke, nur in seinen Werken kann der Mann sich selbst bemerken!'* That is a simple motto."

Alt Aussee,
March 10th, 1922.

"My thoughts are often with you. Perhaps you are lonely among the crowd, while I spend many, many hours of the day alone, and yet am not lonely. I have been living for three weeks now in a little farm-house, a stone's throw from your home. I feed with the Wassermanns, but meals don't take long, and all day I am quite alone in one of those clean, peaceful cottage rooms I am so fond of. The woman who keeps the house is a widow, a quiet, delicate woman with one child, a coddled little boy, who has nothing of

the savage in him. The three of us together often make no more noise than my little sputtering oil-lamp. I love this life. The older I grow, the more I love peace, silence, solitude.

My good Bui, my old friend. Twenty-three years ago I lived a few hundred steps from your villa, on the Salzberg. In my mind I see your sister as a young girl, Andrian—what a strange youth he was—the Platens—shadows all—and they mingle with those other shadows which have never lived, but are asking to live, the characters of my unwritten plays.

What a mystery life is. And the tragedy of age—I feel it plainly enough—is, as Wilde said, the tragedy of remaining so young.

"I have had two letters, one from Salzburg and one from Vienna. From what they say, the 'Great Salzburg World Theatre' *will* probably be given in the place that Reinhardt called the right place—the Collegiate Church. The deciding factor was probably the good Archbishop's liking for the play and his warm, simple, downright way of saying so—and also his hope and trust that the receipts, combined with the little the State can do, may save the beautiful church (one of the finest of eighteenth-century monuments), from the serious dangers that threaten it."

Rodaun,
March 26th, 1922.

"While I was writing to you from the winter stillness of Alt Aussee, your letter with its message of joy and satisfaction was lying here. Nothing, my dear friend, could have filled me with greater pleasure than this expression of your true self. For I find in

it the whole of you; here are the very sources of your strength and of that constant spiritual renewal, without which man cannot live. Woman sees herself reflected in the love of man, but man's reflection is not in woman's love, but in his work. It does me more good than I can say to be able to respect, and doubly so, when the respect is for one who already has my love and devotion. I thank you with all my heart."

This letter reached me shortly after I had succeeded in obtaining for Austria the vital credit of £2,500,000.

X

The credit brought us relief for a time, but it was swallowed up later in the unavailing effort to arrest the headlong fall of the Austrian currency.

In May, 1922, our fresh endeavours to interest American bankers in Austria led to a conversation with Mr. Lamont, a leading partner in Morgan's who wrote to us as follows:

"DEAR SIR,

On behalf of

Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., of New York, and
,, N. M. Rothschild & Sons,
,, Baring Bros. & Co. Ltd.,
,, J. H. Schroeder & Co.,
of London,

we beg to say that, after considering carefully the information furnished to us by you and your Associates,

we are as yet unable to see any basis such as would justify us in offering upon the investment markets an Austrian Government loan.

We are, however, deeply impressed with the importance to Austria of such an operation as has been suggested, and are so desirous of serving the situation in some way, that we have determined to accept your invitation and to send representatives to make a further exploration of the whole question at Vienna."

On May 31 I called on the Governor of the Bank of England, who had just returned from the United States. His visit to Washington, he told me, had been laborious and unsatisfactory. The failure of the Genoa Conference had also injured our prospects. American views on the European situation were governed by uncertainty about the whole question of German repayments, the outcome of the Hague talks and the Russian problem. The bankers did not believe in or favour any independent settlement of the problem of Central Europe. They wanted to see the larger questions in a clearer light, before they committed themselves to granting any credits to Austria.

During the long negotiations which ultimately led to the advance of 2½ millions, and at other times, I had had grim and anxious talks with the Governor, but none was more serious than this.

To Mr. Lampson, Chief of the Central European Department, later Ambassador in China and Egypt, I wrote: "The Powers must realize the infinite damage which they do to us, and indirectly to their own interests, by their procrastination . . ."

I wrote to Vienna :

" Time is against us. While on my way to Vansittart to-day I read on the automatic telegraph machine at the Foreign Office the latest message : ' Vienna exchange, 92,000–97,000 Kr. to the pound.' It is the writing on the wall . . .

The fact that in spite of all appeals we have so far kept our heads above water encourages in the leading Entente statesmen a belief that we can still carry on. In face of their own difficulties and the doubt of any help proving effective, they find it easier to do nothing.

I hope that my report will have helped the Austrian Government to frame its memorandum for submission to the three Cabinets . . .

Yesterday I talked with Mr. Norman, who told me he had done all he could for Austria ; but he felt very pessimistic . . .

Sir William Goode is working on the British press with admirable energy and courage . . .

The Entente governments find themselves entangled in such difficulties of their own that the Austrian question has been shelved. We cannot do more than ride the storm as best we can . . ."

XI

By the beginning of August the position in Austria had become so desperate that the Government decided upon a step that must be almost without precedent. I was instructed to submit to Mr. Lloyd George as

Chairman of the Supreme Council, then sitting in London, a memorandum in which my Government declared that if the help so often promised us by the Powers were further delayed, neither the present Austrian Government nor any possible successor could answer for what might happen. Austria, in fact, was deposited, like a foundling, upon the steps of No. 10, Downing Street.

I handed this urgent note to Sir Edward Grigg himself, emphasizing our arguments anew, and pressing for a personal interview with Lloyd George. This seemed an almost hopeless request.

According to Grigg, that day—August 14—looked like being a Black Monday, for the prospects of agreement between the Allied Powers was extremely remote. Great Britain could not approve a moratorium, since it merely gave Germany a short breathing-space, while her willingness to work and capacity to pay were being reduced by the terms imposed upon her. There was no saying what France might now do. She had already taken independent action in the Ruhr. The City agreed with the British Government that, with everything so uncertain and with the possibility of a French invasion with grave consequences, any separate help for Austria was impracticable.

In the afternoon I was pleasantly surprised to receive a telephone message that the Prime Minister would see me at once, just before the Supreme Council met.

On this occasion Lloyd George, who appeared to be in a hurry, received me, not with a friendly smile, but with a grave, almost hard expression. He started

by saying that it was very difficult to do anything for us. I begged him to listen to me for a few minutes, and into these moments I packed as many statements and arguments as I could muster in the time, explaining why the Austrian Government could not continue to direct affairs or put into effect its scheme of self-help unless credits were promised. Lloyd George took notes of what I said. Rather incongruously, he questioned once again whether the small state of Austria, encumbered by its huge metropolis, could survive. I replied that its creation was the work of the victorious states at St. Germain. I also pointed to the amazing expansion of Vienna after a difficult period of transition following the war, and told him that Vienna was an asset, not a liability. Lloyd George said that Great Britain had already done so much for us without any positive benefit. I answered that the help given had been mainly in foodstuffs and not in constructive credits; the advances of February had naturally not sufficed, partly because the French and Italians had kept us waiting many months for their quotas, partly because the really important credits had not even yet been granted. Great Britain, I said, had thrown us a rope; surely she was not going to cut it and leave us to sink? I gave him my word that the responsible authorities in Austria believed in the viability of our country, if we were given credits in the interim. If the Powers doubted our capacity to survive, what was the alternative? Lloyd George was trying to restore order in the world and help Germany to her feet, though Germany could hold out longer than Austria. Our country, I added, was a powder-barrel in Central

Europe, and if she were left to her fate, she would probably shortly explode. The winter was not far off, and there were no certain means of paying for indispensable imports of food and coal. If our Government resigned and made its threatened declaration to Parliament, chaos would follow. The provinces would seek to join up with their neighbours. At the same time the neighbour states would assemble their troops for an invasion, and there would be serious danger of hostilities. Would not the Entente rather insure against this by giving a guarantee or credits, which in their turn could be secured by the customs and possibly the tobacco monopoly, and by the armed force of the states that helped us? Again I implored the Premier's aid. He consented to raise the matter at the five o'clock meeting of the Conference. Beyond that he would promise nothing. My general impression was not hopeful. Lloyd George had obviously lost faith in Austria and in her strength and ability to reorganize her political and economic life. Hence my cold reception.

XII

On August 15 the British Prime Minister sent me a letter, from which I quote these extracts:

"I have the honour to refer to your Notes dated August 7th and 13th, 1922, respectively, in which you asked me to bring to the notice of the Inter-Allied Conference a request by the Austrian Govern-

ment that the Allied Powers should assume a partial guarantee for an Austrian Loan, and to state that I brought the matter before the Conference, which considered it at a meeting held yesterday afternoon.

The representatives of the Conference of the Allied Governments gave the most careful attention to the request put forward, and have come to the decision that they are unable to hold out any hope of further financial assistance being given to Austria by their governments. They have agreed, however, to a proposal that the Austrian situation should be referred to the League of Nations for investigation and report, the League being informed at the same time that, having regard to the heavy burdens already borne by the taxpayers of the Allied Powers, there is no prospect of further financial assistance to Austria from the Allied Powers, unless the League were able to propose such a programme of reconstruction, containing definite guarantees that further subscriptions would produce substantial improvement and not be thrown away like those made in the past, as would induce financiers in our respective countries to come to the rescue of Austria. The representatives of the Allied Powers have reached the above decision with much reluctance and from no lack of sympathy with the Austrian people, but they have been obliged to take into consideration the crushing taxation which their respective countries already support in consequence of the war. They do not feel that they would be justified in calling upon their heavily burdened nationals to assume further obligations for the benefit of Austria, which has, in the few years

since the war, already received so much from them with such disappointing results.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(*Sd.*) D. LLOYD GEORGE."

XIII

The impression conveyed by this note to Vienna, and to me, too, was that this reference of the Austrian question to the League of Nations was an empty gesture, and that our position must therefore be regarded as hopeless.

At this fateful juncture our great Chancellor, Dr. Seipel, with diplomatic vision and resolute courage, unfolded the map of Central Europe and put his problems before the Powers. He told the statesmen that in the event of her collapse Austria would become a bone of contention to all her neighbours.

If, on the other hand, some positive plan were devised for her thorough reconstruction, it would not only secure the preservation of this ancient and important home of culture, but peace and order in Central Europe for a long time to come.

He went first to Berlin and to Prague and then to Verona, where it was decided in principle that a customs union between Austria and Italy should be negotiated. Dr. Schüller concluded such an agreement in Rome, but before it was signed news came from Geneva that the League of Nations was willing to deal with the Austrian situation.

Dr. Seipel's arguments were so cogent that the

statesmen and financial delegates assembled in Geneva decided to recommend their governments to approve a scheme for the reconstruction of Austria, which included far-reaching internal reforms, the establishment of a national bank, and the floating of a big loan guaranteed by several of the Powers. The labours of the Austrian Chancellor were strongly supported by Lord Balfour, the British delegate, to whom Austria's warm thanks are due.

For a long time it looked as if Austria alone were fulfilling the obligations contained in the Geneva Protocol, while the promised help from abroad was not forthcoming. With the aid of advances and special measures of economy, our financial administration held out longer than was promised in the League plan. Early in the new year, however, it became clear that a short-term loan was needed to tide over the period until the large long-term loan was floated.

As soon as the League Council had approved this temporary loan, Dr. Kienböck, Austrian Finance Minister, and Dr. Reisch, President of the National Bank, came to London to conduct (with my help) the necessary preliminary negotiations.

Dr. Kienböck was a first-class minister of finance, courageous, persistent and hard-headed. Beneath an outward coldness lay humour and a warm friendship for those he esteemed. He and I took a liking for each other.

These busy weeks were among the most exciting in my life. Not only was the whole mechanism of the loan extremely complicated—the governments, for example, had to deposit collateral security in different

currencies—but new difficulties were continually cropping up in our path.

All the same we succeeded in issuing the loan on the day (March 1) on which the credits were needed by the Austrian financial administration, and we compared ourselves laughingly to the characters in a popular London farce of the moment, who, to win a bet, had to travel round the world in an incredibly short time, and in face of all sorts of obstacles only succeeded in winning their wager at the last possible moment.

The short-term loan of 3½ millions was intended to cover the deficit in the Austrian budget until June 1, 1923.

XIV

Dining some time ago at the house of a Canadian, there sat opposite to me at table a man who at once attracted my attention. He had a handsome, refined face, a high forehead, thin grey hair, the long and striking face ending in a little pointed beard. Throughout the light dinner-table conversation he impressed me by his dignity. After dinner we talked together on the subject of art and it was not until the party broke up that I learnt that this remarkable man was Mr. Montagu Norman, the famous, continually reappointed Governor of the Bank of England. As he kindly drove me home in his car, he expressed his warm sympathy for Austria and offered me his help, should we ever require it. I did not dream at the time how important and substantial that help would prove.

One evening, early in March, at dinner time I received a telegram from Dr. Grunberger, at that time Foreign

Minister, informing me that the Austrian cabinet had unanimously decided to invite me to preside over the committee responsible for raising the League of Nations loan on the European money markets.

It was one of those rare moments in our lives when fate knocks at the door. The offer was a tempting one, but could I accept it ? Supposing the negotiations, upon which Austria would depend to save her from intolerable misery, should fail ? Might I not incur the charge of having ventured lightly upon a task which neither training nor experience qualified me to fulfil ? Convinced, however, that enthusiasm and patriotism enable a man to exceed his normal span, I quickly decided to accept. The question was whether the Governor of the Bank of England, whose opinion the Austrian Government wished to know, would approve my decision.

When Mr. Norman called on me at my request the following day and I asked him his opinion, he said that diplomats, by reason of their long residence abroad, were not fully acquainted with the internal conditions of their own country. It would be my duty to convince the governments and bankers of the different countries in which we sought to raise the loan, of the viability and trustworthiness of Austria, a country whose terrible sufferings and helplessness we had hitherto painted in the blackest colours in order to obtain foodstuffs and credit relief. No, he said, I was not the right person. He asked Mr. Bark's opinion, who accompanied him on this visit. Mr. Peter Bark, formerly Imperial Russian Minister of Finance, later a political exile and now an English bank manager, replied that I possessed certain

qualities justifying my selection for the post, which he himself would recommend. The Governor thereupon gave his assent on condition that I went to Vienna and received thorough preliminary training for the work. To this I gladly agreed. My teachers were cabinet ministers, heads of section and experts, and numerous visits and attendances at committees gave me much insight into and experience of financial administration.

XV

The Loan Commission, consisting of myself as Chairman, Mr. Peter Bark and Mr. Nixon (representing the League of Nations), first made preliminary visits to Italy, then to Switzerland, France, England, Belgium and Holland, subsequently returning to all these countries and conducting long and difficult, sometimes encouraging, often disappointing, negotiations with the governments and various banking groups in these states. We also received visits in Paris from banking representatives of the Scandinavian countries, Czechoslovakia, Spain and the United States. Our work was further complicated by the fact that the Austrian Government was not a free agent in the choice of the date for the issue of the big Loan. We were compelled by our own needs to make the best of a situation which certainly did not favour the success of our efforts. The looming shadow of the Ruhr, where events entered upon a still more acute phase during the very period of our negotiations darkened all the financial markets of the world and

served only to accentuate the already unfavourable impression in America. The people of the United States, still doubtful about Europe, were especially so about Austria, whose earlier desperate situation their generous charity had laboured for so long to alleviate. A knowledge of the remarkable progress of the work of reform in Austria had not yet penetrated to the great mass of the American people. Moreover it appeared likely that the great and sudden revival of economic activity in the United States would have the first call on available American capital.

In these circumstances could we hope to get any credits from the United States? More than one American of great practical experience expressed to me a pessimistic view. Should the Franco-German conflict take a more critical shape, should war flare up anew in the Near East—and the state of the negotiations of the Lausanne Conference did not yet warrant the certainty of peace—then the successful placing of the Austrian Loan would be seriously jeopardized.

Over and above these manifold dangers, each of the countries which we visited provided its own special difficulties. In one country we found apprehension as to the whole Loan scheme with proposals (long after they had ceased to be practicable) for the recasting of the entire method of procedure; in another, which enjoyed a stable currency, fears lest that currency should depreciate, these fears expressing themselves in a request that all subscriptions to the Loan should be invited only in pounds sterling—a request which it was impossible to fulfil—in another a nervousness consequent upon previous losses abroad,

coupled with the special stringency of domestic deflation ; and in a fourth the public's lack of familiarity with foreign loans and native dislike of them. Certain countries which might have been glad to participate in the Loan were unfortunately prevented from doing so by their special financial difficulties. In both France and Belgium the situation was dominated by the demands of the devastated areas, which not only competed most keenly with each other, but created together a continuous and considerable demand on the money market, and thus constituted serious obstacles in the way of floating an Austrian Loan. In Spain our attempt to issue a part of the Loan had to be deferred because the law of guarantees could not be submitted to the Spanish Parliament until after Parliament had reassembled in June. Our task was further complicated by the fact that the bankers with whom we were pursuing negotiations in the different countries were naturally desirous, before coming to any decision, to know the amount of the " tranches " of the Loan to be placed in the other markets, and the conditions of issue there. It was some time, therefore, before our negotiations emerged from their vague and formless beginnings, and only gradually did the conditions of the Loan take final shape. During the negotiations it became apparent that there would be in certain quarters a strong demand for the maintenance of a certain general proportion between at least some of the various " tranches " of the Loan, and more than one of the banking groups made their participation conditional upon the whole amount of the Loan being raised. As it was impossible to achieve certainty in either

of these respects until a few days before the issue of the Loan, black care was seated on the horseman's back until almost the moment of reaching the goal.

XVI

If it be asked how it was found possible to overcome all these formidable obstacles—of which I have recounted only a few—the explanation lies in a fact which was of the greatest importance for us and which gave us the deepest satisfaction and encouragement—namely the awakening confidence in Austria felt abroad as a result of her progress in the work of reform. Without this, in spite of all the political factors which militated in favour of preserving Austria from ruin, it would never have been possible to negotiate the Loan successfully with banking groups in so many different countries, in each of which the mentality of the public was an element of great importance. This reawakened confidence was demonstrated in the most remarkable manner by the decision of the firm of Morgan and Company, and of the syndicate formed by them, to participate in the Austrian Loan.

In connection with America the Loan Commission had a remarkable experience. At the Hotel Crillon, in Paris, where we were staying, we received a visit one day from Mr. Gordon Leith (a delightful man of the world with whom I later became friends) who came, as the authorized agent of Speyer and Co. and of the Chase National Bank of New York, with a definite offer by both banks to grant us, under certain conditions, a loan of three million pounds at 6 per cent. at an issue price of 93.

As a weary caravan sees a sudden oasis ahead and, after first thinking it a mirage, is overjoyed to find water and refreshment, we were now filled with wonder and happiness at this unexpected offer of £3,000,000. But alas! we could not drink at this fount of blessing. We had to tell Mr. Gordon Leith that we were bound by our word to J. P. Morgan & Co., and could not give him an answer until we had spoken with Mr. Lamont.

It was subsequently found necessary to decline the offer, though with a grateful, as well as a heavy heart.

Morgan's had long been known to hold the view that one of the first duties of the American financial world was to undertake its share in European reconstruction, but only when assured that a solid basis had been created and that the sums invested would enable a definite result to be achieved. As a result of the reports which had been sent across the Atlantic and the conversations which took place between Morgan's representative, Mr. Lamont, and European experts (in particular Sir Arthur Salter, who proved himself of the greatest help) and the members of the Loan Commission, J. P. Morgan & Co. decided to share in this Loan with all their associates throughout the United States. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance this decision had for Europe at that time. Not only did it render possible the launching of the Loan for the whole amount proposed, but Austria thereby became, as it were, the bridge which the United States had elected to utilize in order to associate themselves with the task of renewing the economic energies of the Continent, and, by this

means, of establishing peace in Europe once again. Viewed from this standpoint, the initialling of the agreements between the Morgan group and the Austrian Loan Commission, which took place in Paris on Ascension Day, appeared to us to assume historic significance.

Mr. Lamont, in whom the great gifts of his countrymen exist to a remarkable degree, took a prominent and most capable part in the negotiations, throughout which we could not but be impressed by his outstanding business capacity, which was always combined with a practical and generous idealism.

But on returning to London and reporting to the Governor of the Bank of England, we had to confess that we still required four million pounds to make up the full loan amount upon which the banking groups had insisted as a condition of their participation, for they thought that Austrian reconstruction could not be carried out with any smaller sum. Unless we could raise these four millions, the whole scheme, we said, would collapse. The Governor, assuming as he sometimes does the impenetrability of the sphinx, told us to come back the next day. When we returned after an anxious night, he handed us a copy of the prospectus for the British portion of the loan. He had arranged for British participation to be increased by four millions. The magic figure of £14,000,000 stood facing us on the prospectus.

Then, at last, I could telegraph to the Austrian Foreign Minister:

"My heartiest congratulations to the Austrian Government and to our country.

Have great pleasure in announcing that our goal is reached. Conversion or issue of a nominal sum of £32,623,500 assured. This would be equivalent to £27,439,700 gross yield, and about £25,400,000 net yield."

And in my report I added:

"The signature of the Bank of England on page 2 of the prospectus belongs, like the whole loan itself, to the realm of the miraculous.

Nothing succeeds like success. By yesterday afternoon the whole amount of the British portion, to be offered for subscription next week, was underwritten, and many applications had to be refused.

May the work of reconstruction on this new and solid basis proceed smoothly, worthily, and with beneficial results . . .

In view of the break in the mark, reflected in the collapse of many American banks, and in face of the dangers and difficulties we have encountered at every step during the past three months, we feel like the horseman who rode across the frozen waters of Lake Constance, and only realized that he had done so when he reached the farther bank, and thanked God for his escape from drowning."

The success of the big loan was of the greatest significance for Austria. But it was more; it was the happy outcome of efforts for reconstruction undertaken jointly by a number of States. It was also gratifying that the Austrian loan had been brought about under the ægis of the League of Nations, and could be considered as the largest constructive task it had so far accomplished.

XVII

In the following note to Lord Curzon I tried to convey Austria's deep gratitude for the help afforded her :

" My Lord Marquess,

As your Lordship is undoubtedly aware, the Austrian long-term loan has been issued on the various markets with great success. This loan could not have been obtained without the co-operation of the British Government, the English bankers and the public, whose combined efforts gave the lead which has brought about such admirable results.

When, nearly three years ago, shortly after my arrival in England, I had the honour to present my credentials to His Majesty the King, I said in my address : ' After the indescribable sufferings and disappointments they have endured, the Austrian people yearn to co-operate in the spiritual and economic reconstruction of Europe. Under the present terrible conditions prevailing in their country they cannot hope to accomplish this task. In their great distress they trustfully appeal to the traditional sense of justice of the powerful British Empire for such speedy and far-reaching help as will open for them, instead of the threatening abyss, the vision of a brighter and more hopeful future.'

By advances, as well as by the granting of the short-term loan, and now by the participation in the big Austrian loan to the extent of 14 million pounds sterling, Great Britain has fulfilled the hopes which

the Austrian people in their distress put in this mighty Empire.

Especially Mr. Norman, the Governor of the Bank of England, and Mr. Niemeyer, the Controller of the Treasury, have prepared and carried through the loan with an energy and circumspection which are beyond praise. I have already expressed to these two gentlemen our warmest thanks on behalf of the Austrian Government, as well as my own gratitude.

It is now my welcome duty to convey to your Lordship, and through your kind mediation to the British Government, our deep appreciation of the generous and decisive help which has been given to Austria. The remembrance of it will always be present in the Austrian people, and will have a lasting influence on the relations between their country and Great Britain.

If I may add a personal remark, I would like to say how helpful it has been to me in my difficult task, which often filled me with anxiety, to have had from the beginning such a friendly and sympathetic reception from Your Lordship.

I have the honour to be,

With the highest consideration,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

humble servant,

G. FRANCKENSTEIN."

I wrote an account of the progress of the loan negotiations and their result in an article that appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, and sent copies to a number of leading public men. Here is Lord Balfour's acknowledgment:

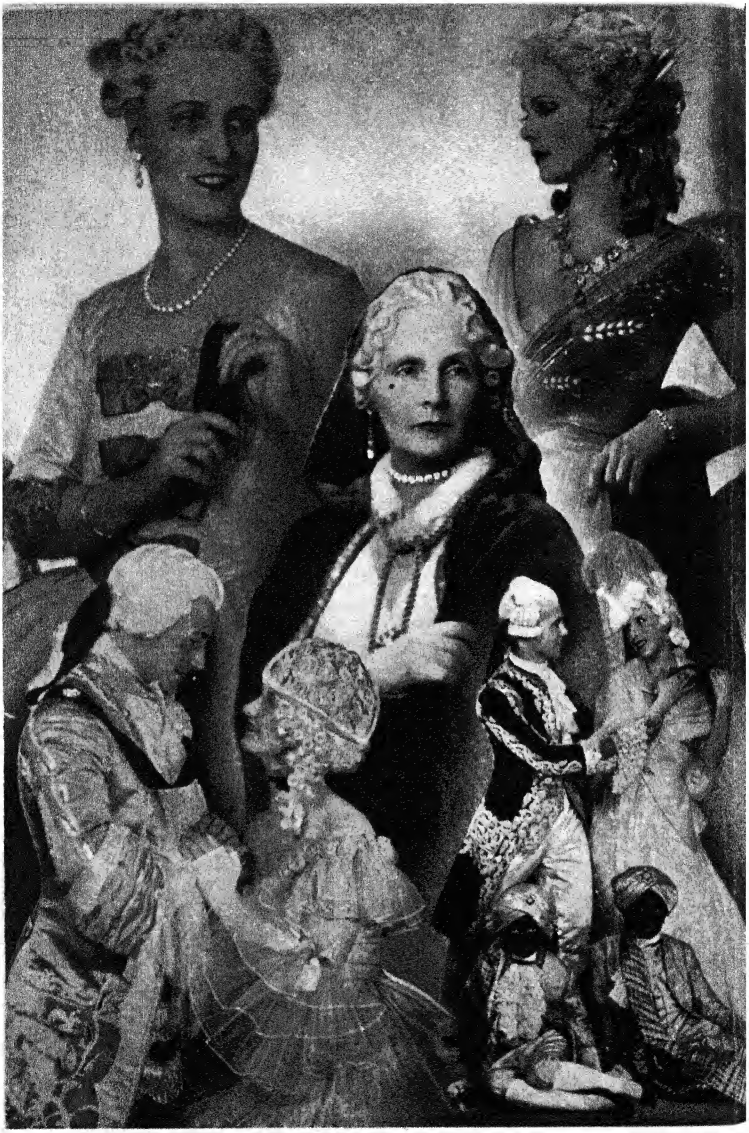
ociated Press

Front row : Baron Berger, the Queen (then Duchess of York), Dr. Schuschnigg, Princess Helena Victoria, the King (then Duke of York), Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Baron Hoesch. In the second row are the Polish, Japanese and French Ambassadors

Erich Salomon

Front row : Dr. Neumayer (Austrian Finance Minister), the Queen of Spain, Baron George Franckenstein, the Duchess of Kent, Dr. Kienboeck (President of the Austrian National Bank), Princess Helena Victoria. Elizabeth Schumann is singing

MUSICAL PARTIES AT THE AUSTRIAN LEGATION



Photos by Fur

MASKED BALL AT THE AUSTRIAN LEGATION

Marchesa Marconi, the Countess of Rosse, Princess Alice of Athlone, Lady Warrender and Mr. Simon Elwes, Miss Alast and Mr. Oliver Messel

Private.

" Whittingehame,
Prestonkirk, Scotland.
15*th October*, 1923.

MY DEAR MINISTER,

Many thanks for the reprint of your article in the *Contemporary Review* which you have been good enough to send me. Few events in a long public life have given me more satisfaction than the part I was permitted to play in the great work of Austria's reconstruction. Your very generous references, therefore, to myself have given me the utmost satisfaction. Difficulties without doubt are still in front of Austria and her Government ; but what she has already been able to accomplish under the lead of her great Chancellor, and those who work with him, may inspire all Austria's well-wishers with a confident expectation of success. What has been already done is marvellous, and assuredly justifies the most sanguine hopes.

Yours sincerely,
(*Sd.*) BALFOUR."

I sent a copy of this letter to the Austrian Foreign Minister, adding :

" . . . Lastly, I have pleasure in reporting that my part in the work of recovery has raised the prestige of the Austrian Legation in the eyes of the Diplomatic Corps. The restoration of the position of Austria's representative in London has been the counterpart, in miniature, of the reconstruction of our country.

Both are closely related. To have co-operated, under the lead of our great Chancellor—to use Lord Balfour's words—in a great task which has won the confidence of the whole world, will always be one of my most cherished memories."

Speaking at a dinner given by the Anglo-Austrian Society in April, 1925, I said :

" . . . Looking back—and it is well to look back in order to realise how far my country has progressed on the road of recovery—upon the time, only three years ago, when Austria was like a doomed ship in a stormy night, with a crew threatened by starvation, I like to think of William Blake's beautiful words : ' Thus were the stars of heaven created like a golden chain to bind man to heaven from falling into the abyss.' In quoting these lines, I have Providence in mind; but they may also be applied to those men who helped Austria, and to the women who did such splendid relief work. It was in those fateful times that the Austrian Chancellor, Dr. Seipel, and Lord Balfour and a few other courageous men brought about that constellation of the Powers and their Governments which made the assistance to Austria possible ; it was then that that star of first magnitude, Mr. Montagu Norman, the Governor of the Bank of England, and those other stars, many of which illuminate this banquet by their presence, namely, Sir Warren Fisher, Sir Otto Niemeyer, Sir Henry Strakosch, Mr. Bark, Sir William Goode, Sir Ernest Harvey, Baron Schröder, Sir Arthur Salter, and others, became our friends, our advisers and our support ; that our

President, Mr. Fisher, the Warden of New College, and our Chairman, Sir Maurice de Bunsen, whose kindness, helpfulness and courtesy are beyond praise, began to exercise their benignant influence to foster Anglo-Austrian friendship ; it was then, as it is to-day, that the Anglo-Austrian Society and her friends, who appear to me like the Milky Way of that firmament, co-operated in developing friendly relations between our two countries. To all of them I wish to express again Austria's thanks, and I also want to do so with regard to the League. The League of Nations is the result of the thought and endeavours of men, applied to men, with their ideals, their ambitions and their shortcomings. It cannot establish and maintain perfect order and harmony among the nations, such as the Hand of the Almighty has created in the Universe amongst the big and the small stars. But it may confidently be hoped that the influence of the League will grow and, with it, order and peace."

CHAPTER X

LAOCOON, fighting heroically and desperately against the strangling pressure of the snakes, his boys around him almost overcome, lifting their arms for help—this famous group symbolizes Austria's struggle in the years following the World War.

Thanks to the exertions and sacrifices of our people, and to the credits granted us abroad, we succeeded in bringing about the economic and financial reconstruction of Austria within a shorter period of time than had been foreseen by the League of Nations scheme. The material existence of our country was secured. These results were remarkable and most gratifying. But just as a mountaineer may be checked in his progress or driven back by blizzards and avalanches despite his courage and determination, so the high tariff walls in Europe, the world economic depression, the banking crisis and the National Socialist movement supported from Germany endangered Austria's existence again and again.

With this struggle of Austria for her existence I shall deal in a further volume at a later date.

While hitherto Great Britain had been the centre of financial support and the driving force in schemes of assistance, Germany and Italy now became the deciding factors in Austria's fate, first as rivals and antagonists—when Dollfuss was murdered, Signor

Mussolini manned the Brenner frontier to ward off an invasion of Austria by Germany—later as partners of the Axis forged by the unfortunate policy of the Western Powers during the Abyssinian war.

Great Britain, however, still wrapped in her former mantle of splendid isolation, though the garment was sadly out of date, now played a secondary rôle of a declamatory character in the question of Central Europe.

The dream of my youth to be one day the representative of the mighty monarchy at the Court of St. James had not been realized, but in the intellectual field I was able to make it a reality by upholding in Great Britain Austria's status of a great cultural power. This mission was so much the result of my own initiative, so closely bound up with my own attachment to art and science and with the Legation buildings in Belgrave Square, which became a centre of musical life in London, that some account of my cultural work and of my parties forms an integral part of my biography.

This chosen field furnished the requisite scope for the essential elements of my nature—love of liberty, idealism and love of humanity. Here none of those disagreeable compromises with conscience were called for, such as I had continually to make in politics. For though in my official capacity I honestly and sincerely supported the successive Austrian Ministers who strove to preserve the independence of the country, convinced of her individual genius and special cultural mission, I strongly disapproved of the vacillating foreign policy conducted in recent years by men with no experience, the imitation of Nazi methods in

Austria's defensive campaign and the forcible suppression of the workers' party instead of uniting all the forces of the state in an essentially liberal spirit.

I

I first had the honour of being received by King George and Queen Mary at Windsor, when His Majesty granted an audience there to Chancellor Schober. On this occasion the Queen showed us the wonderful art treasures. We were tremendously impressed by her taste, knowledge and artistic sense.

Some time later I received an invitation to dine and spend the night at Windsor Castle. By a lucky chance my visit coincided with the Princess Elizabeth's birthday, so that the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York and Prince George were present. I had brought a small white china dog with me as a gift for the little princess. As a footman was escorting me downstairs, I came suddenly upon the Duchess of York with her little girls and the Prince of Wales. I told the Prince what a pleasure it would have been to me to offer my small present in person, but that a high Court official had told me it was contrary to etiquette. "Nonsense," the Prince answered, and bade me by all means carry out my purpose. So I hurriedly fetched my china dog and was in the act of presenting it to the princess, when Queen Mary joined the party. The dog was much admired.

At dinner I sat between the Queen and Princess Mary, who both talked German with me. I ate hardly anything, for I was eager to answer Her

Majesty's many questions about the Empress Maria Theresa Exhibition in Vienna, the Austrian museums and various books. During dessert, however, I had more leisure, for during this course the King's Pipe Major appeared, looking very picturesque in his kilt, and, passing three times round the table, played Scotch airs on the pipes. This piercing music, with its oriental suggestion, sounded weird and strange to my ear, and conversation was impossible.

After dinner the Queen and the ladies passed into an adjoining drawing-room, through which the King conducted the gentlemen to the smoking-room beyond. As they passed the Queen, who stood in front of the fire-place, the royal princes bowed low. The Royal Family and their guests wore orders, the men were in knee-breeches, and the King and his sons wore the Order of the Garter. His Majesty talked with me at some length on politics, expressing his views with much vigour and frankness. Their Majesties then escorted their guests to the music-room, where a military band in scarlet uniforms played waltzes. I was honoured by a chair beside the Queen. As the band was very loud, we had almost to shout, and I kept one eye on the conductor's baton so as to adapt my voice to the playing and avoid the unpleasant possibility of some loud remark coinciding with a pause in the music. The Prince of Wales and his brothers were in high spirits and exchanged many jokes. A new musical instrument, rather like the cymbalum in a gipsy band, interested the Prince of Wales, who tried to play it.

I spent the next morning strolling through the splendid apartments and admiring the art treasures,

which far surpass in extent, beauty and value any private collection I have ever seen. My chauffeur, too, was delighted with his stay at Windsor. When he went to the garage in the morning to wash my car, he could hardly believe his eyes. There stood the car, clean, spotless and beautifully polished. The Prince of Wales kindly drove me in his own car to Fort Belvedere, where I greatly admired the tasteful arrangement of his country home and his keen and intelligent interest in gardening.

II

Humanity's common language—the language of art —seemed to me best suited to restore the troubled harmony between the peoples of Great Britain and Austria. Accordingly, the Austrian Legation in London became, as it were, a nursery for music, a rallying point for all lovers of art.

How can I recapture in words the beauty, the magic and the joy that emanated from the music of some hundred concerts ? Were I to open my big scrap-book and recite the items of the different programmes, there would return to our musical memories a long list of songs, compositions for violin or 'cello, for piano, harpsichord, flute or harp, quartettes, choral music and orchestral suites which filled the rooms at 18, Belgrave Square and found an echo in the many letters of thanks sent me after my musical parties.

It was often said that I must have been extremely wealthy to be able to give such concerts. On the

contrary, apart from my salary, I was a poor man, for, like many good Austrians, I had invested my fortune in war loan and lost it all. Every one of these artists appeared at the Legation without a fee. They performed from love of, or sympathy with, Austria or out of friendship for myself; many, too, because playing or singing at Belgrave Square added to their reputation or helped them to obtain musical engagements. I have often been asked how it was that at those concerts even the least musical of our listeners maintained such exemplary silence and never chattered. This was largely due to the high level of musical performance. No doubt, too, the company knew my own warm sympathy and regard for artists on all occasions, and especially on their appearance in my house. For I am very conscious of the debt of gratitude we owe to music, that wonderful and inexhaustible source of happiness, of inspiration, of rejuvenation and solace. Must we not therefore hold in high esteem and assist those who bring us this happiness, the musicians? They need our support, for the life of the true artist is full of anxiety, full of torment; in spite of many temptations he must remain true to himself and to his art, and great courage, concentration, self-sacrifice and fortitude are needed if he is to fulfil his mission.

Until the concert began, I would stand at the top of the stairs to greet my guests. How many thousands passed in all those years beneath the life-size portraits of the Empress Maria Theresa and other Hapsburg monarchs as they mounted the stairs? Although I knew the names of my guests from the printed list and most were familiar to me at least by sight, yet

I was often unable to attach the right name to the right guest, for, with that peculiarly English shyness many would give their names to the usher so indistinctly that he either mispronounced them or failed to announce them at all. It was always a relief when I saw the artists of the evening safely arrived, for I was constantly afraid either that they might be prevented from coming or that my staff might be guilty of some blunder. Thus, the great tenor, Lauritz Melchior, who honoured me by singing at the Legation, was by an oversight conducted to the artists' room by the servants' staircase, and it was years before I learnt of this *faux pas* and put it right.

When it was time for the concert to begin, I would devote myself especially to the artists. The uninitiated have no idea how nervous and strung-up artists are before they appear. As I led Lotte Lehmann to the platform, I used to notice how pale she looked, although she could be sure of her success in advance. As soon as she began to sing, her genius lifted her into her native element and the wonderful flow of her rich, warm voice captured and held the room.

Elisabeth Schumann, too, looked ill at ease, as I introduced her to the audience and she made ready to sing. But with the first notes the pretty smile appeared, the magic sounds issued from her shapely mouth like the song of the nightingale; what highly-trained perfection, what lightness and finish! Lilli Kraus's face wore a tortured look before she sat down to the piano. While she played she was as one possessed, so absorbed was she by her art. But when she had finished and looked up, her expression was one of blissful release.

And it was the same with other artists. For theirs was a hard task. The guests would take their seats, tired after a day's work, or having come straight from some dinner-party or theatre. Here they met their friends and the room filled with the buzz of conversation. It took the artist some time to command silence. It is the executant's function to bring to earth what the genius of the great composers has created after strenuous effort or by divine inspiration. He is the agent between the creative spirit and the crowd. He has to captivate, transform and exalt not only the weary and heavy laden and those of good will, but also the inattentive, the frivolous, the indifferent and the hypercritical. And it is wonderful to watch a great artist doing this. The atmosphere grows ever warmer, more and more of the audience are carried away and held captive.

Between the items I used to welcome late arrivals. The busy London season with its theatres, balls and receptions meant that guests arrived and left all through the concert. Frequently grand ladies and famous men would be found sitting on the stairs, and so excellent were the acoustics, they would often refuse chairs offered to them in the concert-room.

The programme was chosen after careful consultation by letter or telephone between the artists and myself. On the few occasions when I yielded to pressure and consented to a programme exceeding an hour or an hour and a quarter in length, I used to suffer torments, for it is essential to a successful musical party, and to avoid restlessness in the audience, that the programme should not be over long. One unfortu-

nate experience was due to my faulty memory. At Covent Garden I had heard a certain English singer, whom I had liked very much. Confusing her name with another, I wrote inviting the wrong artist to take part in one of my concerts. My horror can be imagined when, instead of the charming and gifted singer I was expecting, there appeared on the platform a stout lady with little distinction of voice or personality.

On another occasion I was more fortunate. At an orchestral concert in Oxford I had heard a very young and then almost unknown 'cellist, Thelma Reiss, play a solo. I invited her to play at the Legation and such was her success that she at once obtained several engagements at private parties. Since then she has often been engaged by the British Council for International Relations to represent British music abroad.

I used always to present the women artists with a bouquet, if possible choosing flowers that matched their dresses. The servant responsible for bringing me the bouquets had to thread his way through a crowd which often filled all available space. Occasionally, he reached me just too late, and it was brought painfully home to me that there is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous!

The performance by the Viennese boys' choir is one of my happiest recollections. They first sang old Church music unaccompanied, wearing pretty white sailor suits. Then came the masquerade. In the artists' dressing-room the nurse who travelled with them made them up with paint and powder. I can still see them lifting their little faces to her one after

the other. Next they slipped into the rococo clothes of princes and princesses, preparatory to giving a little drawing-room opera by Mozart. They loved this and showed no trace of stage fright. Their best time, however was to come. Before the party they, had been made to lie down, but had had no meal, so that they grew very hungry. As soon as they were back in their sailor suits they were taken to the drawing-room, where a light supper was arranged for them at an oval table. There they gathered round and fell upon the refreshments like a litter of young puppies, and soon not a crumb was left. Two of the boys, whose voices were not far from breaking, sang exquisitely. The voices seemed to have an unearthly beauty, as if this were their swan-song. A lovely treble, when it has broken, seldom develops into a good bass or tenor.

For the sake of greater variety I invited a number of dancers and dancing ensembles to perform at the Legation. At one time or another Tilly Losch, La Jana, Niddy Impekoven, Pola Nirenska, the Bodenwiesers and the corps de ballet of the Vienna State Opera delighted my guests with their art. One of my best parties was a soirée which marked the first visit to 18, Belgrave Square of the present King and Queen (then Duke and Duchess of York). The programme was chosen to be in harmony with their youthful charm. Jamet, the wonderful French harpist, and Le Roy, that exquisite flautist, played duets, and Tilly Losch and Tony Birkmeyer interpreted the grace and gaiety of Vienna in a group of dances which concluded with the Blue Danube.

It used to be a particular pleasure for me when the

rehearsals for these concerts took place at the Legation, for then music filled the house and its strains were wafted to my study. Moreover, when I had time to attend them, they gave me an interesting insight into the temperament and personalities of the artists.

III

My mornings sometimes reminded me of the levées of a bygone age, and especially of the first act of *Rosenkavalier*, when the Marschallin (so enchantingly acted and sung by Lotte Lehmann) receives the petitioners, musicians and intriguers. Ambassadors and ministers would come to return my calls or talk politics, financiers to discuss the prospects and terms of a loan, business men in search of export facilities. Inventors showed me their discoveries, architects their plans, painters and sculptors their drawings and casts. Singers and violinists brought their accompanists and begged me hear them perform. Actors would recite, cinema men described to me their schemes, Sisters of Mercy came asking advice about the founding of a hospital. Dancers sought my help in making a name for themselves in England, professors discoursed to me of their works and of the success of their lectures, authors brought me their latest books, with dedication. I had visits from conductors, quartets, Olympic victors and football teams. Artists of every kind begged me to promote their exhibitions, open them, or to sit as model. In the course of the years hundreds of all classes came to me for help and advice in their difficulties, and, as I have apparently the gift of inspiring

trust, I saw deep into human lives and was able to offer much encouragement and comfort. Gradually I learnt to substitute for the rather dangerous " What can I do for you ? " the safer formula : " What brings you here ? " Sometimes mistakes led to difficulties, as when a former German Chancellor, whom I did not know, honoured me with a visit, and the servant handed me the visiting card of a singer who was also waiting in the drawing-room. A lucky turn in our introductory conversation saved me just in time from asking the Chancellor what parts he had played and inviting him to sing to me !

For the discharge of weightier business, such as the endowment of a university, the organization of a large exhibition, or the continued publication of that wonderful twelve-volume work *Monumenta scenica*, containing superb coloured reproductions of the illustrations of famous processions, funeral cortèges and stage performances of classical days preserved in the Austrian National Library—I would invite art patrons, museum-keepers and other distinguished scholars to a lunch, at which, after a few introductory remarks on my part, practical details would be discussed at length.

I also kept up a large correspondence with heads of artistic and scientific institutes, with the Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundations and with wealthy art lovers in America.

All public men are inundated with letters and suggestions, in which harmless idealists, Utopian world reformers, eccentrics and madmen pour out their wishes, hopes and plans in greater or lesser confusion. And I was no exception. Here is an example.

After a luncheon party at the Legation, my French

butler, normally a most cool-headed man, burst into the drawing-room with the news that Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, was waiting in my study. I crossed the passage and found myself in the presence of a dark, middle-aged, well-dressed lady, who received me very graciously and handed me her visiting card. On it was written :

H.R.H. Princesse Elisabeth Gertoff Laidlow of King's Cross, House of Arpad,
Hereditary Grand Duchess of Luxembourg.

When I asked what I could do for her, she told me she wanted to regain her crown jewels from Vienna. She was, she said, Queen of Bohemia, Styria, Bosnia and Herzegovina. Buckingham Palace and the Islands were hers. She was the daughter of John, King of Scotland. She would have gone abroad herself, but had heard of a plot to inject her with smallpox by electricity. To escape from this madwoman, I told her that I must at once telegraph her important communication to my government and would inform her of the reply. Whereupon my strange visitor rose and took her departure. I watched her as she entered a large private car and drove off. I never heard of her again.

Count Paul Esterhazy, great gentleman, brilliant diplomat, outstanding stylist and decidedly an " original " recommended to me as valet at 18, Belgrave Square, a Frenchman named Tissot, who had been a long time in his service. Tissot, as he told me later, was hoping in his spare time to write a book, in which

he proposed to trace links between the Viennese dialect of to-day and the French language picked up by the Viennese during the Napoleonic wars and the French occupation of Vienna. He was extremely interested in phraseology. One night, as I lay reading in bed, there came a knock at the door and Tissot appeared with two big French dictionaries under his arm: "Your Excellency," he said in French, "used expressions at dinner to-night which were perfectly good French. But I have ventured to look in the dictionary to see if there are not words which would have expressed Your Excellency's meaning still better, and this is what I find . . ."

Tissot never completed his book on the Viennese dialect and its sources. Drink, unhappily, was even dearer to him than literature.

My last valet, the faithful Joseph, had no such literary tastes and for twelve long years devoted his undivided attention to me and my parties.

IV

The desire to assist from London the Austrian winter relief campaign suggested to me the idea of an annual fancy dress ball at the Legation.

When, in 1934, I took counsel of my English friends, the ladies were discouraging. Englishmen, they told me, hated dressing up, and it was doubtful whether a ball would be a success. My staff, too, were sceptical. In the first place, its organization and preparation would impose a heavy burden of work upon us all

and, secondly, they feared it would be too risky an undertaking, since a financial profit could not be assumed. But I persisted.

Success in such an enterprise presupposed a careful regard for every detail. The balls were held in December, but our preliminary work began in the previous spring. To begin with, I got into touch with various artists and heads of museums. Art schools in Austria were invited to co-operate, and gifted pupils of these institutes were glad to make sketches and designs for costumes and decorations.

On the occasion of each of the four balls our first concern was to see that enough tickets were sold, and we were left long in uncertainty, as people were slow in making up their minds. Each year, however, there ended by being such a brisk demand for tickets that we were able to raise the price from three guineas to five.

On the first of these parties a London paper wrote: "The Austrian Legation Period Ball—1712–1790—was one of the most artistic things that has happened in London for many a long day."

Success so encouraged us that we decided to arrange a second ball in 1935 under the title of "Congress Dances." This gave many of the guests the possibility of representing their own ancestors. Thus Lady Londonderry wore in her hair the same Order of the Garter with which Lady Castlereagh appeared at the *bal masqué* given by Prince Metternich in Vienna during the Congress in 1814. Among the men one of the most striking figures was Lord Gerald Wellesley, who represented the great Duke of Wellington. He wore his ancestor's original scarlet tunic and Garter

ribbon, the latter now faded to a very pale blue. The Golden Fleece hung round his neck. His son, Valerian Wellesley, looked extremely handsome as a young officer of the guard.

Many of London's most beautiful women took part in a series of tableaux. Mrs. Cochrane Baillie, as Marie Antoinette, had a high white wig and a voluminous royal cloak of sky blue embroidered with golden *fleur de lys*.

Lady Patricia Latham, in rich black velvet and silver, with a curly wig, was Catherine the Great.

Lady Jersey formed one of a Viennese group with Lady Alexandra Haigh and Lady Elizabeth Paget in palest blue with a diamond tiara of period design.

Four members of the Viennese Corps de Ballet danced at midnight. They had come from Vienna specially for the occasion.

At the third costume ball, the "Archduke Johann Ball (Salzkammergut 1856)" one of the high spots was the moment when the guests, all in peasant dress, streamed into the ballroom at midnight and ranged themselves round on seats and on the floor to hear Austrian songs sung by Jarmila Nowotna and Lea Seidl.

The fourth and last ball was held at the Austrian Legation on December 9, 1937. It was called a "Peasant Ball in Old Salzburg," and the invitation cards bore coloured vignettes of the young Empress Maria Theresa, Mozart at the piano and two groups of peasants.

In the drawing-rooms and ballroom we aimed at reconstructing the atmosphere of Mozart's day.

In one of these rooms Friedrich von Bercewiczy and

Francis Caron reproduced Papageno's magic wood, with Papageno standing life-size in front of a mirror. Strange birds fluttered from the ceiling between coloured strips of paper stretched across the room to give the appearance of a great bird-cage. Figures and scenes from Mozart operas were painted in white on the mirrored walls. The faces of Zoffany's fine family group of the Emperor Leopold II had little black dominos stuck on, as though they were imperial guests looking on at the ball.

At midnight the lights were extinguished and a small boy, dressed as Mozart, with white wig, jabot and silver coat, was carried through the room in a sedan-chair lit from within, while a gramophone concealed at his feet played the "*Kleine Nachtmusik*" —a vision, as it were, of the past.

After this, Maria Elsner, a number of singers and dancers and the Trapp choir from Salzburg entertained the party with Austrian songs and dances.

During that afternoon Queen Mary had honoured the Legation with a visit. She took tea in the peasant room and was shown the whole of the arrangements for the ball.

The following morning, when dismantling had already begun and everything lay in disorder, the Princess Royal expressed a wish to see the decorations. Hurriedly we restored things to their places and were able to show the Princess and her son the scene presented to our guests the night before.

No sooner was the ball over than I began to discuss plans for a fifth ball to be held in the winter of 1938.

It was to have been a Johann Strauss Ball.

V

Speeches collected in book form are like pressed flowers. They are robbed of the life the speaker gave them, of the atmosphere in which they blossomed or faded, of the aim and purpose of their existence. If, nevertheless, I include in this book some extracts from my public speeches, it is because in contrast to secret or silently conducted diplomacy, my speeches to the British public revealed my personality, my feelings and aspirations.

Home-sickness for Austria found expression in an address I gave at the annual meeting of the Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress (1931):

"The famous Chinese poet Su Tong Po, speaking about his countrymen many centuries ago, said that when they lived in China they wore gay dresses of pink and blue and green, but if they were wandering in foreign lands even the very young wore black, the garb of mourning. Modern people when they live abroad do not feel the separation from their native land so acutely, but even if they live happily in a foreign country, as I do in England, they still occasionally feel a certain yearning for their homeland. The Viennese have a characteristic expression for that —they call it the *Stephansturm-Krankheit*, home-sickness for St. Stephen's, the famous cathedral church in Vienna. But nothing surely could be sadder than the lot of one who is not only a foreigner, but a foreigner in distress. The small circle of foreign clergymen who formed the Society of Friends of

Foreigners in Distress 125 years ago undertook therefore a most admirable and beneficent work.

" I myself came here in 1920 as a Foreigner in Distress, inasmuch as I was the representative of a country which had suffered so cruelly and was in desperate need of help. It was my task not only to approach the Government of Great Britain and, on a special mission, the Governments of many other states, for that purpose, but also to enlist the sympathy and good-will of various institutions and public-spirited people. Those were times of great anxiety and you will realize how relieved and happy I was when I obtained at last the means with which Austria was able to reconstruct her economic life. I am therefore in a position to appreciate particularly the feelings of those who can turn in their need to the Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress and to pay a tribute to the resourcefulness and vision which the Society devotes to the many sad cases which come before it."

On occasions I was faced with curious problems, as the following speech exemplifies :

" Many of you, when receiving the invitation card for to-night, on which my name is printed as Chairman, must have remarked : ' How strange we did not know that the Austrian Minister is an authority on the habits of monkeys.' I am in the unusual position of having to introduce to-night not only the lecturer but the chairman as well. On the 18th of October, a morning on which the sky even for London seemed particularly dark to me, for I was suffering from influenza and the newspapers were full of anxious and very unpleasant news, a letter from Lady Roderic Jones

was handed to me. To receive a letter from our hostess is always exciting and inspiring, and I opened it eagerly. 'I want you to take the chair in the place of H. G. Wells, who is leaving for the U.S.A.' she wrote: 'at a lecture to be given at my house. Please make an exquisite, witty little speech, full of friable charm. 'Friable' is a rare word. Look it up in the dictionary. It means something which is like very short pastry that breaks if you touch it roughly, but is exquisite if handled delicately. On what subject, I asked myself with curiosity, shall I have to make that 'friable' exquisite speech? The letter went on: 'The lecture is a very rare one, given by a great biologist who wrote *The Sexual Life of Monkeys.*' I paused uneasy. I must confess I have no affection for monkeys and dislike their habits. My feverish brain conjured up horrid visions of huge headlines in the evening papers 'The Austrian Minister and the Sexual Life of Monkeys.' I felt alarmed and determined to refuse. What made me change my mind? The discovery that the lecture would be on the Maternal Habits of Monkeys; for any subject dealing with maternal care in the animal world commands our respect and attracts our interest. Therefore, without hesitation, I accepted Lady Jones' invitation—and here I am for better or for worse.

"You may remember the curious dialogue in the second part of Goethe's Faust between Faust and Mephistopheles before Faust descends to the mysterious realm of Mothers:

M. Here, take this key with you.

F. This little key?

M. Handle it carefully and don't despise it.

F. It grows within my hand. It flashes fire.
M. Follow it then, for it will shape your course.
By its weird light the Mothers wilt thou see,
Some sit while others stand or wander free.

Formation, Transformation,
The eternal Mind's eternal recreation.

" The lecture of Professor Zuckerman is for us up to now like a secret room for which he alone has the key. In his hands, so faithfully devoted to science and research, the key will grow, it will flash fire."

Public speaking is like hunting. If one feels fit and keeps on the scent and unless one's mount refuses his fences—in other words, unless memory fails—a feeling of exultation comes with one's second wind.

Once I had to make ten speeches to very different audiences within a fortnight. I got so well into my stride that I was not unduly alarmed when at the Dinner of the Alpine Club, I found my name unexpectedly on the list of speakers. But the next hurdle brought me down. I was required to speak after a lecture by an Austrian explorer before the Royal Geographical Society. Without realizing how tired I was, I mounted the platform and began in confident tones: " We diplomats are like migratory birds." I stopped. A black curtain closed over my memory. After I had repeated the phrase several times, the Chairman invited me to sit down for a moment. Like a floored boxer, I rose instinctively before the count was up, but again there issued from the depths of my subconscious mind the words: " We diplomats are like migratory birds." I seemed

to be gazing into a dark abyss and, abandoning the struggle, went back to my seat in the front row. Half an hour later, after others had spoken, my memory returned and I was able to deliver my address without further difficulty. A week later, when the Secretary of the Geographical Society sent me proofs of my speech for correction, I found that the reporter had changed the word *troglodytes*—I had been speaking of the cave-dwellers and of the notable drawings found on the walls of their desert caves—into " crocodiles." Was he thinking of Captain Hook in *Peter Pan*, whom the crocodile followed even on land ?

I had other disappointments, too. Once I was invited to speak on Austrian politics and economics to the European Study Group of the House of Commons, and my audience included two good friends of my country Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Amery. I had been looking forward to the discussion that would follow my talk. Just as I had finished, the Division bell suddenly rang and, with apologies, my listeners rushed into the lobby to record their votes, leaving me alone. I went home disconsolate.

VI

In my programme of propaganda on behalf of travel in Austria, Salzburg figured prominently. I loved the town for its beauty and enjoyed helping to create for it a new life and an important mission through the summer festivals and the re-opening of its former university. To Vienna I remained affectionately

attached. Each time I went back and took my sentimental walks, I felt the charm of her fine squares with their spacious vistas, the majesty of the old cathedral, the loveliness of the baroque Karlskirche, the delicate gothic beauty of the church with the attractive name of St. Mary on the Waterside. I loved the grand old palaces, which preserved their proud but unpretentious dignity even when they stood in old narrow streets away from the stream of modern traffic. At the same time Vienna evoked sadness. When I looked at her face, as a son looks at his mother's on returning home after absence, I saw too many traces of past suffering, care and privation. For me, who lived abroad and could not experience the day-to-day changes in the picture of Viennese life, there was something unreal about Vienna. Her spirit seemed to have departed. In her whole aspect, the stateliness of the Hofburg, the palaces, government buildings, former court theatres, museums, the Ringstrasse and other fine avenues, with their views of the Wienerwald and the Kahlenberg, whence the liberators of the city once descended upon the invading Turks—in all these things Vienna seemed to have retained the outward forms of an imperial city but, to have lost her soul, her life, her brilliance and her meaning.

No such breath of melancholy lay over Salzburg. The splendid festivals brought a renaissance to this wonderful old city and gave it a noble mission. I was glad to work in its service.

In 1935 I formed the Society of Friends of the University of Salzburg. Twice I was able to hand over the results of our collections to the Prince-

Archbishop in his palace at Salzburg. The Salzburg Concert, which I arranged at the Legation in London, on December 8th, 1938, was organized to enlist further interest in the movement and to bring in fresh contributions. The speech from which I quote this extract, was the last I made in Belgrave Square :

" Your Royal Highnesses, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen : May I ask for your gracious permission to speak to you very briefly about the revival of the ancient University of Salzburg—a scheme we have so much at heart. The University of Salzburg was once great and flourishing, but its doors were closed in 1805. It is our desire to bring about its resurrection so that it should again become a renowned centre of learning and a bulwark against the militant atheism now sweeping over so much of the world. As even the poorest in Austria have come forward with their savings to help restart the University and to fill its now silent halls with live teaching, only a few thousand pounds are still needed which we have not succeeded in raising in Austria—a country so sadly impoverished by the war and its aftermath.

" It is our hope that some day—perhaps to-night —we shall strike a gold mine, I mean, touch the heart and kindle the imagination of some great patron of science and learning, of some high-minded benefactor. The Austrians have borne great sufferings with patience and fortitude, they have faithfully preserved and even added to their artistic heritage. The revival of the University of Salzburg would be a great encouragement to them, a long step forward on the road to a better future."

VII

One morning my correspondence, opened and brought to me in bed by my valet, included a large scroll, which in my state of semi-sleep I took at first for an advertisement. But my attention was attracted by a fine coat-of-arms, and suddenly I realized with no less pleasure than surprise that the document was an announcement that the Oxford Encænia of June 26th, 1935, was to confer upon me the honorary degree of doctor, which is regarded the world over as a very high distinction.

The ceremony at Oxford began in the dining hall of Worcester College, where the Vice-Chancellor, the heads of colleges, the university doctors and the recipients of degrees met to exchange greetings and partake of a light collation of fruit and champagne provided for out of an endowment by a former Lord Crewe. The doctors of divinity wore their robes of black and scarlet; the doctors of law, whose ranks I was to join, scarlet gowns with pink silk sleeves; the doctors of science and letters, gowns of scarlet with grey sleeves. In the procession to the Sheldonian Theatre I walked beside the Duke of Alba. It was our first meeting, and I greatly admired his slight but athletic figure, the breeding and character in his head, and his animated clever talk. In addition to our two selves, degrees were conferred upon M. Herriot, the French statesman; Viscount Bledisloe, late Governor-General of New Zealand; the Leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons, Sir Herbert (now

Lord) Samuel ; Sir John Reith, Director of the B.B.C., and several eminent scholars.

After the Vice-Chancellor had announced the names of candidates for degrees and received the consent of the University, in the beautifully-shaped circular building known as the Sheldonian Theatre, now filled to the last seat by members of the university and guests, the candidates, who had been waiting in another room, were led in by the Public Orator, one after the other. As the diplomatic representative of a foreign country, I was the first to be presented to the company and recommended for the degree. The Public Orator who, with me, halted in the middle of the theatre, delivered a speech in Latin, introducing me as one " '*qui nostrates studio eximio amplexus est,*' who has worked long and successfully for friendship between Great Britain and Austria . . . Apart from his professional duties he is '*litterarum, artium, musicae fautor,*' and has recently arranged for an exhibition of British painting in Vienna. Though his name is associated by legend with '*monstrum aliquod horrendum, nullam aliam, mihi credite, præ se ferre solet imaginem nisi Pacis et Concordiæ.*' "

It was strange to stand in the middle of this large audience, while the Public Orator, like the Angel Gabriel at the Day of Judgment, read out an account —though, to be sure, only the credit side—of my life and work. I must admit my heart beat furiously. When he had finished, I, and afterwards the other doctors, were conducted amid applause to the Vice-Chancellor who, rising from his seat, pronounced the words : " *Vir excellentissime in legatione gerenda, in concordia inter gentes reconcilianda spectatissime,*" and

shook hands. Thereupon undergraduates in tail coats and white ties, facing one another on raised seats, alternately recited their prize essays or Latin poems. The Creweian Oration in commemoration of benefactors of the University was then delivered by the President of Magdalen as Professor of Poetry.

The ceremony was followed by a big lunch in the ancient library of All Souls' College, the walls adorned with the portraits of famous men who have issued from this college in the course of the centuries. The garden party in the afternoon was lent a gay and festive note by the many-coloured gowns and robes of the Dons and Fellows, and the light summer dresses of the ladies.

VIII

If it is part of a diplomat's duty to adapt himself to the country and people to which he is accredited—a process known in the animal word as " mimicry "—I may be said to have excelled, for I have repeatedly been taken for and addressed as Lord Londonderry or Sir John Simon ! Once at a reception at Londonderry House the wife of the Argentine Ambassador introduced me to a bevy of charming Argentine girls, mistaking me for their host, while Englishmen have congratulated me on articles written by the Marquess ! The Prince of Wales's butler and Mr. Arthur Henderson's usher have both said : " Please take a seat, Sir John," when opening the front door to me. " Sir John Simon's car, please ! " was a call often heard in the London streets at night as I left some party.

I made it my practice not to correct the error, for

fear of putting the perpetrator to shame. For this reason I followed the state of health and the public activities of the Minister and his wife especially closely, so that I could reply readily to congratulations addressed to me upon Sir John's speeches or to enquiries after Lady Simon's health.

This comedy of errors reached its climax in the following incident. At the end of a dinner at which Simon had spoken, a stranger once again approached me and said, " May I congratulate you upon your excellent speech, Sir John ? " Turning to a casual acquaintance who stood beside me, I said : " Strange, isn't it ? Again, I've been mistaken for Sir John Simon." " Really, Lord Londonderry ? " was his laconic reply !

IX

Harewood House, the noble eighteenth century seat of the Earls of Harewood, has both architecturally and through its landscape setting exceptional claims to distinction. The same is true of its contents, which include some of the finest Chippendale furniture in the world, marvellous Celadon and other china in French eighteenth century mounts and masterpieces of the English and Italian Schools of painting.

On the last evening of my visit dinner was served in a particularly magnificent room. As I was taking the night train to Glasgow for a lecture to the Philosophical Society I was in a lounge-suit, while everyone else was in evening dress, the ladies wearing their finest jewellery. This alone gave me an unpleasant feeling of inferiority, but much worse was to follow.

As I was talking with the Princess Royal, a piece of cauliflower—how, I know not, for there is nothing very unmanageable about cauliflower—splashed from my plate on to the spotless table-cloth and, though I quickly removed it, there remained a large, dark stain of fat. With the aid of bread, a small plate and my knife and fork I did my best to conceal my crime, but the dreaded moment came when the servants cleared the table for dessert. Fortunately, a finger-bowl lay before me, beneath it a pretty lace d'oyley. I wondered whether I dared sacrifice this valuable little cloth, but faced with the alternative loss of my reputation, I did not hesitate. With the deftness of a pickpocket I slipped the d'oyley over the fatal stain. At that moment the whole table burst out laughing. They had been all the time quietly watching my anxious manœuvres, and could no longer conceal their amusement. The story was told against me for a long time.

X

When I was first given the blue chow, he was like a small teddy-bear—he would have gone in my pocket—and had the helpless unconscious movements, funny and pathetic, of quite small children. I named him after my brother's opera *Li-Tai-Pe*, China's great philosopher poet. But this was his name on grand occasions only—ordinarily I called him—in the Viennese style—Pepi . . . Was he, too, in his way, a philosopher? Perhaps. We cannot fathom the depth of a dog's mind. I had only once before had a dog, a

big Newfoundland, when I was a little boy. I have never forgotten how he came to my bedside one night and looked beseechingly at me with his soft eyes, his hot breath on my face. But I could not understand his language of fear. He was very ill, and died shortly afterwards.

But Li-Tai-Pe gave many proofs of his exceptional intelligence. When still quite young, he was taken in a box to a vet. who lived in the suburbs. As he was not happy there he ran away, and, after thirty hours, appeared—wet to the skin and exhausted—at the door of No. 18, Belgrave Square. With the instinct of a homing pigeon he had found his way back. He was also a solitary. On his lonely walks he would undeviatingly pursue some mysterious aim of his own. The busy Knightsbridge traffic, so alarming to many of us, had no terrors for him. He would thread his way unconcerned, intrepid as a sleep-walker. Stretched on the steps of 18, Belgrave Square, looking like some temple lion, he was an object of fear, as well as admiration, to visitors. In my study, where he (the Chinaman) fitted in well with the eastern curios about us, Pepi often acted as a silent mediator between those who came to me, timid and hesitant with their petitions, and myself. The sight of Li-Tai-Pe, their own love of animals, and a few words about him would banish uneasiness. When Mr. Lansbury and the Trade Union leaders called upon me to discuss the delicate question of releasing guilty or suspected workers imprisoned in Austria, Li-Tai-Pe offered a neutral introductory topic of conversation. Interviews would end in a short exchange of views on art or sport and, despite political differences, my

visitors and I would part on good terms. Dollfuss made friends at once with Pepi, Schuschnigg a little reluctantly. His scratching on the door, my automatic permission to come in, and his presence at our discussions rather shocked the Chancellor.

Li-Tai-Pe gradually became well-known. The newspapers took him up. The *Evening News* wrote : " All chows are exclusive. Li, Baron Franckenstein's black chow, is ultra-exclusive. He treats diplomats with contempt. Duchesses have made advances to him, and he has merely growled.

" But a few days ago he became suddenly human. There was a hospital committee meeting in the Legation. Many important people attended, but he cut them dead. Then a tired old lady arrived, a former patient of the hospital, who had come to help. Solemnly Li rose, crossed over, and escorted the old lady upstairs to the drawing-room, then returned stiffly to his post.

" Can you explain it ? "

But it was the following story that made his fame. Among the many ministers who came from Vienna to London on special missions and stayed with me at the Legation, was Rintelen, a man of extraordinary intelligence and boundless ambition. (In his youth he was Austria's champion cyclist, then Governor of Styria and afterwards Minister of Education. Later he was arrested in connection with Dollfuss's assassination and, after an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide, was found guilty.) He had been sent to England to negotiate with an international group of bankers in the extremely serious and complicated question of the Kreditanstalt. Rintelen was not

Finance Minister, but his cabinet colleagues, who feared his criticism, sought, as it were, to muzzle the poacher by turning him into a respectable gamekeeper. I was much interested to observe his tactics, his cunning and his persistency in our talks with the twelve bankers at Rothschilds. It was his habit to go down to my study early in the morning and telephone to journalists in Austria. He would then settle himself on the sofa and read the paper. At this moment Li-Tai-Pe was let into the room by the servant, after his morning run, to wait there for my arrival. Seeing a stranger in my room, he went up to him and, in the manner of chows, took up his stand in front of him, looking peculiarly alarming, and fixing Rintelen with an inscrutable gaze. I know from experience how peculiar chows can be and, quite naturally, Rintelen remained motionless under the dog's spell until released by the entry of one of my secretaries, from whom I afterwards had the story. He could have frightened the dog away at once with a gesture, but naturally had no idea that my chow was from birth a somewhat hysterical, and on that account, timid animal. The remarkable and amusing feature of this story is that the atavistic traits—namely, the aspect and attitude of the dog—should have so completely bluffed Rintelen, a man of exceptional courage and daring, as the following story will show, told me by himself and confirmed by documentary evidence. As Governor of Styria, he had had some communists shot on the occasion of a dangerous demonstration. He received a communication from the communists that, if he showed himself among them, they would have their revenge.

Rintelen replied that a Governor did not allow himself to be intimidated, and he attended their next meeting. Thereupon he, and the town clerk who accompanied him, were set upon, dragged upstairs and thrown out of the window. When the victims, whose hard Styrian skulls saved their lives, recovered consciousness, the clerk whispered to the Governor that they had better make their escape. Rintelen refused, and just then was again attacked and knocked down. As he lay on the ground, he heard the communists shout: "Let's drown the dog!" It occurred to him to ask for a glass of water, a request which, strangely enough, was granted. In this way he gained time for the police to arrive on the scene and rescue him. Of such kidney was the enemy whom the bluff of the timid Li-Tai-Pe, in a great hour of his dog's life, once held at bay!

XI

Among the cabinet ministers who came to London in the course of the years, some were decidedly "rough diamonds." If they tried to be bumptious, I naturally put on all my dignity. But I found a way of restoring to them the sense of proportion they had lost in the atmosphere of Vienna and of clarifying their rather vague notions of Great Britain. This was to take them with me to big parties.

Two of these gentlemen—with my hostess's permission—I once took to an evening party at Mrs. Ronald Greville's. My companions, who quickly came to anchor at the generous buffet, became more and more impressed by the beautiful treasures around

them, the smartness of the company and the good-looking women. As they spoke only German, opportunities for conversation were limited. I remember the mingled embarrassment and surprise of the Speaker of the House of Commons when one of the Austrian ministers button-holed him as he was leaving, and delivered him a long address as if he were a public meeting.

As soon as we were back in the car, my companions began to speak of their impressions and now addressed me as " Excellency," though hitherto they had called me " Mr. Minister." Their enhanced opinion of the British Empire led them to promote me in rank.

" We really had no true idea of England, English culture and English character," they said, and I profited by their changed attitude to explain how narrow-minded are the views and prejudices and clichés sometimes met with on the continent in regard to English ways and British politics.

CHAPTER XI

I

AMONG my more important official duties was to report upon British domestic and foreign policy and upon the international situation as viewed in London, and also to inform the British Government about Austrian policy and conditions in our country and carry out instructions received from the Austrian Chancellor or Foreign Minister of the day. The domestic and foreign policy of the successive Austrian governments has been described clearly and at length in Dr. Schuschnigg's *Dreimal Oesterreich* ("Farewell, Austria"). I will therefore omit these matters and the course of events in Austria, and will refer interested readers to this book by Austria's last Chancellor. The impression they will receive of Schuschnigg is of a man of high character and courage, inspired by intense patriotism. The terms in which he writes of his political opponents testify to his chivalrous nature. Schuschnigg was a more deeply cultured man than Dollfuss; he was a better speaker and had a more intimate feeling for music and art. Just as King Saul in hours of sadness found consolation in David's harp, Schuschnigg, after a hard day's work, sought solace in chamber music furnished for him by a group of his closest friends. But, whereas little Dollfuss had an almost irresistible charm and

geniality, Schuschnigg's eloquence and whole personality lacked altogether that fire and warmth that kindle popularity. He was reserved and impenetrable; a barrier of shyness sometimes hampered him in social intercourse. His last speech in the Austrian parliament in March, when he rose to unaccustomed heights and appealed to his countrymen to defend their national independence, was the first time that he deeply moved his audience and stirred their enthusiasm. It was his swan-song.

II

The mind travels from the tragic figure of the last Federal Chancellor to Chancellor Seipel, who himself had fixed upon Schuschnigg as a future successor, when the latter was a young parliamentary deputy.

Monsignor Dr. Seipel had the head of a Roman Emperor and the clear-cut features of a cameo. The calm and self-possession he showed on every occasion were often taken for coldness, but an ardent flame burnt within him; he was passionate in his love for work, for science, for his country, for the Church and for God. In questions of conscience and ethics he knew no compromise. A great leader of men, he was single-minded in the pursuit of his aims. In times of the greatest distress he became the saviour of Austria, in whose national and European mission he firmly believed. Yet the fundamental element of his nature was kindness. Both in his sermons and in private life he was wont to say: "God is good and therefore everything will be right in the end," and because he believed in the goodness of God he believed with

optimism in the goodness of man. When a misguided workman fired at him and wounded him very severely, he implored the outraged mob not to mishandle the man, and when on another occasion a would-be assassin jumped on the running-board of his car he quietly told him to get off so as not to hurt himself. The words with which the bishop addressed Seipel when he was ordained, " Sacerdotem oportet offerre " (it is the duty of the priest to sacrifice), he fulfilled to the utmost of his life. His own well-being was always a secondary consideration to him, and though he suffered from severe and painful maladies, he devoted himself to the end to his religious and political duties, and this undoubtedly shortened his life. Eight days before his death he said Mass for the last time, seated, as he was too weak to stand. When at the consecration he tried to rise and elevate the Host, his strength failed. Although he had been Chancellor twice, he died almost in poverty. He had used all his money to help the poor, and from the humble room in which he lived as priest in charge of the Convent of the Handmaids of the Sacred Heart of Jesus he went forth daily to govern the State and to fight for the Church. His achievements have justified the words he spoke when first appointed Chancellor of Austria: " God has called me to this post," and he well deserved the parting tribute from the President of the Austrian Republic: " Beyond the grave the gratitude of Austria follows you."

III

Fortunately, Austria was heir not only to untold difficulties and sufferings, but also to an ancient

culture and to great traditions and magnificent art treasures.

During the six hundred years of Hapsburg rule, their sway extended at various periods not only over Austria and Spain, but over large parts of Italy and the Netherlands. For centuries Vienna was a centre of world politics and culture.

As soon as the Turkish armies had been definitely repulsed and internal and external peace restored, there was a great revival of artistic activity. Magnificent palaces and monasteries, adorned with fine statuary and pictures, were built or restored, and Austria acquired the artistic aspect we see and admire in our own day.

The age of baroque, the characteristic style of the eighteenth century, is the most brilliant period in the history of art in Austria. Fischer von Erlach and Hildebrandt were the greatest architects, Raphael Donner the foremost sculptor and Maulpertsch the best painter of this epoch.

The latter half of the eighteenth and first quarter of the nineteenth century in Austria were among the greatest artistic periods in the world's history. There lived in Vienna as contemporaries Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert. This phenomenon of musical history was repeated in the second half of the nineteenth century, when Brahms, Mahler and Hugo Wolf composed their immortal works in that city. Great poets and brilliant painters also enriched Vienna's artistic life.

The war and its aftermath wrought a tragic change. The Empire of the Hapsburgs broke up; the new Austria created by the Peace Treaties was a poverty-stricken republic and Vienna, formerly the centre of

a great monarchy, became the capital of a small State. Yet this little country was called upon to preserve and develop the great artistic heritage of the Empire, its theatres, its museums and its art collections.

The Court of Vienna, the richest in Europe after the Russian, had supported the Court theatres with large subsidies. It is to the credit of post-war Governments that, in spite of all their financial difficulties, they recognized the sacred character of that obligation and provided annually in their budgets approximately £150,000 for the upkeep of those two institutions, the Opera and the Burgtheater.

My first endeavour was, in co-operation with the late Mr. Higgins, to bring the Vienna Opera Company with its orchestra to London. We were quite near our goal when the Musicians' Trade Union protested against the admission of the Vienna orchestra. The leaders of the union came to see me at the Legation, where I lay ill. But I could not shake their decision.

Our spadework led, however, to the resumption of the Covent Garden international opera seasons, which gave the leading singers of the Vienna Opera and other great continental and American artists the opportunity to appear each spring before the British public.

The strange fact that the great British metropolis has no permanent grand opera is due to the absence of a state subsidy and to the want of a traditional love of opera among a large part of the population. In all other fields of composition English musical culture, with which are associated the names of Byrd, Purcell, Handel, Elgar, Delius, has flourished abundantly and finds its further development under the

influence of gifted contemporary composers. Under first-class British conductors and with the aid of such guest conductors as Toscanini, Furtwängler, Weingartner and Bruno Walter, the three big London orchestras have been brought to an extraordinarily high level of excellence and can compare with the best in the world.

My great desire for years had been to bring to England the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, which had not visited London for twenty-three years. Generous patrons of music in this country put the necessary funds at my disposal and the plan was carried out with signal success and repeated several times afterwards.

IV

The great exhibitions of international art now held annually at the Royal Academy have been enriched by loans from Austrian collections. These exhibitions are stimulating both to the amateur art-lover and to the connoisseur, bringing together, as they do, priceless art treasures from every country. Thus portions of triptychs, separated perhaps for centuries, have been temporarily reunited at Burlington House like scattered members of a family. The exhibition of Italian masterpieces was to me the most satisfying of all, with its joyous and moving appeal to heart and imagination. The Persian exhibition gave us romance and magic colouring. The impression of the great Chinese exhibition in London was one of wonderful serenity and of a world of poetry in which nature, by her permanence and sublimity, soars above mortal

man—an atmosphere in glaring contrast to the unrest and confusion of our day.

A collective exhibition of Austrian painters was supplemented by many one-man shows that attracted much favourable notice. Among these I particularly admired the work of Victor Hammer, Roland Strasser and Herbert Gurschner. Hammer, with his individuality, his austerity and his versatility, may be compared with the great artists of the Renaissance. Holbein is his model. Strasser, a strange, restless painter, disappears for years and, after adventures in Tibet, China, Bali or Newfoundland, comes back with extraordinary and powerful pictures, whose line is an artistic inheritance from his father, the famous sculptor.

Gurschner's portrait of myself, which forms the frontispiece to this book, underwent amusing transformation. When I appeared for the first sitting, I found the head already sketched in and the background almost complete. My diplomatic life was symbolized by a chess-board, books, a pyramid, a temple, stars, etc. Convinced that the portrait would be far more effective with a quiet background, I set to work at each sitting to coax and manœuvre these symbols away. In the end, without offending and, indeed, to his entire satisfaction, the background showed an English park seen through an open window, with Oxford in the distance lit by a setting sun.

Professor Arthur Loewenthal has re-discovered the difficult art of crystal-cutting, lost since the Renaissance, and has brought it to such perfection that the Director of the British Museum, Sir George Hill, in a preface to the catalogue of the exhibition, compared

him with the great Renaissance masters in this field. Another Austrian sculptor had an unusually high honour paid him, for his portrait bust of King George V (who never once sat for him) was accepted and exhibited by the National Portrait Gallery. In order to catch the likeness, he followed the King on all his walks while convalescing at Bognor after his serious illness, at the risk of being arrrested as a suspicious character. But he was at a loss as to what uniform and orders he should model. Ready, as I always am, to help an artist, I called on the King's Private Secretary, Lord Ponsonby, who applied for advice to His Majesty's valet, a very distinguished-looking old man. The result was that, while the King was out driving, the artist was permitted to go to Buckingham Palace and sketch the orders, and it was Lord Ponsonby who drew the attention of the National Portrait Gallery trustees to the bust.

I recall with the greatest pride the wonderful exhibition of English Art from Hogarth to the Present Day, which was held in Vienna in the early summer of 1927 under the auspices of the Vienna Society of Friends of the Museums. To organize this exhibition was almost as difficult and exciting as raising the League of Nations' Loan for Austria !

At my request British art patrons provided the necessary funds to finance this exhibition and to guarantee a possible loss. I concluded a gentleman's agreement with Sir Joseph Duveen to give me £1,000 towards the fund if I could persuade the Austrian Government to lend some of our most valuable tapestries for the international exhibition at Burlington House. This I managed to do.

When I approached the directors of the British Museum, I met with no encouragement; they pointed out that the charters of the various Government Collections prevented them from loaning exhibits abroad. It is difficult to imagine with what excitement I and Sir Maurice de Bunsen, Chairman of the Anglo-Austrian Society, which I had called into being a few years before—a man whose personal charm, ready sympathy and unfailing courtesy endeared him to all who knew him—awaited the replies to the appeal we had sent out to private collectors, and how disappointed we were when the first answers came, almost all of them refusals. But we would not be discouraged. With Mr. Francis Howard, who arranged the Exhibition, I paid personal visits to private collections in England, and was amazed at the wealth of masterpieces of British art they contained. One visit especially made a profound impression on me. I went to ask Lord Londonderry for some of his famous portraits by Lawrence. Not daring to ask for his greatest treasures, I begged him to loan us one or two charactertistic examples, but Lord Londonderry replied that if he sent pictures at all he would send only the best. After a few months' hard work we had promises of almost all the pictures we wanted; then came a bolt from the blue. A small section of the Vienna population, which throughout those dreadful years had shown so much fortitude and patience, suddenly got out of hand for a few hours and indulged in disturbances which culminated in setting fire to the Law Courts. When the news reached London, a deluge of withdrawals descended on the Legation. Lord Londonderry wrote that he could not take it upon himself to loan irre-

placeable masterpieces to be taken abroad. In a few weeks, however, assisted by the British Minister in Vienna, Viscount Chilston, and his artistic wife, we succeeded in filling the gaps, and when the time for the Exhibition approached we had almost more pictures than we needed. As there are very few British masterpieces in the Vienna museums, the Exhibition proved to be of the greatest interest to art-loving Austrians and to many visitors from all parts of Europe. Not only was it artistically the most successful of any held in Vienna for many years, but the receipts provided a fund which helped to found the Gallery of Modern Art in Vienna. As the Foreign Office gratefully acknowledged, this was the first British Exhibition of the kind since the War, and its success inspired similar British exhibitions in other countries.

Turner and Blake (two artists whom I am especially fond of) being almost unknown in Austria, I suggested organizing an exhibition of their paintings and drawings in Vienna and was fortunate enough to win approval for this plan from the directors of the British Museum and Tate Gallery as well as obtaining loans both from these collections and from many generous private owners. Mr. Campbell Dobson chose the works and was responsible for the arrangement of the exhibition in Vienna, after it was first shown in Paris at the Bibliothèque Nationale.

My next project was the organization of a British Festival in Vienna. The scheme embraced performances of British works by a British choir and the B.B.C. orchestra, an exhibition of British graphic art and of British pictures in Austrian state or private

collections, performances of English ballet by the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company at the Vienna State Opera, the ballets to include *The Rake's Progress*, designed from Hogarth's set of drawings, and *Job*, based on the drawings by Blake.

This plan had unfortunately to be abandoned, because, owing to the strained relations between Great Britain and Italy during the Abyssinian War, the Austrian Government was afraid that such a festival might displease Signor Mussolini. The exhibition of graphic arts, however, took place with great success.

V

On the occasion of the opening of the Austrian Economic Exhibition at the London School of Economics in the spring of 1930, an exhibition which illustrated vividly and intelligently Austrian progress since the stabilization of our currency, Mr. Henderson, British Foreign Minister, paid this gallant tribute to Austria :

" Austria herself has believed in her own destiny and has been prepared to work hard to make that destiny a successful reality.

" In primitive societies a man is respected or feared in proportion to his physical strength and natural ferocity. In rather more developed societies attention is apt to be paid to his wealth, the size of his house, to the number of his servants and to his power of benefiting or ruining his fellow-men. In the most highly developed society, however, a man's status is

determined by his innate qualities, his intelligence, his culture, and his sympathy with his fellow-men.

" The world, we hope, is moving, slowly perhaps but surely, towards the last of the three stages to which I have alluded, and this is a condition of things in which Austria will, I am sure, play a part out of all proportion to the number of her people.

" To our minds the very name of Austria and of Vienna conveys the idea of an ancient tradition of excellence in all the finer aspects of intellectual and artistic life, and we feel sure that that standard of excellence will be maintained.

" We would also wish you to know not only that we trust that you will be successful in your immediate purpose—the economic development of Austria—but that your success will preserve and enhance that precious tradition of refinement and culture and scholarship of which the present sorely tried generation of Austrians are the custodians."

It was a proud moment for us Austrians when in the spring of 1934 a huge red-white-red flag (our national colours) was hoisted in Regent Street over a large house in which highly skilled Austrian architects, working under the direction of Holzmeister and Rosenauer, had built an exhibition under the title of " Austria in London."

I had been to Vienna to suggest this exhibition and had difficulty in gaining my end, though once again I promised to raise the money in England and save all expense to the Austrian Government, which, in its constant regard for strict economy, on no occasion granted funds for the prosecution of my schemes.

The visitor to the exhibition passed through a

charming street, recalling Old Vienna and bordered by attractive shops, into a hall adorned with the famous Gobelins of Charles V of Lorraine, evoking that great period in Austrian history when our country proved itself in heroic warfare a bulwark of Christianity and western civilization.

The way than led through rooms displaying ancient and modern Austrian art, Old Viennese pottery, valuable manuscripts of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Johann Strauss and other famous composers, also tasteful and clever examples of the arts and crafts.

The upper floors included a big display of fashions and commercial products, as well as pictures and models illustrating Austria's scenic charms, her national costumes, hunting, fishing and other sports. From the theatrical section and Professor Teschner's delightful puppet theatre the visitor learnt that Austria has always been a nursery of dramatic art and that she was proudly continuing to fulfil this noble mission.

The visits paid to the exhibition by Queen Mary and the Prince of Wales are recorded in photographs reproduced in this book.

VI

On July 25, 1934, Nazis disguised as soldiers made an armed attack upon the Federal Chancellery in Vienna, the former Staatskanzlei, where Metternich and his successors had worked and Dollfuss now ruled. The news first reached me on placards as I was leaving the Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Championships. That evening on the Vienna wireless I heard a new voice, and was struck by its manly ring and note of resolu-

tion. It was Dr. Schuschnigg. After announcing Dollfuss's foul assassination he declared in the name of the Austrian Government, to which he had succeeded, that it would grasp the reins of power firmly and continue steadfastly in its present policy. The next day I was asked by the B.B.C. to pay a personal tribute to the murdered Chancellor.

Although national mourning was being observed in Austria, I decided to attend the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace. As I had foreseen, their Majesties expressed to me their warmest sympathy, which I knew would be gratefully appreciated in Austria. The King and Queen both talked most kindly with me. I had been hard at work the whole of this hot day and came home from the party so tired that I could not properly collect my thoughts. Help came to me from the subconscious, and an hour later an inner voice, as it were, dictated without hesitation the words I here reproduce which I broadcast:

"I wish to pay a tribute to my late chief, the Federal Chancellor, Dr. Dollfuss, a man whom I admired profoundly and for whom I felt the warmest personal affection. There was in him much of the hero and much of the saint—indomitable courage and energy combined with profound piety. He was a devout Catholic, but—as he told me once—the soul of a person was more important to him than his religious creed. He was taken away from us at the early age of forty-two, but both in looks and in his attitude towards life he impressed one as being much younger. There was something so boyish about him, a smile, a charm, which at once captivated old and young.

He laughed good-humouredly with the whole world about his extraordinarily small stature, and his first words to newcomers were frequently a little joke about his size. Yet within a year of his Chancellorship this little man had become one of the most admired, respected and talked-of statesmen in Europe. He was wonderful in the swiftness of his decisions and of his actions. I remember him walking up and down in my study at the time of the Economic Conference in London last year, when the first news came from Austria of dastardly attempts against life and property. I still see the painful tension on his face as he made up his mind. But as soon as he had given the order to enforce martial law his serenity returned. He could be ruthless in his decisions if the interests of the State demanded it, kind and sympathetic and full of delicate attention on other occasions. Few will deny that among all the speeches delivered by the statesmen at the World Economic Conference in London Dr. Dollfuss's speech had perhaps the best reception of all. And it was remarkable how he was cheered in the streets of London wherever he was recognized. With their sense of justice and proverbial sportsmanship the British people paid this tribute to a great and fearless patriot who was fighting politically and economically against seemingly overwhelming odds. I saw him last at the greatest period of his life in September, 1933, during the celebrations commemorating the deliverance of Vienna—and of European civilization—through the victory over the Turks 250 years ago. In two great orations he laid the foundation of the patriotic and religious revival of Austria. His ideal was to lead his country to a better future

by means of a corporative State, doing away with class hatred and social injustice.

" For three hours I drove with him alone to the famous pilgrim church of Mariazell, while he expounded his ideas. Never have I been more convinced of a man's sincerity and goodness. When he alighted, the crowd surged round him, many wishing to touch his clothes—such was their belief in his patriotism and saintliness.

" The son of peasants, he remained simple all his life in his ways and his needs. All our sympathy goes out to his widow and his little children, whom he loved dearly. As a young man he studied in Berlin and his wife is German by birth. His ideal was that Austria should live in closest friendship and co-operation with Germany, but live her own independent life, worthy of her great historic and artistic traditions, building up with reverence a better future on the foundations of the past. To achieve this he was steering a moderate course. He was also a great champion of world peace."

When I called for Dr. Dollfuss at the Chancellery to join him on this visit to Mariazell, he expressed a wish to drive home first for a little food. While he ate, I sat with Frau Dollfuss in the drawing-room. I, too, had not had lunch and I asked my hostess if she could give me something. Her answer showed the simplicity that reigned in the Chancellor's home. " My husband," she said, " is only having soup. We are invited to-night to the Polish Minister's, so there is nothing in the house. I'm afraid I can only offer you bread and butter." I accepted gratefully.

The following incident is characteristic of Dollfuss's

resolute spirit. During the World Economic Conference in London I gave a big musical *soirée* in the Chancellor's honour and engaged Thea Phillips, Dennis Noble, Walter Widdop and Thelma Reiss to entertain the guests. Most heads of delegations and their assistants accepted my invitation and the company further included members of the Government, the High Commissioners and men and women of London Society. Towards the end of the concert the German Foreign Minister, Baron von Neurath, as he took his leave, asked me to say good-bye for him to the Austrian Chancellor. I did not dream that his friendly message would have a sequel that very night, in the form of a controversy between the two statesmen. As I was going to bed the telephone rang and a strange voice said: "Here is Dr. Wasserbäck, Press Attaché to the Austrian Legation in Berlin. May I speak to Dr. Dollfuss?" After being put through to the Chancellor, Wasserbäck reported that the German police were outside his room with a warrant for his arrest and demanded admittance. Dr. Dollfuss told him to plead extra-territoriality and to resist. The Chancellor then telephoned to Baron Neurath to ask for his help, and when word arrived later that Wasserbäck had been taken off by the police, Dollfuss had the German Foreign Minister wakened. The latter, not unnaturally annoyed at this second disturbance of his night's rest, refused to come to the telephone, saying there was nothing he could do until the morning. The next day Dr. Wasserbäck was released, but straightway expelled. It was a reprisal which the Austrian Government could recognize neither as justified nor as legal.

VII

My friendship with Hugo von Hofmannsthal was such an important formative influence in my life that I should like to conclude this chapter with my last recollections of my friend.

Rodaun, *June 26th*, 1929.

"DEAR BUI,

An old friendship is a great inexhaustible lifelong fund. Though meetings may be short, the fund is a source of endless riches; each word exchanged is charged with a thousand memories. We have only to speak and our two lives echo in our words.

So it was when you came to see me last autumn in my room at the farm—and so were the two hours you spent at Rodaun.

Now write me a few words about your health. What was Dr. Dehne's verdict, and what did the other Viennese doctor say? What was decided upon to rid you of your exhaustion—a result, maybe, of the climate, or, perhaps, an accumulation of emotional strain? Still, it is from the body that the traces must be removed.

Yours as always,

HUGO."

That was the last letter Hofmannsthal wrote me. A short while after, he died of a heart attack, as he was about to get up to attend his elder son's funeral. The "accumulated strain" he longed to spare me, claimed himself as its victim.

The death of his son in tragic circumstances had

been a great shock to Hofmannsthal, notwithstanding his constant preoccupation with Death in his plays, in *Death and the Fool, Everyman* and *The Great World Theatre.* On a walk with his son Raimund shortly afterwards he confessed that the tragedy of life was overwhelming, he felt he would never be able to write another serious play. In future he would confine himself to comedies. And, as was his way, he proceeded to outline to his son with all his vivacity a sketch of his next play. In doing so he became so gay and eager that passers-by, who had heard of his terrible bereavement, were astonished. Hofmannsthal further spoke of the unæsthetic custom of burying the dead in the ugly garments of our day. He said he would like to be buried in the dress of a Franciscan monk, being at heart a religious man and having a deep admiration for the Catholic orders. Remembering this conversation, which took place shortly before Hofmannsthal's death, Raimund went at once to the Franciscan monastery near Rodaun and told them of his father's wish. It thus came about that Hugo von Hofmannsthal was buried in the cemetery at Kalksburg in the garb of a tertiary monk (a member of St. Francis' secular third order). Before the coffin walked one old and two younger Franciscan monks, their faces lit by joy, faith and hope.

In August, 1937, I was entrusted with the happy duty of delivering the address on the occasion of the unveiling of Victor Hammer's bust of Hofmannsthal. This was placed in the vestibule of the Salzburg Theatre and bears the inscription : " To the glorious memory of Hugo van Hofmannsthal." Here is what I said :

" To those of us whose indescribable happiness it was to have Hugo von Hofmannsthal as our friend I have only to say the one word ' Hugo ' and there stands before us his distinguished, arresting, fascinating person. We see once more the noble Dante profile, the fine eyes which looked at us with gentle, almost tender affection, but before whose steady gaze of condemnation or moral anger all injustice and baseness stood abashed—those wise, searching eyes before which the great world theatre was unfolded, with its political undercurrents, the epochs and civilizations he knew so well, its moral relationship with the cosmic system and conception of eternity to which he gave form and shape in his plays. We hear once more the beloved voice, supreme master of the depths and heights of intellectual conversation, a stream of delicious gaiety in happy carefree hours. We see once more his sensitive hands, the instruments and symbols of his many-sided work and of his thoughtful unobtrusive generosity and kindness.

" This picture of him, transfigured by his death, his friends carry in their hearts, preserving for him the friendship which, in a letter to me, he called the purest and strongest motive in his life. It would therefore please him that a friend—Victor Hammer—has made the bust we are dedicating to his memory to-day, and that another friend, myself, to whom he once wrote : ' You are like a younger brother to me,' is expressing the affection and gratitude of us all, in close association with Hugo's wife, whose care did so much to make life happier and easier for him, and his children, to whom he was so passionately attached.

" Unlike those dead whose memory fades as quickly

as the sunset glow, Hofmannsthal is assured of lasting remembrance.

" His friends have written wonderful tributes to his life and work. Some of their prophetic words I have borrowed in my speech.

" In his letters he moves, as it were, still among us and from them he speaks to all who are of good will, just as he used to talk to his friends. Those letters reveal to us the sufferings and the happiness, the high mind and high purpose of this devout and heroic being.

" At the end of his early sojourn he stood, like his own Everyman, guided by his faith and accompanied by his good deeds, at the gates of the Kingdom where, in his own trusting words, the poet enters upon his second more glorious existence. This monarch of the mind erected his own monument, the great rich fabric of his poetry, in which the vision of eternity shines through the temporal veil. Work stands piled on work, each rising tier commanding a wider and more spacious view, presenting a fuller epitome of the universe ; his enchanting, luminous verse, the plays, the tales, which unlock the treasures of old German dreams and legends, the magnificent speeches and essays, written in the finest German prose since Goethe's, comedies and librettos, reflecting the Mozartean gaiety and lightness of his spirit, and, lastly, the great dramas, in which demonic forces are at work or in which the radiance of heavenly bliss or the divine grace conquers and prevails. " Everyman " and " The Great Salzburg World Theatre," to which the Cathedral Square and the splendid Collegiate Church, set in the midst of his beloved Austrian scenery,

lent solemnity, acquired, to the poet's great joy, real popularity in their own land and have deeply moved audiences in many foreign countries, thus helping to spread the fame of modern Austrian poetry.

" The idea of the Salzburg festivals sprang from his profound belief that it was our country's mission to preserve and consolidate its inheritance of intellectual and cultural supremacy—despite poverty, the hard struggle for survival and our restricted national frontiers. He urged all haste. ' There is something very precious at stake,' he wrote, ' nothing less than to restore to Austria a lasting supremacy in opera and the drama.' He summoned the best forces of the nation to the task of preserving and adding to our common cultural heritage. With him were associated the Governor of Salzburg, Dr. Rehrl, the Prince-Archbishop Rieder, Reinhardt and Strauss, Schalk, Roller, Holzmeister, Kerber, Puthon and others.

" May the statue we are now unveiling ever recall to all those who take part in the Salzburg festivals, whether as actors or as audience, how much the genius and noble humanity of Hugo von Hofmannsthal did to enrich an impoverished world and how heavy is the debt of gratitude we all owe him."

EPILOGUE

AT the time of the late King George's first dangerous illness, I used to walk down in the evening to read the bulletins posted at the gates of Buckingham Palace. The sight of the big crowd outside, filled with deep sympathy and anxious fear, reminded me of similar scenes in Tokyo, when thousands had prayed in vain before the Palace for the life of the Emperor Mutsu-Hito. King George, however, was happily spared to celebrate his silver jubilee on May 6, 1935.

In his address to the Diplomatic Corps in reply to their jubilee congratulations, the King referred, in accents even more touchingly human than usual, to his relations with ourselves and with the whole world we represented, and added, with a smile, that he understood the London post was especially coveted. In my own case this post had been the ambition of my life, and I had been so fortunate as to represent Austria at his court for more than fifteen years. Ever since I first presented my credentials and the monarch, speaking so soon after the war, uttered warm words of friendship and human solidarity, he had again and again shown his sympathy and goodwill for Austria and her people—feelings which found practical expression in repeated assistance from Great Britain.

Eight months afterwards came the King's second grave and this time fatal illness. None of us will

ever forget the night he died—that night of January 20–21. When the news came through—shortly after half-past twelve—I went to my writing desk—deeply moved—and wrote this tribute, which appeared next day in the *Neue Freie Presse* :

" Just as the sunset after a day of fruitful labour dissolves into mysterious night, so King George's exemplary life has passed peacefully into eternity. Millions of his loyal people heard, like the sound of their own heart-beats, the announcement on the wireless, repeated every quarter of an hour until the end : ' The King's life is moving peacefully to its close.'

" For all of us there rose from the death-bed the unforgettable, imperishable figure of the King ; ruler of the world empire, the servant of his peoples ; the constitutional sovereign, the support and adviser of his ministers in the storm and stress of political crises ; the stately monarch, the perfect father of his children, the hard worker, the pattern of duty ; Emperor and King, and known to all, even to the poorest in the land, as ' our friend.' His tenants at Sandringham called him ' Squire.' With their sure instinct they grasped the essence of this great country gentleman and his staunch character.

" In war and in peace his popularity grew, like the rising sun. It reached its zenith in 1935, the twenty-fifth year of his reign, in loud and infinitely stirring acclamations from his subjects within the United Kingdom and across the seas. Close to their hearts, yet so highly esteemed, he will have found the path to eternity smooth and peaceful.

" Austria bows before the coffin of the late King

in awe and admiration and with deep sympathy for the Royal Family and the British nation.

" His honoured memory we shall treasure and preserve.

" May God guide and protect his successor."

It is with gratitude and deep human sympathy that I recall the short reign of King Edward VIII, who was so fond of the Austrians and their country, and who showed me much personal kindness.

My own contribution to the coronation festivities were three musical *soirées* given at the Legation in honour of the Coronation delegates, the Imperial Conference Delegations and to greet visitors from the dominions, colonies and overseas possessions.

Coronation year brought me more honours than any of its predecessors. It was as though invisible forces were gathering in my harvest before the storm cloud burst.

President Miklas, at the request of the Society of Friends of Music and the Association of Friends of the Museums, conferred on me the First Class of the Austrian Order for Art and Science.

The Vienna Philharmonic, of which I had been made an honorary member, presented me with their fine and interesting monograph of this famous orchestra signed by all its members.

On December 4 I received the following letter from the King's Private Secretary :

Buckingham Palace,
December 3rd, 1937

MY DEAR MINISTER,

I am commanded by the King to inform you that it would give His Majesty much pleasure to mark the

close of his coronation year by conferring on you the Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order, in recognition of your long and distinguished services in your capacity of Austrian Minister at the Court of St. James's.

I shall be glad to know if this proposal will be acceptable to you.

Yours sincerely,
A. H. L. HARDINGE."

On December 17 the King received me in private audience in his study. We sat together by the fire and talked for a long while on politics. He then led me across to his desk, from which he took and handed me the Star and the Badge, with the dark blue ribbon of the Order. I was about to withdraw, when the King pointed with a smile to a large red morocco case in the shape of a heart and asked me to take it. It contained a long, beautifully worked gold chain, the Collar of the G.C.V.O.

From Austria I received numerous letters of congratulation, many from people not personally known to me. Their expressions of pride at the honour shown to Austria's Minister, and of good-will, affection and gratitude to me personally, touched me deeply.

I spent a happy Christmas. I saw Austria in my mind as a big Christmas tree lit by many candles.

In February, 1938, I went to Kitzbühel for a short spell of winter sport in this delightful, typically Austrian village. While there I received an invitation from the Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg, with whom I had been in regular communication ever since starting the

Society of Friends of the University of Salzburg, in England with the object of helping to revive this ancient centre of Catholic education and culture. The episcopate of Austria held a big *soirée* at the Hofburg in Vienna by which it was hoped to arouse widespread interest and to collect funds for the University of Salzburg. I accepted the invitation to this gathering and thus I took my last view of the venerable home of the Hapsburgs. I also took the opportunity of calling upon the Federal Chancellor at the Ballhausplatz. During our talk Dr. von Schuschnigg sat at his desk, his back to the window, thus presenting me with his silhouette. Among other things I asked him how he viewed the important personal changes recently made in the German Army Command and what he thought would be their effect on Austro-German relations. The Chancellor's answer was this: "We must reckon with a strong wave of Nazism over our country. But I am confident that we shall survive."

A few days after my return to Kitzbühel came an invitation to the Chancellor to meet the German Führer at Berchtesgaden. It was taken as a storm signal. Having telephoned enquiries, I returned at once to my post in London.

There I discharged my duty until the end came.

This volume, in which I give an account of my life, was completed in May, 1939. A further volume, dealing with the struggle of Austria for existence and with my ideas for the shaping of her future, is in preparation.

APPENDIX I

THE British press referred kindly to my work as Austrian Minister, and if I here reproduce two or three of these tributes, it is because they are paid less to me personally than to Austria's representative in London.

From a leader in *The Times* :

Baron Franckenstein.

"One of the personal tragedies of the Austrian *débacle* is the loss to diplomacy of the Minister who has represented his country here almost since the War. The Austrian Legation has ceased to exist. For a brief period the swastika flew side by side with the national flag in Belgrave Square. Both alike had disappeared yesterday. The business of the Legation had been transferred to the German Embassy, which is still without a head. Baron Franckenstein had received his orders to hand over his duties and to return himself to report to such Government as he might find in Vienna.

Fortunately at least for his friends in England it must seem doubtful whether for some time to come there will be work for Baron Franckenstein in his own country, though it is to be hoped that time will soften any bitter feelings that may be manifesting themselves for the moment against those who have rendered faithful service to the old regime. If that should prove to be the case, he will always be more than

welcome in London, which is almost his second home and where his tact and courtesy, his love of music and abundant hospitality, have given him a conspicuous and most successful position. The last of the Austrian Ministers to St. James's has maintained to the end the high tradition of a long line of eminent predecessors. He has recognized that the first business of a diplomatist is to know and understand the people to whom he is accredited, to live quietly among them, to refrain from startling speeches and self-advertisement, and to be competent at any time to represent their feelings truly to his own Government. It is quite certain that, if Baron Franckenstein should decide, as more than one of his colleagues have lately done, to remain in England for the present, there will be no question on his part of agitation or intrigue against those who succeed to his work."

The *Sunday Times* of March 20, on the page headed "Men, Women and Memories," contained this paragraph:

. . . "There is tragedy of another sort in the case of Baron Franckenstein, who has been Austrian Minister in London for eighteen years. He faces a world which has no place for the Austrian who put service to his country above loyalty to a political sect.

"I saw the Baron last Monday when the Ambassadors filed into the lobby after Mr. Chamberlain's speech. M. Corbin's face was calm as befits a Frenchman in the hour of crises. Has it not been said that the French are always excited except in moments of excitement? Our old friend the Japanese Ambassador was smiling impersonally and impassively, but the East has some reason to smile these days. Mr.

Kennedy, the new American Ambassador, looked stern and impatient. He had just experienced his baptism of fire in the queer game of European politics. Only one diplomat seemed carefree. That was Baron Franckenstein, who as usual bowed and waved to everyone within sight.

" Who could have been more representative of the Austria that is dead ? To see him with his quaint half-mocking smile and his extravagant movements was to be wafted into the atmosphere of *Der Rosenkavalier*. His diplomatic service had taken him to Tokyo, St. Petersburg, Washington and Rome, but he recreated his beloved Vienna wherever he went. He loved the pathetic gaiety of the Viennese waltz. To him the soft lilt of the strings was even more beautiful than the blare of a military band escorting a regiment across another nation's frontier. There was something charming and a little fantastic about the man who has to get out. He belonged to a more gracious age, to a world of wit and music and romance, a world of moonlight and candle-light, of powdered wigs and flouncing silk. One thing is certain. The Baron will go with a gesture."

The Brazilian Ambassador and doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, Dom Regis de Oliviera, one of my closest friends, arranged for a little farewell gathering of those Ambassadors and Ministers with whom I had been in the closest contact. On this occasion my friends presented me with a valuable inscribed radio-gramophone and Oliviera accompanied the presentation with these words :

" We, your friends of the Diplomatic Corps, have met here, first of all, to express our regret at your

departure and also to ask you to accept a small concrete token of our affection. We hope that it will recall to you your friends and tell you at all times what a gap your absence will leave in our midst.

" I dare not allude to the sadness that attends the departure of a friend dear to us. Although with every separation there goes something from our souls—*un peu de notre âme que l'on sème*—we are all glad to think that your departure will not interrupt the course of our friendship and that we shall continue as in the past to see you among us.

" Let me, on behalf of your friends and of myself, say something of your splendid services in London.

" For me personally it was a great joy to meet here once again my Washington colleague of more than thirty years ago and to admire your hard and untiring efforts on behalf of your country and also, through the great artists to whom you introduced us, on behalf of art. I do not think that anyone of us in London can ever forget the enchanting hours we spent in your house and what we owe you for all the talent you revealed to us. I shall not speak of your constant perseverance in doing good and in contributing to all those charitable activities which enjoyed the benefit of your assistance and your influence.

" I should also like, my dear Baron, to pay a tribute to the perfect colleague and the perfect friend, whose collaboration and friendship never failed us and whom our good wishes will accompany always.

" Will you accept this small souvenir of our most sincere friendship, but, above all, will you preserve

a souvenir far more precious than this concrete object —a souvenir that comes from our hearts and our affections, which wish you all prosperity and all happiness ! ”

APPENDIX II

List of Austro-Hungarian Ambassadors in London for the Past Two Centuries.

1720–1725	Konrad Count Starhemberg.
1725–1727	Karl Josef von Palm.
1728–1736	Philipp Josef Count Kinsky.
1736–1740	Ignaz Johann von Wasner.
1740–1741	Heinrich Karl Count Ostein.
1743–1748	Ignaz Johann von Wasner.
1749–1752	Heinrich Hyazinth Count de Nay und Rochecourt.
1753–1757	Karl Count Colloredo.
1763–1769	Christian August Count Seilern.
1770–1782	Ludwig Barbiano Count Belgiojoso.
1782–1785	Friedrich Count Kageneck.
1786–1789	Karl Count Reviczky von Revisnie.
1790–1793	Johann Phillip Count Stadion-Tannhausen.
1793–1809	Ludwig Count Starhemberg.
1810–1814	Various *Chargés d'Affaires*.
1814–1815	Maximilian Count Merveldt.
1815–1842	Paul Prince Esterhazy von Galantha.
1844–1848	Moritz Count Dietrichstein.
1849–1850	Franz Count Colloredo-Wallsee.
1851–1852	Karl Ferdinand Count Buol.
1852–1856	Franz Count Colloredo-Wallsee.
1856–1871	Rudolf Count Apponyi.
1871–1878	Friedrich Count Beust.

1878–1888	Alois Count Karolyi.
1888–1903	Franz Count Deym.
1904–1914	Albert Count von Mensdorff-Pouilly-Dietrichstein.

APPENDIX III

List of Artists who Appeared at Concerts Given at No. 18, Belgrave Square.

Lotte Lehmann.
Frieda Leider.
Elizabeth Schumann.
Maria Olszewska.
Gertrud Kappel.
Lotte Schoene.
Elisabeth Ohms.
Maria Nezadal.
Maria Nemeth.
Audrey Mildmay.
Eva Hadrabova.
Adele Kern.
Thea Phillips.
Desirée Halban-Kurz.
Maria Elsner.

Emil Schipper.
Friedrich Schorr.
Richard Mayr.
Lauritz Melchior.
Hans Hermann-Nissen.
Herbert Janssen.
Harold Dahlquist.

Dennis Noble.
Julius Patzak.
Fritz Wolff.
Walter Widdop.
Richard Tauber.
Emmanuel List.
Alexander Kipnis.
Hans Duhan.

Bruno Walter.
Fritz Kreisler.
Mrs. Carl Derenburg.
Karl Alwin.
Alexander Barosky.
Madame Sabline.
Josef Pembaur.
Gaspar Cassado.
Guilietta von Mendelssohn-Gardigiani.
Friedrich Wührer.
Dr. Paul Weingartner.
Wolfi Schneiderhan.
René Le Roy.
Clemens von Franckenstein.
Lili Kraus.

Richard Odnopesoff.
Milstein.
Sidonie Goossens.
Lubka Kolessa.
Pierre Jamet.
Antoni Sala.
Daisy Kennedy.
Thelma Reiss.

Lisa Minghetti.
Franz Wagner.
Emanuel Feuermann.
Alice Ehlers.
Henri Temianka.
Wolfgang Rebner.
Peter Stadlen.
Erica Morini.
Heinz and Robert Scholz.
Nikolaus Huebner.
Rawicz and Landauer.
Eva Heinitz.
Jacques Serres.
Gerald Moore.
Ivor Newton.
George Reeves
Mareo Carner.

Rosé Quartet.
Mairecker-Buxbaum-Weingarten Trio.
Frist Vienna String Quartet.
Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra (Sextette).
The Rothschild Quartet.
Weiss String Quartet.
Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet.
Salzburg Mozart Orchestra.
Conductor : Bernard Paumgartner.
Temianka Chamber Orchestra
Conductor : Hans Oppenheim.
Brosa String Quartet.
Mozart Quartet of Salzburg.
Trapp Choir of Salzburg.
The Vienna Choir Boys.

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